

Chapter 11

A Personal Pentecost

In humble thanks and wonder, I often reflect that God in His goodness and mercy has seen fit to give me the grace of many revelations. Since the first day as a little girl when I first felt the *Hand* on my shoulder, the Almighty has given me several brief glimpses into His plan for me, and my modest work in His vineyard. But few “liftings of the veil” have been as awe-inspiring as the morning following the events at the Foursquare Gospel Church – my prostration in the “120 Room.”

For some days, I had been filled with a strange trembling sensation, a kind of spiritual premonition of some great event to come. That night I again experienced a trembling so violent that I again spent the night in a chair beside my bed so that I should not disturb my husband.

The next morning at six o’clock, after my husband had left for work and before the children had risen for school, I went into the kitchen. It was in the fall of the year and the house being chilly, I lighted the gas oven. I placed my Bible on a chair and knelt down on the floor before it to pray and study the Word. This was a regular procedure with me, to spend a short time in worship and meditation in the silence and peace of the quiet house before the bustle of the day began.

I had found it very difficult to understand the Word and could not seem to make head nor tail of it, as the saying goes. I had been asking God if there were not a key to the Scriptures, some other way to understand it. I was bewildered at my own lack of perception, since being of moderate intelligence, I had always been able to understand other books. I was at this time slowly beginning to realize that there must be some other way of understanding what we read other than through the intellect.

I did not know then that this other way of understanding was the way of the Spirit, the Paraclete, the Giver of Light, who would lead us into all truth. On this morning, as I knelt on the kitchen floor before my Bible, I was baptized in the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues - a language I had never in my life learned or even heard. Suddenly there was a great rushing wind that filled the house. The windows and the doors seemed to fly open simultaneously. I received

the sensation of the cloven or cleaving tongue. My tongue began to cleave to the roof of my mouth with such rapidity that my speech was changed, and I was speaking words of the Spirit.

“For he that speaks in an unknown tongue speaks not unto men, but unto God; for no man understands him; how be it in the Spirit he speaks mysteries . . . ”
(1 Corinthians 14:2)

For some moments the power and anointing of God covered and filled me with the most poignant sensation. When this feeling had begun to subside somewhat, I glanced involuntarily into the Bible on the chair before me; and there I read:

“When the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord, in one place; and suddenly there came a sound from Heaven of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting; and there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.” *(Acts 2:1)*

I realized then with a great feeling of awe that something supernatural had just happened to me. But I was confused and bewildered at this very strange occurrence and did not know what to do about it or where to place it. I realized I was in need of counsel from someone whose understanding of such things might be greater than mine, so I determined to seek out such counsel.

At the time, I was still attending the Methodist Church in our neighborhood. When it was daylight and I had gotten the children off to school, I dressed and went to the Methodist preacher’s home and told him what had happened to me that morning. God witnessed to this elderly Methodist minister, Brother Colling, a minister of the old school in Methodism, and with great kindness he said to me:

“My dear, you have received something from God, and I am sure that in the days to come God is going to use you to build His church and to bring in His kingdom.”

He encouraged me with many wise and thoughtful words. He also warned me that there was undoubtedly persecution ahead for me, but no matter what that persecution might be, I was always to remember that God Himself had done His work in me and what God had begun, He was able to finish. I did not then understand how anyone would be persecuted over anything that God did. I felt that the tribulations of the early Christians who had suffered through the profession of God's grace belonged to the centuries of the past. But I was not left very long in the dark, for when God works, all the powers of Hell are stirred in rebellion.

I was filled with a great zeal, which unfortunately was not matched with great knowledge, but I did not leave a stone unturned until I had told everyone of my acquaintance of the wonder God had worked in my life. The days that immediately followed my baptism in the Holy Ghost were wonderful - and terrible. The Sunday School class which I was teaching began to increase in attendance and spirituality. Many were saved and continued to be saved right in the class. Seven persons received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost in prayer meetings outside the church.

All these things, of course, were done in ignorance, for I supposed that all people who were not Roman Catholics were Protestant Christians, of the same faith with basically the same dogma and interpretation of the Scriptures. I did not know there were differences in theological philosophy, but believed that names like Methodist and Baptist were just different names for the same basic belief, like the names of the different Catholic Churches which would be named after the various saints and titles of God. I was convinced that all Protestant churches, whatever their names, all believed in the same way and were of the same fundamental faith. So I felt that when I taught the Bible, I was doing no trespassing. I believed that the Bible was the standard of faith for all Christians, and they were never able to convince me differently because they were Methodists.

Though many tried to show me the difference in approach to God of the various sects of Protestantism, I could not conceive that there should be different roads, different approaches to the one God. I still felt with great firmness that the Bible was the one standard of faith for all Christians, so I found salvation in the Bible a genuine experience with the Spirit witnessing with one's own spirit that one became a child of God. So, my face was set to declare the whole counsel of God.