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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

MARIAN A. CHILDS

It was the month of July. My companion, Miss Emily Dale, and I parked our car and made our way into the large "box factory" at Nampa, Idaho, where I was scheduled to speak in the afternoon service. We had heard much about the Bible Missionary Church and its brave founder, Rev. Glenn Griffith, and perhaps we were a bit curious if not apprehensive. Upon entering the big tin building, I stopped to brush some of the cobble stones from my shoes which I had collected from the parking lot, when suddenly I felt I should remove my shoes also, for this was holy ground.

The morning service was well under way, and SUCH SINGING as one seldom hears lifted our spirits until we wondered if we were in the presence of angels. They were HOLY SONGS and the people sang "with the understanding also." The box factory was well filled and many were the little children present, but with what perfect order and harmony the service proceeded! How those people testified! The "Dews of Hermon" descended and I found myself pondering the words of the Psalmist, "The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation."

Christ alone was exalted in every testimony; not a word of criticism or denunciation of denomination, church or persons was heard. At times there would be waves of glory and shouts of victory until one realized the glory of "forty years ago" had come to Nampa.

The women (old and young) in plain attire, clothed with the beauty of the Lord, "all glorious within," testified to complete deliverance from the world and all its make-believe. Uncapped springs broke loose in my soul. I did not realize I was so thirsty and I had to come to a metal box factory to drink. The minister of the hour was a rare combination of Apollos and Elisha. Now, he was eloquent, "mighty in the Scriptures," "fervent in spirit." Now, he was replenishing the widow's oil. Together we sat in "heavenly places," and ate to the full. I bowed my head and thanked the Lord that He "brought me to His banqueting house."

The glory of the morning shed its after-glow over the afternoon service. The founder of the Bible Missionary Church, Rev. Glenn Griffith, was in charge. Suddenly my text seemed to take wings and I took a hurried retrospective view of the past. It was the year 1935, when I attended a

revival where Brother Griffith was preaching. God marvelously delivered me from false doctrine and under the Holy Ghost ministry of this fearless contender for the faith, I was SANCTIFIED WHOLLY, and entered the holiness ministry. Through sunshine and shadows the Spirit of God led me, blest my humble ministry with fruit and kept me true to the old-fashioned gospel.

Somehow on the platform in that holy environment at Nampa, I felt unworthy to speak to this people. There was a warmth to their kindness that I shall never forget. "How amiable are thy tabernacles, oh Lord of Hosts."

The evening service was the crowning service of the day, when once again the evangelist, Rev. Elmer Michael, preached under the anointing of the Holy Ghost and God rewarded his faithfulness with souls. Thus ended our day at Nampa, the birth-place of The Bible Missionary Church.

As Miss Dale and I turned our faces toward the desert on our journey back to California, I kept thinking -- THESE ARE MY PEOPLE -- THEIR GOD MY GOD, WHERE THEY GO I WILL GO. I knew I had settled it in a box factory in Nampa, Idaho.

Source: "The Missionary Revivalist, December 1956"

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