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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

FLORENCE (CARNEY) WALLING (Nazarene)

Her Childhood Experiences of Grace

[From humble and seemingly unlikely beginnings, Florence (Carney) Walling became a mighty power-house for God. With the blessings of the Holy Ghost resting upon them, she and her husband built the largest rural church in the world in the West Virginia Hills.]

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Her Childhood Experiences of Grace

After her decision that Holiness was right, her young heart became hungry for the experience. On one week-end, she left her "job" at her grandmother's and went home to visit her parents. On Saturday night, she attended the little Holiness service with them, and was beautifully saved. On Sunday night, she visited the altar a second time, and received the same heart cleansing her parents had received. The fight had been taken out of her heart; and all her energies were poured out -- even at eleven -- in service for the Christ.

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Her Reclamation and Sanctification In Adulthood

A revival meeting was announced in the Methodist church, the church of her family. The evangelist was a Holiness man, and the family was happy. The people of the church were divided about the doctrine. Some were enthusiastic in their acceptance of it; and others fought it.

Florence knew practically all the people; had known them for years. Just as she had in childhood -- she sized them up. The ones who lived nearest to her idea of what a Christian ought to be, were those who professed sanctification, as a second, definite work of grace. Again, hard and far from God as she was, she found herself thinking on the side of the Holiness group.

For a night or two, she attended the revival only because it was some place to go -- not with any intention whatsoever of getting back to God. All that was past for her. Her one consuming passion was to get back to California and get even with Jess.

A certain couple that had run around with them had ended in tragedy. The fellow had killed his wife and then himself. It might end that way for them -- what did it matter? Religion? No. There was no place in her life for religion.

Conviction seized her. She felt so terrible. She remembered the wonderful experience of Salvation she had known as a child. She remembered what it was like to have Jesus wash away her sins. She went to the altar. The group gathered about her to pray. Some of them she trusted. Others, she felt were just as much in need of prayer as she. Some she felt to be plain hypocrites; some she felt to be inconsistent in their lives, because they had failed to walk into Holiness. All at once the devil within her arose, and she felt her hands convulse and start shoving. She was possessed with a desire to give a sweeping shove to all these inconsistent people tell them they needed to pray for themselves and not for her. Then she remembered she was at church -- not at some drunken party, so she relaxed her hands and remained quiet. But she didn't get saved. She was too angry.

The next night, however, she returned to the altar, and was so thoroughly sick of sin; so utterly exhausted from trying to fight her way through life; that she threw herself at the Master's feet and found forgiveness -- as backsliders always find -- when they come back by the bitter path of repentance. She shouted and shouted.

The next night found her at the altar again, this time seeking the purifying power of the Holy Ghost. When she had finished praying and testified to the victory, she did not shout. Instead she was weak and spent. The crucifixion of the old man; the dying out to self-will; the surrender of hate; the giving over of the get-even disposition; the yielding of resentment toward her husband's way of life; the full and complete submission of her all to God; the destruction of that terrible devil that would rise so suddenly and cause her to do such unpredictable things; all of that house-cleaning by the refining fires of the Holy Spirit, -- consumed the biggest portion of her spirit and she was weak indeed.

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Her Victorious Battle To Keep Carnal Hatred From Repossessing Her Heart

She needed to work, so she took over a hotel to run. She did the cooking, and had a good business. It was nearing Christmas time, and oh, how she did wish for one Christmas for her children that was like other people's Christmas. Her heart ached for one real Christmas dinner; for a tree with lights; for lovely toys. How her heart bled for her children, who could never know anything but the smell of whiskey on Christmas day.

So to the end that she might earn some extra money, she baked forty pies in one day. At ten cents a cut, she would have enough for a nice Christmas for her children. She was so tired. Her

kitchen was spotless, so she took a nap before the evening meal. She dropped off to sleep immediately. Just how long she lay there, she didn't know, but she was awakened by a great hubbub of noise and hilarity. Jumping quickly to her feet, she ran to the lobby of the hotel.

Jess was there, drunk, and in charge of the festivities. The lobby was full of people dancing. They were having a great whoopee, and liquor was flowing. As each couple finished their dance and left the hotel, Jess gave them a pie! There were only four or five left.

It seemed that all the imps in and out of hell were turned loose on her that time. She felt the old, old hate welling up within her. The ugly old demon frightened her, and she did not take time to go anywhere. The people had scattered, the minute she had entered. Only one or two couples remained.

Regardless of their presence, she fell on her knees right there in the lobby and prayed at the top of her voice. She thought it would kill her dead to give up her pies, but to give up her religion was worse than death. She had to have help. No human could stand such provocation alone. On and on she prayed. Desperation was greater than any other consideration. By and by, she reached the throne of God. Peace flooded her soul, and hate took its leave. Once again the battle of eternity was fought, and Christ won! Her children didn't have Christmas, but they did have a Christly mother.

Source: "O Happy Day" by Florence (Carney) Walling

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THE END