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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

B. V. SEALS

I was the youngest of six boys in the family. They all tried to raise me, and, as an element of self-defense, I didn't develop an uncontrollable temper -- I just didn't try to control it. It's not an easy thing to be the youngest of six boys in the family, especially a poor family. My parents seldom bought new clothes for any but the oldest one. As he would outgrow them, they would repair them and pass them down the line; and I was the last of the line. Man! I hardly knew that socks were supposed to have feet until I was nearly grown! My older brothers would wear them out, then give them to me. If I'm not all I ought to be, it's no fault of theirs, for they all tried to raise me. So even after I was marvelously converted, there were times and moments when I still felt the stir of anger. Then I would be heartbroken and feel like I might have to give up the hope of heaven that had now become precious.

Finally one day I went to an old-fashioned "brush arbor" camp meeting, intending to stay until I got the blessing. I got clear down on the front seat. They didn't make an altar call that morning, but as they were about to dismiss they said, "Does anyone have any announcements?" I staggered to my feet and said: "I have been praying for a week to try to get sanctified and I've come over here to stay until I get the blessing. If there is anybody who can stay and pray with me, I will appreciate it, for I need all the help I can get."

I fell on the altar and they all gathered around me, praying and lifting. It sounded like music to me. I thought I might be there for days, for I had gone to the altar every night for a week when I was getting saved. But in about twenty or thirty minutes I consecrated everything for a lifetime. I put everything I knew on the altar, every ambition, every desire. Then I put on the unknown bundle, and it has turned out to be the biggest one. As life has unfolded, it at times has seemed to make some great demands on me; but I want to say here that the consecration I made there still holds good, and I've never run a deficit. There have been times I have seemed to be taxed almost beyond the limit, but God's grace is sufficient.

May God save us from that elder brother attitude of pouting when we ought to be shouting. Someone has said the literal translation of this verse should be, ". . . is not provoked," but it's

strong enough to leave it just as I find it here, "[God's kind of love] is not easily provoked" (I Cor. 13:5).

[The writer stops short here of telling "How the Fire Fell" but he wrote this under a subtopic titled: "God's Kind of Love Is Not Easily Provoked," and it may not have been his intention to go beyond making the point that one who has "The Blessing" of entire sanctification "is not easily provoked". I think it likely that, in fact, the Fire of the Spirit did fall on him in sanctifying grace that day. -- DVM]

Source: "The Shepherd's Tent" by B. V. Seals

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THE END