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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

SOLOMON, A SEPHARDIC JEW

At a Southern Florida camp meeting, a young couple came to me and said, "There will be a Jewish man here Friday. He's coming to hear you speak."

"I said, "Is that so? Where's he from?"

The young woman said, "Well, he works in a state hospital about 400 miles from here."

Friday afternoon he did come. He was a man in his forties, I presume. He had lived a very clean life. He worked as a musical therapist in a state institution. He did not major in the rock-and-roll flare, but liked concert music. In fact, he liked all the finer things of life.

The young couple who had prayed for him brought him over to my cottage. I began to deal with him about the claims of Christ upon his soul. He shook his head. He did not want to hear about Jesus. That name to him was an abomination.

"But," he said, "I've come to the end of my rope. I'm scraping the bottom of the barrel. I've gone as long as I can. I can't live this way any longer. I must have something! I want what I see in the life of this young couple. I want what I see in you."

I kept saying, "Solomon, it is only through Yeshua. It is only through Jesus, the Messiah."

"How do you know," he argued, "that maybe through Mohammed, or Krishna, or through . . .",

I said, "Look, did you come 400 miles to argue with me about Mohammed or Krishna? If you did, let's quit right now. You might as well have stayed in Georgia. But if you've come here to really learn the truth, you'll have to listen and give a hearing in the name of Jesus."

He listened then. We got on our knees to pray, all of us. Solomon sobbed and sobbed. "O," he said, "I must have this. I must be liberated. I'll go crazy if I'm not. O my sins, my sins. But to ask to be liberated in the name of Jesus! I can't! I can't!"

On Friday night when sinners were being invited to the altar, I saw Solomon sitting a couple rows from the back of the tabernacle. He was bent almost in a U shape over the seat in front of him, under deep, deep conviction.

The Holy Spirit said to me, "Just nudge him a little bit. Maybe he'll go to the altar."

I went to him, touched him with my Bible and said, "Solomon, go to the altar. Go through with God."

He looked at me with tear-blurred eyes and confessed, "I'm not worthy. I'm not worthy."

I did not say more to him then. Saturday afternoon I spoke to a large crowd in the tabernacle. I hope I am not exaggerating to say there were a thousand or more there. Solomon was in the crowd. I mentioned to the audience that there was a Jewish man among us who had come 400 miles to find peace for his soul and that it was only through Jesus that he could find this peace. I asked, "How many will stand to their feet as a promise to God that they will pray for this man that he be saved before he leaves the camp grounds?" People stood all over the tabernacle.

I did not point out Solomon and put him on the spot. Without looking at him, I said, "Now look around, young man, and see all these people who are promising to pray for you."

Saturday night I was sitting a little distance from him. I could not see him at all. When the invitation was given, someone came to me and said, "Solomon is at the altar!"

Immediately, I hurried down one of the aisles so that I could see the whole length of the altar rail. Solomon was not only at the altar, but he was lying flat on his face under the altar, pounding on the floor, crying out to God. My heart was full of joy! I joined a group of women who were gathered to pray. At the same time the men were praying for Solomon.

Finally Rev. French came over to me and said, "Mrs. Hanley, I believe you ought to come and deal with Solomon. After all, I believe he is one of your people and I think you know better than anyone else what is his stumbling block, what he is not being able to hurdle."

I said, "But, O Brother, I can't go over there." (Those around Solomon were all men, and I do not believe in the intermingling of men and women at such times at the altar.) "Brother French," I repeated, "I can't. They're all men."

Just then Mrs. French, kneeling by me, said, "I'll go with you, Mrs. Hanley." So the two of us went over to Solomon.

I said, "Solomon, it has to be Jesus. It has to be Jesus. Only through Jesus can you be liberated."

Until this time he had not been calling upon Jesus. Gentiles can have no idea how hard it is for some Jews to bring that name to their lips, especially for a Jew who has been raised in the strictest of orthodoxy. Solomon was a Sephardic Jew. His people had come from Spain and were really religious orthodox Jews. His teaching made him feel that for him to let the name of Jesus escape his lips in the form of a petition would be blasphemy. I knew that this was what was holding him back.

All of a sudden he cried out, "Yes, it's Jesus! You're my Saviour! You died for me! I believe it. I take You as my Saviour."

Not only was his hand pounding the floor, but he began to bang the floor with his forehead. It was not long until the peace of God flooded his whole heart, soul, and being.

He stood up, and, as one in a trance, with his hands lifted, he looked over the congregation, then up at Rev. Adcock and said, "You're beautiful!" He looked up at Rev. Emery and said, "You're beautiful!" Then he said, "I've got to go and tell my parents. My father's in his eighties. I don't know what they're going to do."

He did tell his brothers and sisters. They said they never wanted to see him again. He was figuratively buried for dead, but they said they would never tell his eighty-four year old father, for they knew it would hasten his death. He was excommunicated from his family and never allowed to go home again. Solomon was sanctified in April, 1972. The Lord gave him a Christian bride; they were married in November. His letters are radiant with the love of God and his desire to serve Him. Both parents died. He was not notified.

Source: "Israel, O My People" by Irene Hanley

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THE END