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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

**BRADFORD HENSHAW**  
**(Bible Missionary Church)**

Kind reader, please permit one more vivid testimony which clearly portrays the sanctifying crisis at the end of the death-route process. Our friend "Brad" had been dying out for some time. He had come to the place where everything was settled. We will let him tell it in his own words:

It finally came to the place where the only trouble I was having getting sanctified was faith. Evangelist E. E. Michael was preaching a revival in Davenport, my home church, and I had been at the altar every night; but the praying was all prayed and the death route was behind me. I was consecrated, on the altar, and dead as far as a man could die. But the "route" does not sanctify. Crucifixion of the carnal nature is an act of God. I had to trust God to sanctify me through His truth: I had to take Him at His word.

Besides preaching in the Davenport church every night, Brother Michael was also preaching in chapel every day at school. One morning, I walked into chapel and something unusual was happening; everybody was standing in silence and awe. None of the faculty nor Brother Michael had come in yet, but God was on the scene so mightily that no one could sit down. The hall-way outside the chapel was a rush of hubbub and chaos with the changing of class; but as the students stepped into the chapel, each was immediately impressed with holy reverence. All was silent and glorious. The piano and organ began softly. Someone in the congregation started to sing and we all joined the song of praise and adoration. Soon the staff arrived and the college president, B. M. Loftin, stepped to the pulpit. All went quiet. "We don't need to go any further this morning. God is here," he smiled. "If you have a need in your heart, this would be a good time to pray it through."

The chapel seats began to empty as the students moved to the aisles and toward the front. A full thirty percent of the student body was trying to find room around the altar area to pray. By the time I reached the front, the platform and altar were filled with seekers. The first two rows of chairs were filled and every available space was occupied by a kneeling student. I decided I would have to lie down under the piano as that was the only empty space I could find.

"Lord," I said, "I'm here to be sanctified." And that was it. Any other praying would have been redundant. I was all on the altar and now it was up to God. I waited.

God was on the scene mightily, but after a few moments, I was aware that He was under the piano in a special way. He had come down to where I was and was encamped upon my very soul.

"It's the Holy Ghost," I said to myself. When I acknowledged Him, He settled right on me. "It's the Holy Ghost! He is right here over me."

"NO!" screamed the devil. "It's not the Holy Ghost!"

"It is the Holy Ghost," I resisted, and with that the Spirit of God came even closer. "It's the Holy Ghost, and He has come to sanctify me."

"NO! NO!" Satan yelled. "IT'S NOT HIM. HE'S NOT GOING TO SANCTIFY YOU!"

"Of course it's Him," I countered. I would have been lying to have said otherwise.

"He's not going to sanctify you!" shouted the adversary.

"Well, sure He is," I was positive. "That's what He's here for." And in that moment the Spirit of God slipped silently into my heart.

Satan murmured something unintelligible and left.

I lay there for a long minute and finally God asked, "Did I sanctify you?"

"Yes, Lord."

"You're sure, now?" He asked sweetly.

"Yes, Lord, I'm sure."

"Well," He seemed to say, "Why don't you get out from under the piano?"

I started to get up, but before I found my feet, the glory struck my soul, and I had to hold on to the corners of the piano for fear I would bounce off through the crowded altar area. I could never describe how I felt, but how I felt is not so important as the actual work that was done. My heart was cleansed from inbred sin. In an instant, under that piano, my nature was changed by the incoming of God's Holy Spirit. The body of sin was eradicated and the Holy Ghost took up residence in my heart. In the vessel which had once echoed for the filling of God, there was now a resounding harmony as creature and Creator came together in one.

Source: "Scriptural Death-Route Holiness" by Rev. L. S. Boardman quoting from "The Rocks Cry Out" by Brad Henshaw

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THE END