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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

KENNETH H. FAY
(Bible Missionary Church)

I have learned the wondrous secret
Of abiding in the Lord:
I have found the strength and sweetness
Of confiding in His Word.
I have tasted life's pure fountain,
I am trusting in His blood;
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking into God.

I am crucified with Jesus,
And He lives and dwells with me;
I have ceased from all my struggling,
'Tis no longer I but He.
All my will is yielded to Him,
And His Spirit reigns within;
And His precious blood each moment,
Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.

For my words, I take His wisdom
For my works, His Spirit's power,
For my ways, His ceaseless Presence
Guides and guards me every hour.
Of my heart, He is the Portion,
Of my joy, the boundless Spring;
Savior, Sanctifier, Healer,
Glorious Lord, and coming King!

-- A. B. Simpson --

"Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal-mind."

In the winter of 1960 we were in a revival meeting doing all we knew to assist the evangelist and help souls find God. I scarcely ever enjoyed a greater burden of prayer than I did for the success of that meeting. Things were continuing, however, in much the normal way.

The writer remembers so well the evening while washing dishes at the kitchen sink, that a peculiar Presence brooded about him, shutting other voices out, and causing him not a little discomfort. A strange, sickening, sensation immediately settled upon my heart, and in those moments an indelible impression fastened itself upon my mind that God the Holy Ghost was bringing me to a crisis in my religious career. To my consciousness the words were very plain--"Ye are called unto holiness." I became so weak I thought I would fall, so dumb I could not speak, and in those moments of death-like stillness all my former professions to entire sanctification were broken and thrown to the ground never to raise their voices again.

That night as the call for seekers was given, I fell in at the altar like a ringed bull being led to the slaughter house, my coat coming off with a twist and a heave, and seekers on the right and left giving a wide berth on the rail for the death charge. In a minute the die was cast, carnality was cornered, my pride humbled, and both opportunity and hope for recovery fully gone. I was a seeker for holiness!

I was an earnest seeker, aware of what I lacked and fully persuaded of what I could and must have. I would have it as soon as possible. Yea, that very night! But, to my great surprise, instead of finding my soul at that time walking the grand highway of holiness, it was found crawling down that dark and lonesome trail we have since learned to know as the death-route -- a term well-fitting and so correct for the seeker of heart purity.

We held a protracted effort to rout the Old Man some call "taking it by the job," and to aid our seeking we commenced to number on paper the various traits and manifestations of carnality. And how this monster of self did writhe, and squirm, twist, shuffle, and turn. Darting here and there for a hiding place and now and then rearing back its ugly head to strike, and now feigning death. But, the Spirit would have none of it, and as I began to tell on it, calling it what it was, the tide began to turn in our favor, and self began to give ground under the encounter. Things never dreamed of, and others only faintly suspected were turned up under the all piercing eye of the Holy Spirit. It was a sight well adapted to frighten any man, and it frightened me.

With some of the traits the Holy Spirit would cause our minds to travel back memory's pathway until we could once more see those horrible creatures flouting their horrid deeds. Instances were refreshed even back into early childhood as the Spirit gave an amazing brightness to our memory. It would break us up and the tears would freely flow as we lingered at the scenes again and watched self display its ancient wares.

A deep and well-founded revenge sprung up within us to be rid forever of this 'life of self' and though it would cost much humiliation, yet the fact that we could be free and clean was thrilling and encouraged us on! Life will spring up out of death, and for the joy of the resurrection we would endure the cross!

Down, down, down, ever deeper. Deeper than I deemed necessary, but the Holy Spirit knew well His work and we were determined to have it done. At times our soul would fall into much despair, but holding steady the Lord would bring it out. At times we seemed to be seeking in the dark, but again the Lord would come and reveal just where to seek. He knows the way and is a competent Guide. At times we were weeping over our condition and at other times shouting over our promise of the coming Comforter! The confessions continued to mount up until some fifty-one were arraigned on paper, the work of three and a half days.

Somehow now we knew that we were on the bottom and very near the long sought for blessing. Coming up out of the dark Death-route, though still not sanctified wholly, we were made to feel like David, "He hath brought me into a large place." It seemed as though we were standing on even ground never known before, and over yonder we recognized the fair table land of Canaan. Unbelief gave way to faith and we cried, "Lord, I believe, I believe -- NOW!"

The Holy Spirit Himself gives witness to the operation of sanctification. He chooses, therefore, for reasons best known to Himself, to manifest His presence within believers in different ways. No two cases may be exactly alike. To one He may come as a burning-fire; to another with melting mellowing love. To another with a deep hallowed brooding of wonderful peace and calm; to still another with a sunburst of rapturous joy, etc., Reader, He is Sovereign! Let God be God!

As I recall, I was kneeling at the altar in a motionless position, alone, when the unmistakable "witness" came upon me. I experienced the Spirit, Word and Blood wash out of my mind, purge my lips, and pass as a refining fire throughout my heart. It filled me with purity, peace, and power. I knew now why Jesus referred to this experience as the "Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire."

I became so quiet and peaceful. After a while I started running and jumping about the church, shouting and laughing, and Oh! such joy welling up within me like a river. The witness was clear -- the Comforter had come to abide. I have lived to see to my own amazement and satisfaction that the work was genuine. Glory to Jesus and the precious blood for the great work of entire sanctification.

As the happy days roll on, we are want to re-echo the words the poverty-pinched Appalachian uttered when he, for the first time, gazed upon the mighty Atlantic. "Thank God," said he, "for something there is enough of!"

And let each reader thank God for "something there is enough of" -- that "grace that reaches deeper than the stain has gone" -- our plenteous redemption -- both free and full -- that saves, sanctifies, and keeps. "Living here with my Lord In a holy Union, Day by day all the way, Holding sweet communion.

Oh, what change grace hath wrought,
In my lowly station,
Since my soul has received,
Full and free salvation."

Source: "The Salvation of God" by Kenneth H. Fay

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THE END