

Why this Website?

By Tom Plumb

Why this heavy-duty specialized resource website detailing a little-known religious experience?

Well, the answer to that is simply because it is so little known; even though it was the very goal of Paul's preaching to the early church. Where is the keystone of that primitive power? It is available. It is being "in Him".

I have been a devout believer since 1972 and zealously stayed with the best in orthodox cutting edge spirituality until in 1988, when I was totally blind-sided by a type of encounter with the Lord that I had never heard of before. It was not a vision. I had had many of those through the years. It was not a visit to heaven. I had had those also. It was not the Pentecostal Baptism of the Holy Spirit. That came in full manifestation at my conversion. It was not a healing. I had had those also.

I shared what had happened with well-informed Christian brothers; and all they could do was shrug along with me. None in my acquaintance had any idea what it was or what to say about the glorious change that had come. So since there was no chance of understanding it, my only choice was to merely give thanks and walk in it!!!

One year went by, and then two while I ransacked the Christian world to gain the slightest hint of a clue. Finally in 1990-1, I came across a tape that alluded to the experience, but the preacher said that he did not teach it because "it is not for everybody". He just left it at that. I didn't quite know how to react to that, so I just remembered it.

Some time later I came across a reference to an obscure book from a company that specializes in reprinting very old books. With great difficulty, and the help of long distance information, I located the company, and ordered a copy of the book from the 1890's. Well, it was on the topic, which I had now learned was called, "entire sanctification", but it was just so boring. Frankly it rambled around the subject so much that it really was no significant benefit. It didn't get down to the "brass tacks" I so badly needed.

As time went on I became more skilful in making use of my new spiritual status. This gradually led me to certain observations about the spiritual state I found myself in, but without outside corroboration, I did not want to jump to any conclusions; because those conclusions were just too large, too Holy and too far-reaching to be casual with.

So this scenario of almost total lack of information persisted until early 2001 when in prayer the Lord quietly but clearly led to me to put together a website on the topic even though I still had no information at all to offer. I didn't even have enough for myself, let alone for others. But with the leading came a rock-solid assurance from the Throne: if I searched I would find, and have plenty for others as well.

So I spent a lot of time ransacking the net until I saw an obscure reference to an equally obscure CD entitled the "Wesleyan Heritage Library". I was led of the Lord to buy this rather costly disc, and install a CD drive to read it with, even though I certainly had no other use for such a drive.

But this was the end of poverty and the start of an overflowing wealth of information, that continues until today. On that one CD is enough to gain a degree or two on the topic, if it is mixed with faith. I haven't been able to yet even glance at all the wealth it has to offer. However this type of situation is a natural for me since I have always been a "Johnny Appleseed" type in that I just love gathering plenty in harvest time and sharing His abundance.

I have no desire to share information of the type that puts people to sleep, but on the other hand, there are so many types of people that I must supply quite a variety on the same topic. Some people dote on what puts others to sleep, so I had to give quantity as well as variety. I have done my best to be merciful upon you by *digging out exceptional excerpts* that are on topic, instead of whole works. Otherwise, I would quickly bury you in the wealth of related but inessential material.

Some of you were raised hearing holiness preached. Not all of us had that signal privilege. So, you may consider all the resources I have gathered to be rather “old hat”. Well, yes they are unless you live there. Then you will know with me that, “Beulah”, “Canaan” and “His Rest” are more than mere words. It is my home now. It can be yours also!

Others may criticize me for being too brash about this experience. They may have a point, but for now my attitude is “nobody else that has it seems to be speaking out boldly- so somebody has to! After all, it’s not exactly a secret!!!”

The heart of the website is in two parts, but they are both motivated by the same reality: *this more advanced state of grace is real- and it is here for you- if and only if you seek Him in His way.* The two parts are:

1. **Testimonies.** This section highlights as many quality testimonies that as I can find. More contemporary ones are on the way- but most of these are unknowns because they are not dead yet. This makes them tough to find and to verify.
2. **Entry Directions.** This section attempts to give you as much expert information as you need to stop doubting and actually enter His glorious Rest yourself. The doctrines vary according to both era and authour. I also guide you to the most beneficial copyrighted source that I know of. However, to my mind, even if the explanations that doctrines provide go on forever- words will still not bring you into His matchless Presence. Faith does. At some point the seeker must simply cast all doubt aside to trust Him without reserve. This section provides expert guidance for your faith from highly experienced holiness midwives that helped many enter in. There simply are **no** contemporary stewards of the mysteries like these men!

Below is a highly condensed version of my story. I have not come from a church background. I was merely a lonely and desperate wanderer adventuring across the face of the earth in hopes of finding what would fill the gaping void within.

I tell it with a candor and openness so that you can understand the tremendous hunger that drove me beyond every limit to finally find HIS FULLNESS, although living on what I then perceived to be a spiritually hollow planet. It is a difficult story of desperation and desperate measures. It is my hope that your passage may be greatly smoothed to also gain the Pearl of great price *in a far more efficient way than I was able to.* I could only muddle through with what little I had. There was almost no quality spiritual teaching with depth to be had in the charismatic world of the seventies. Really!! And more than you would suspect today is quite misleading, although quite profitable to the authours. What is a famished lamb to do?!

A fuller version of my testimony is to be found in the “Testimonies” section.

Tom Plumb

Born in 1944: Edson, Alberta.

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 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 last 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 actually 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 abundant 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 back to the wide world, 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 in Canada, 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 have spared you the details of my lost adventures that brought this sorrow.) 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 of the 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 in secret prayer 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 home 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 solidly sense that God had heard the cry of my heart. (This is called a “re-consecration”)

Things then really heated up, and became much 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 brilliance of 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 back to yourself. I have just had it” I basically was ready to give up. What was the use? I had done all, but 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 were 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 the old inward oppression. I have never grieved 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 that way in the natural. **It is Him!!! It is His own Heart within!!!**

“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.” Psalm 131:1
“and the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.” Philippians 4:7

Yours in His Blessed Rest;

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(You may read a longer version of this testimony in the testimonies section of this website.)