

## Tom Plumb

I remember a bright summer day when I was probably seven years of age. My bottom was still throbbing from the “board of education” recently administered by my father for some minor but real offence. I was full of wonder at the intense feeling of just being right with all creation. All my senses were intensified. All was clear. All was bright. All was right in the world.....

I remember observing this heightened sense of consciousness, and idly speculating whether having my Dad repeat the process on a regular basis would keep me in this wonderful state of purity. Regrettably, I had no power to maintain that enhanced state of consciousness.

Over time, unavoidable sin hollowed my lost heart out to the point of desperation. I saw that everybody else I knew was at least equally as hollow. It stood to reason that there must be **real life** to be had on somewhere on this planet. Consequently, I resigned my secondary school teaching position in 1969 to simply go and find “it” in the wide world starting with Asia and the South Pacific.

During the months I surfed on the island of Bali I heard of a Yogi that lived there. He lived on offerings and meditated full time. I spent time getting to know him. He was not empty! He really had something! Did he have “it”?

After my every visa expired in Bali, I met with friends at a beach in Penang, Malaysia. There we rented a house with a huge Durian fruit tree in back. For months I did little more than meditate and rapidly became very adept. I also became other things before I woke up one morning in a New Zealand prison *charged with importing LSD*.

Gradually, the continual state of enhanced consciousness I had gained from the yogic disciplines dissipated in the busy institutional environment. I felt like a fish thrown onto the shore. It was just terrible. My inward capacity for spiritual things had been greatly expanded, but now all that filled it had evaporated. I was so hollow it was physically painful. I was even much worse off spiritually than I had been previously!

I lost it. It was so very bad in fact, that one evening, (1972, now 27 years of age) out of sheer desperate boredom, I swallowed my spiritual pride and attended the “Christian Fellowship” group in the chapel there. That evening I was saved and Baptized in the Holy Spirit in a remarkable private encounter that left me unable to speak for three weeks.

His Anointing was with me every waking hour. My goal was now to allow Him to be my All within. I now strove ( earnestly with carnal strength and will!) every moment to replace my limited spirit with His vast and unsearchable LIVING SPIRIT. My every desire was to embody that awesome JESUS I had met in the spirit. I wanted to fulfill His NAME (nature) in this lost earth. I was relentless in tongues, in the Word and in giving

thanks for all, even in the face of the nasty unchristian things that kept welling up out of my innermost being. I had to keep constantly praying them back down again.

Upon my release I was so shocked and dismayed. I had no idea that the Lord's ways were so thoroughly abused or neglected by so many. I had heard it was pretty "worldly" out in the world, but this was just way beyond me. It still is. How could such precious spiritual treasure be so scorned and neglected? I had a lot of sorrow to learn.

After I had settled into a good church, the Lord provided a season of cleansing. A constant vitriolic spirit of conviction came upon me. I was totally undone. I prayed in abject desperation for months, feeling that I was just hanging on by the skin of my teeth, from falling into a burning pit of judgment that burned below me. I prayed frantically in tongues for hours in abject repentance for mere survival as I worked. I had to avoid any worldly responsibility at this time. There was just not enough of me to go around.

I would get short breathers, and then into it again. Layer after layer was peeled off. I thought this time would never end, but it did. I gradually emerged into a place of victory free of any demonic parasites legitimately feeding on the corrupted flesh nature of this gullible traveler. I felt clean, good, and spiritually alive by 1978. Apparently, one just cannot be involved in the spiritual aspects of Eastern religions without becoming quietly demonized. They are "spirit-filled" religions also!

After seeing two especially anointed churches in a row that I belonged to fall into Ichabod, I redoubled my personal habits of diligence that were gained when I met the Lord. It was my long habit to just hit it speaking in secret tongues at work. Every break was spent anointed within the Word. Every possible spoken word was freighted with His grace. In the mid-eighties I came into a place where I would gain short periods where I was just walking under an open heaven, just imbued with a strong unearthly blessing, and free of every burden. These times of blessing gradually increased in length, while the intervening periods of struggle became shorter but much more difficult.

One day in 1987, I was in the Spirit while driving back from work. The Lord spoke very clearly to me, "Tom. You are now mature enough in Me to be an ideal church leader and esteemed pillar of the community. You may go that way or instead continue on to come closer to Me, but the way will be difficult. **CHOOSE!**" I immediately burst into an intense prayer of total abject re-dedication of my life to the fullness of His purposes. With great zeal I am sure I prayed the sun, moon and stars right there in the car. I carelessly flung every aspect of my existence into His capable hands. I could sense clearly that God had heard the cry of my heart. (This is called a "re-consecration")

Things then really heated up, and became more difficult. My long-term stable management job terminated since the company was sold. Employment became spotty and uncertain. Petty fears and compulsions now came to seriously rule my formerly devout wife who had never recovered from our last church loss.

The times of walking under an open heaven became as long as three weeks at a stretch. The glory was beyond compare. But the times of spiritual assault became so vicious it was beyond belief. Strong spirits of lust and every carnal thing in a magnified form surrounded me in a thick and threatening putrid stinking darkness. My spirit was full of a thick, thick oppression. I had to pray the oppression back as if it had never been overcome!

I just couldn't accept this stark contrast. I was totally fed up with this renewed garbage; after all, I had been seriously repenting of it for 18 years at this point! So one dark and especially difficult day I prayed a desperate prayer: "Lord, if you are not able to clean this disgusting garbage away, please, take my life. I have just had it" I basically was ready to give up. What was the use? I had done all, and where was His boasted victory? Was this all there was? I needed more. Much more. And yet there was nothing more I knew to do. I was done.

A few days later I was riding my bike downhill on a paved city bike path, with oppressing thoughts coming at me like, "All this dedication to the Lord is just not worth it. Where is the victory? You might as well go back to your carefree life of adventuring around the world!" Right then something caught in the front spokes. I flew through the air with the greatest of ease and was knocked sort of silly. I felt I should struggle to my feet in order to look good in public, but instead, I chose to just lay there, and deliberately give up. I felt myself just totally relax into the arms of His anointing of love within and allowed myself to merely lay injured on the asphalt. I just completely let myself go into His tender love within.

As soon as I consciously made this decision to relax in total trust, and let go of all concern, including my justifiable strong concern for my spiritual state, *I felt a palpable liquid anointing oil being poured upon me from the throne. It ran down over my whole being. I felt it's oily wetness all over.*

My spirit has ever since just been filled with a profound holy hush. The muddy and restless waters of my spirit had been replaced by a smooth and crystal clear reflecting millpond within. So cool and refreshing. There has never again been the background mental and emotional chatter of fear, doubt or worry that used to be constantly there. Instead, my being is clean, pure and new: totally silent and free from all interference. I play my life out in such an inner holy hush, that His whisper is easy to hear. Even His hope is heard.

Since that time in August 1988, I have not had a shred of inward trouble nor any thing but a fullness of love to God! Much later, I came to know that this change is called entire sanctification, among other names.

In the many years since, I have made mistakes in judgment, and have sometimes been seriously distracted by the cares of life. I have had years of life-threatening illness so terrible, that I lost everything including my family. But through it all my spirit within has never doubted or been visited by inward oppression. I have never stepped over the line to grieve His Holy Spirit within. Without opposition, the Holy Spirit within has been

allowed to grow like a weed! I sometimes observe how graciously my heart reacts in a difficult situation, and really marvel! I was certainly not raised that way. **It is Him!!!**

Psalms 131:1 A Song of Ascents. Of David. "LORD, my heart is not haughty, Nor my eyes lofty. Neither do I concern myself with great matters, Nor with things too profound for me. 2 Surely I have calmed and quieted my soul, Like a weaned child with his mother; Like a weaned child is my soul within me."

Philippians 4:7 "and the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

You may read a longer version of this testimony on my website, which is dedicated to helping others come to enter His marvelous Rest.

Yours in His Blessed Service;

Tom Plumb,

Edson, Alberta May, 2002.

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