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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

DANIEL STAFFORD

First Account of Three

Each individual is more aware of these expressions of carnality in his life, than anyone else. I shall never forget when God turned the "Inner Lights" on for me. I was walking in every ray of light that God had given me. I was shouting happy in my justified experience. I was attending church, every service, and scotching the preacher. He could have preached against deodorant and I would have said, "amen." I did not use it then, but I do now. However, one night as the service progressed, God revealed to me that I was carnal. When I saw an old, hair spring, trigger temper, green-eyed jealousy, fickle pride, and a stubborn, bullish nature, I felt like I would drop straight into hell. From that moment until I was sanctified, three months later, I never missed an opportunity to seek the blessing. Sanctification was never optional with me from that very moment. God being my witness, I never had a carnal spell in that three months period. Never gave anyone a piece of my mind. I did not have enough to share. Even though people did not see me display the carnal traits; still, I was painfully aware that those traits were in my heart.

Source: "I God Weren't Holy" by Daniel Stafford

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Second Account of Three

I have preached the gospel for over thirty years. Ten of those years were spent in the pastorate; over twenty two years have been spent in full time evangelistic work. I have traveled nearly three-quarters of a million miles in my evangelistic work. This work has taken me from coast to coast, and from the Great lakes to the tip of Florida. In all of that travel and preaching, I have never met one person who advocated glossolalia that impressed me as being deeply spiritual. I must quickly admit that I have been impressed by their enthusiasm and zeal for their contention. However, enthusiasm and zeal for a false cause are a million miles from being deeply spiritual.

I have taken different glossolalia preachers to the scriptures, attempting to let the word of God reveal the error of their contention. I have never had one to contend that jabbering (unknown tongues) was the evidence of the Holy Ghost, after we went through the scriptures. I have had different ones, with tears in their eyes, to say, "I have been deceived." However, they did not plead the blood to deliver them from the satanic hypnosis; therefore, when they would get around their crowd, the hypnotic demon would pull them off into their deception again. (This is true of laymen as well)

I thank God that my precious Mother was a second-blessing holiness women. She was sanctified sixty-one years before she went home to be with the Lord. Had she been in the "jabber deception:" By her influence and example, I could have been led into that deception. As her heart was made pure by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, she became my example and spiritual champion. Thank God: The Holy Ghost cleansed my own heart. There is absolutely nothing in the glossolalia sweep that I desire.

Source: "Speaking In Unknown Tongues Is A Misnomer" by Daniel Stafford

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Third Account of Three

My own precious mother was my greatest hindrance in getting sanctified. She was my spiritual champion, and she was the one that prayed real conviction upon me. She had a little high peal of laughter that she made when she got blessed, which she did quite often. I wanted to be able to laugh like her. If I could have gotten that laugh I would have been deceived by satan into thinking that I was sanctified. I struggled like this for three months, seeking the experience at every service. Then one night, just as I was about to go to the altar, the Holy Spirit spoke to me so clearly, "You are not seeking me, you are seeking that high peal of laughter that your mother has. It is not feeling that you need, you need the Holy Ghost." I started to the altar talking out loud; "Lord it is not feelings that I need, I need the Holy Ghost". I did not make it to the altar; I was standing straight up when the door of faith opened and the Holy Ghost, Himself, came in his cleansing, baptismal power. Thank God, I did not keep on insisting on doing it my way. I am so glad that I finally submitted to God's way of doing it.

Source: "A Given Up Generation" by Daniel Stafford

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THE END