

Chapter 10

Prepared for a New Baptism

After my last appointment with the doctor in the hospital, I was instructed to avoid all persons, places or things that might cause excitement. My physical condition was such that complete peace and quiet was deemed necessary to my recovery. But as man proposes, God disposes. During the next few weeks, I was to experience events of a most disturbing nature. Yet their significance was such as to affect the rest of my life in God's work and my own salvation.

These events began with a strange physical sensation, somewhat akin to a chill, but yet without a feeling of cold. It was the same sensation we speak of as "goose pimples." It lasted for two days and two nights. By the second night, my reaction had become almost a shaking, so violent that I felt constrained to get up from bed so as not to disturb my husband. I slept the remainder of that night in a chair. I did not know then that this was a preparation by God for an important spiritual anointing. I thought I must surely be getting influenza or ague. I had no other way to account for the continuous trembling and shaking, a manifestation which I thought, of course, had a physical origin.

On the morning of the third day, Mrs. Williams, the woman who had been moved by the Lord to live across the street from my home, sent a note saying she was going downtown to a church to sew for the poor. She wanted to know if I would like to go with her. My heart was struck because it was the first realization that anyone in the city was so poor that others had to sew for them. Our neighborhood was one in which everyone seemed to be getting along very nicely. I knew very little about the less fortunate parts of the city. I had never known that people were in that condition or I would have done something before. I answered saying that I certainly would be happy to accompany her.

I had two children to get ready, besides myself, so we hurried. Mrs. Williams brought along her husband's nephew's two little girls, whom she was rearing. It was quite a journey for the six of us. We took three

different street cars to get to the first Foursquare Gospel Church¹ in the city of Detroit, at Third and Warren.

There I met a group of consecrated women who met every Thursday to sew for the poor, to hear the Word of God, and to go out and work in the slums, carrying food and clothing to the penniless and ministering to the needy. Still other groups went to the hospitals and jails, winning souls, comforting and healing the sick, and carrying on the work that Jesus began.

At this time I was still a member of the Methodist Church, but never before or since, have I ever met a group of people so fully consecrated to the work of the Lord. Nor have I ever seen love so manifested and expressed as I did in the Foursquare Church. These were truly days of heaven on earth. Every stitch that was put into these garments was taken with a prayer, asking God that whoever received the garment would someday, somewhere along the way, be another soul for Him.

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When lunch time came, a very meager luncheon consisting of two tablespoons of stew, a slice of bread and a cup of tea, just enough to sustain us until we reached home, we would all stand and take hold of each other's hands. We would sing the Doxology, praising God for His goodness and mercy to the children of men. While singing the Doxology, suddenly I again felt the sensation I had been experiencing for the two days and nights preceding. The woman next to me felt what I felt. She said to me afterward, "Have you ever received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost?"

I replied, yes, that I was sure I had. Of course, she knew that I had not. So, she asked me if I had ever spoken in another tongue. I again replied, "Oh yes." For I had studied four years of Latin and two years of German, and I supposed that was what she was speaking of.

However, she was aware that I had misunderstood, so she asked me to attend the service that night to hear Howard Mitchell, an evangelist, speak on the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. I answered that I would do

¹ "The Foursquare Church is a Pentecostal denomination that resulted from the dynamic evangelistic ministry of Aimee Semple McPherson, who opened the historic Angelus Temple on Jan. 1, 1923. Foursquare derives its name from what McPherson called the Foursquare Gospel: Jesus is the Savior, Jesus is the Healer, Jesus is the Baptizer of the Holy Spirit, Jesus is the Soon-Coming King." www.foursquare.org (KJG)

my best to come. Whereupon she urged me not to miss it under any circumstances as she was convinced the Lord wanted me to hear His message. I had no conception of what she was talking about or why she should think it so important that I hear this message. But on the way home, Mrs. Williams also encouraged me to return to the Foursquare Church that evening and said she would be glad to go with me.

After wrestling four little children on and off three street cars during the city's rush hour, getting home, preparing dinner and washing the dishes afterward, I surely did not feel like making another trip downtown that night. However, God had given Mrs. Williams a very persevering nature. Since she had decided I was going to go, there was very little I could do about it. Half convinced, I mentioned to my husband that Mrs. Williams felt this man was going to speak on something very outstanding, and she was urging me to go back and hear him. My husband replied that if I would really like to go, he would stay with the children.

So I went and sat through the sermon of this fine evangelist. But not one word of what he was saying did I comprehend. In fact, I was bored to tears because I could not follow his line of reasoning, though I am sure now that he spoke very well, since everyone was thrilled with his message. My understanding, however, was so darkened I could not comprehend the light. Following the service, I was anxious to go home for I was tired, but Mrs. Williams insisted that we go up to the "120 Room."² I pleaded weariness that I was too tired even to climb the stairs, but she was adamant.

I found the room to be a large prayer room, containing a few people on their knees beseeching God. At this time, I again began to feel the strange trembling sensation. It grew in violence and so weakened me that I found myself prostrate before God and without the strength to rise. I realized afterward that I was resisting the Holy Spirit, but at that time I did not understand. Summoning all my physical resources, I continued to resist until I was able to leave the room. Accompanied by Mrs. Williams, I fled from the building just as rapidly as I possibly could.

It was not until we had boarded the street car that I realized I had left a brand new pair of expensive gloves up in the prayer room. Mrs. Williams was elated when I discovered my loss and insisted that we

² This "120 Room" was where people prayed to receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. The "120" refers to the number of believers/disciples who were gathered in an upper room on the Day of Pentecost when they received the Gift of the Holy Spirit. (*Acts 2*)

return for them. But I said with determination, “Oh, no! I am not going back in that room anymore.” I had never experienced anything like the sensation I had gone through in that room, and I was just plain frightened. But Mrs. Williams was very wise. She ceased insisting on our returning, nor did she attempt to explain anything to me. She held her peace, and we had very little conversation on the streetcar ride home.

But that night, I again arose from my bed and spent the night in a chair. The shaking and trembling that encompassed my entire body had increased until I was filled with alarm. It was the agony before the revelation. On the very next morning, as I shall explain, I received the full understanding of my experiences of the several preceding days. I was vouchsafed (*given*) a glimpse into the intent of the Almighty that revealed a long vista into the future of my work in His name.