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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

CHARLES HENRY STALKER

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The beautiful thing is about it that anybody can get it if they'll pay the price. Hallelujah. Well, but you say, "I don't have the money that Harry had." No, but you've got what you've got. Praise God. You give God what you have. I'll tell you this, nobody has an excuse in not getting the fire -- not getting to God. Two men -- two of the best friends that I ever had in my life could hardly read their name if they had seen it written down. Really, neither one of them could talk very plain. One of them could hardly talk so that his parents could understand him.

This one fellow got down under a hay-rack out in west Texas -- a camp-meeting just off to the side. He prayed clear through, and ran into the tent, and climbed the tent-poles. Struck fire. God saved him and sanctified him in that meeting. He wouldn't have known [recognized] his name if it had been written in box-car letters, but God got him down on his stomach in the moonlight, and turned to the book of Matthew and taught him his ABCs -- from the book of Matthew. When he went to heaven, I suppose he'd preached to the biggest crowds of any preacher in the holiness movement. His name was Bud Robinson. He hardly knew sugar from salt. He had no sockets for his shoulders. All he had was a cud of [chewing tobacco] in his jaw, and a six-shooter and a deck of cards in his pocket. When he put the tobacco on the other side of the altar and piled the old six-shooter out, and the cards, and said, "I'm done with them forever," God gave him a title clear to a mansions in the sky, healed his shoulders, Praise God, and sent him around this country preaching the gospel and getting subscriptions for the Herald of Holiness. Hallelujah! If uncle Bud could get it I can get it! There's no excuse for anybody not getting it!

That other gentleman under whom I was converted (his name was Charles Stalker) told me with his own lips, "Brother Griffith, really I believe that I was an idiot -- as near an idiot as I could be. Even my folks couldn't understand when I tried to talk to them except because they were so well acquainted with me. The little school mom that we had down in the little red school-house on the corner had old-time religion -- she said she was saved and sanctified. That girl got us under conviction. She took an interest in me. I was a great big fellow, nearly six feet tall, and I couldn't

learn anything, so that just sent me to school to get me out of the way. All I had to wear was a blue shirt and a blue pair of overalls and an old straw hat, and went barefooted. But that girl had patience with me and did everything that she could do."

He said, "One day I got saved. That girl helped me pray through and I got gloriously saved. And then she wanted me to go on and get sanctified. She said, 'you need to get sanctified.' " He didn't know what the word meant, but he had confidence in that girl. I'll tell you folks if we've got the blessing folks have got confidence in us. Hallelujah. If you've really got it. They may say a lot of things about you, but there's still some folks that just know, you know [that you have the experience].

He was out plowing in his dad's corn field, right in the orchard, just a little twenty acre patch I believe he said, between the apple tree rows. He was out there plowing with his team, cultivating, and he said, "Way out in the middle of that corn field, just about 11:00 o'clock in the morning (somewhere about that time), way out in the middle, just about half way between the ends, the Lord said to me, 'If you'll preach, I'll sanctify you.' " And he said, "I looked up and said, 'Alright Jesus, I'll preach.' And He sanctified me!" He said, "God sanctified me! I just took the lines off of my shoulder, left the team standing in the field, and started to my home, right back down through the corn field. My mother met me at the door, and I began to testify the best I could. She couldn't understand why I was all excited. And I went in and got her old broomstick that she'd sawed off and used for a poker to poke the clothes down in the boiler -- got a red handkerchief and my other blue shirt and trousers, and she said, 'Where are you going?' " He said, " 'I'm going to preach. God's called me to preach.' "

You can imagine what a mother felt like when a boy like that said he was going out to preach. He didn't have near as much equipment as most of us had. But he said, "God told me to preach, and called me, and I'm going!" She begged with him, and tried to talk him out of it, and felt sorry for her boy. She followed him out through the parlor, and he said, "Aw, but He's called me to preach and I promised him I would, and He sanctified me, and I'm going to preach."

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Source: "The Fire of God" by Glenn Griffith

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THE END