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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

JIMMY BECK (Bible Missionary Church)

It was April the 29, 1962, at two o'clock in the morning when I was awakened by the screams of my mother! I heard her yell in a loud clear voice, "Wake up Jimmy, your father is dying!" I rushed into my parents room, and with tears running down my face, I saw the lifeless form of my father laying on the bed. He had had a heart attack and died in the night. That was a very sad day for me as an eleven year old boy. I realized someday I too must face death. I wondered, "Is there really life after death." Somewhere down deep I realized there was and began my search for the truth.

All my life I had attended church regularly, not because I wanted to, but because my parents made me. I was usually bored and could not wait until it was over.

By the time I was in grade school I was already bound by sin. Although my father was a minister and I was raised in a good Christian home I was not a religious kid but to the contrary, I was not interested in religion.

When I was in the fifth grade I was accused of stealing what seemed to me to be a large sum of money. The very next year I was taken to the bank and identified as the writer of a hot check. Only a few months later two police cars zoomed down the street, past my house, and pulled into the driveway of one of my best friends who lived less than a block away. My friend lived with his grandmother in a rather small greenish house. The police had secured a search warrant and searched the house and property of my friend and his grandmother. The next morning the newspaper had the story. My friend had been picked up by the police with a stolen automobile.

For some time now, my parents had been alarmed about the wayward ways of their son. They did not approve of the type of people I was running around with, but I was not interested in the church or religion. Time after time I have awakened in the night and heard my mother weeping over my sinful ways.

I knew my mother lived very close to God, and I believed that my early training influenced me greatly, even though I was rebellious at the time.

Like my brother, I always had to go to Church and I hated the long sermons. In the Sunday School Class I was such a problem that the pastor told my mother I would either have to straighten up or not come any more.

My mother is a woman that knows how to pray! She was raised in a formal Church, but when she was a teen-ager she realized that she needed more than church membership. She was baptized and realized she was still the same. She went from church to church seeking something that would satisfy the inner longing of her heart. One day while walking down the street she saw an evangelistic Street Meeting and heard a boy testify about being saved from sin. My mother realized that this was what her heart was longing for and sometime later she made her way to an altar of prayer in a little holiness church and found Jesus Christ as a reality in her own life.

My mother knew that God could save me, although I went from bad to worse.

Three years before I was born on July 18, my parents were horrified as they heard the news that their first child had been born a cripple. They had long awaited the arrival of their first baby.

They wanted the best for their child. They had hoped their baby would be healthy and strong. As my mother heard the report that her first child had been born a cripple, tears filled her eyes.

The doctor said it was possible that my brother would be a cripple all his life and he would at least have to wear braces for several years.

In a few days my mother, with her new baby, was released from the hospital with doctor's orders to return soon for a check-up on the foot.

When my mother got home she prayed and asked God to touch her baby's foot and God miraculously did. When the doctor examined his feet they were normal and she knew God had touched him. She also knew God could save me.

One Sunday night I attended a Church which was different from anything I had ever attended. I had heard a lot about it. The pastor, Rev. G. S. Rogers, had been criticized for the way he blazed away against sin. We entered and sat near the back. I well remember how they sang that old song, "The Old Account Was Settled Long Ago." I listened spellbound as they sang:

"And the record's clear today
For He washed my sins away,
When the old account was settled long ago."

Then they sang, "I'm Living On The Hallelujah Side." They sang with zest and enthusiasm like they knew what they were singing about. How the words thrilled me:

"Once a sinner far from Jesus
I was perishing with cold,
But the Blessed Savior heard me when I cried.
Then He threw His robe around me
And He led me to the fold,
And I'm living on the hallelujah side."

I was looking into the faces of the happiest group of people I had ever seen in my life. The people laughed, shouted and cried all at the same time.

As soon as I got home I made up my mind I was going there again. Before long we were going there every Sunday.

A few weeks later conviction gripped my soul. I realized I was a lost sinner and headed for hell. I wanted what those people had and made up my mind to get just that.

I remember very well one Sunday night. The preacher was not dignified, but he blazed away against sin. I listened to every word. "If you will confess your sins and forsake them, the Lord will come in and transform your life and give you something worth living for." At the close of his message, he said: "If you want God to save you, step from your seat and make your way to this mourner's bench." God was there. Conviction had gripped my heart. I felt like I was dropping directly into hell. I ran to the altar and began to weep and pray. I reached the point of complete surrender. The struggling ceased, and I said, "Live or die, I am the Lord's." Then, by simple faith, I claimed the promise. The burden rolled away, and I felt as light and free and happy as a bird, I was saved. Thank God, I had found the truth!

Soon after God had miraculously saved me I came to the knowledge that I still had an enemy on the inside, that I could not control. I found I still had a leaning to sin, and a sinful nature, although the sins which I had committed had been forgiven. I had heard about the experience of Holiness which would cleanse the heart and I saw some who impressed me that they had the experience.

My grandfather, who was converted late in life, could not read or write at the time of his conversion, but he had a desire to read the Bible, so my grandmother taught him to read. He attended a church which did not believe in this experience of heart cleansing, but he read about it in the Bible. He read in John, the Seventeenth Chapter, where Jesus prayed for his disciples who were saved, "They are not of the world even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through Thy truth, Thy word is truth."

My grandfather also read about the mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. So he got down on his knees and asked God to sanctify his heart, and God did just that. My grandfather testified to this experience to almost everyone he met.

I had sought God many times to sanctify my heart, but finally, at an old-fashioned Holiness Camp Meeting, I got sick of self and reached the place where I wanted the Holy Spirit more than even life itself and the fire fell and the Holy Spirit came.

Source: From "Why I Believe The Bible" by Jimmy Beck

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THE END