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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

### **GERALDINE SUSAN (MRS. ROBB) FRENCH**

Robb had taken Tuscaloosa, and we spent Sunday there. I had the time of my life singing with my guitar, "Get a Transfer" and "Telephone to Glory." In those days the crowds came, sitting in the windows and in every available spot.

I went on to Meridian and came back and spent Christmas vacation with the Frenches. In two years' time Robb and his sister, Frances, came to Eskridge where the marriage ceremony was performed, June 23, 1919.

We boarded the train to spend our' honeymoon at the Wesleyan Methodist General Conference in Fairmount, Indiana. Then we went on to Alabama to take up our work in evangelism. Robb had an uncle, with three sons and a sister, who kept writing for us to come to Birmingham, telling of the great need. The second year we went with no financial backing.

Father French gave us a tent in which to hold services. We felt we should start in the heart of the city, but it was against the city ordinance to pitch a tent within the district for fire-protection reasons. We prayed and waited on the Lord for two weeks. The Lord marvelously answered prayer. We worshipped in the tent three years, winter and summer while we were buying a building which we later remodeled for our church.

The blessing of the Lord seemed to be on the work, but our hearts were hungry to have a mighty revival. It was about the fifth year when an evangelist from New York state came to hold a meeting. He put the gospel plow in deep.

One night we were kneeling around the altar, and the atmosphere was so heavy no one could pray. The evangelist spoke up and said, "You don't want a revival. I'm going to pack my suitcases and leave."

I told the Lord that I wanted a revival more than anything else in the world. He then began to show me that I had had criticism in my heart against an official in the Conference and that we

should write him a letter asking forgiveness. I also asked the church to forgive me. With that a few drops of blessing fell.

Then He showed me that we must visit some homes where people felt we had mistreated them and ask forgiveness. After we had gone to the last home, my burden was lifting. We went back to the church and I went into a Sunday School room to pray.

I looked up and said, "Lord, take carnality out of my heart." I felt like the old stump puller was pulling the roots out! Then it was time for the service to begin.

I led the singing. We sang, "He abides; hallelujah, He abides with me!" The Spirit said, "Come over this way." There was nothing on that end of the platform; on the other end were the piano and chairs.

I said, "I'm leading the singing, I must stay here."

The third time the voice spoke I started for the corner. When I got my back to the crowd, the blessed Holy Ghost fell from my head to my feet. What a wonderful experience!

It seemed that that was the beginning of the revival. It wasn't long until the church was swarming like bees, asking forgiveness and clearing the channel.

Source: "My Life Story" by Geraldine Susan French

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THE END