



"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16

Tom Plumb

My parents were both tough in their own way since they were both the eldest children of Alberta pioneers, so they both had to endure young lives of unending hardship stewarding numerous younger siblings during the hard times.

My father (1907 – 1978) had to endure the most hardship since his parents set up a small ranch in what later proved to be a near-desert area. It had twenty years of rain and green grass before they settled there, and then it reverted to its normally arid brown condition. The small lake where they watered their cattle became alkali and so after struggling for years they had to just leave the dustbowl ranch behind and go where there was rain. Nobody would buy it. But how can I know any details? He never said a word.

Now it is desolate, and practically the only thing that grows there is inedible "spear grass" which sticks into your socks and stabs you. The old homestead is marked by a circle of short bushes. No building is left. In that cold and treeless land it was scavenged for precious firewood. Because of the hard times both of my parents could not finish their schooling, even though they were bright.

My father's education and opportunities were very meager in his isolated one room school. He was aching to learn, but the hard times meant you had to choose between eating and learning.

My mother was born in 1919. Her parents settled in the small foothills town of Edson, Alberta in 1928. Her father helped church fund-raisers by doing palm reading and phrenology. Such mystical parlor games were popular back then among English people.

When my mother was in grade 10 her dad took her aside and told her that there was just not enough money to keep her in school. He said her brothers needed it more since they had to grow up to become breadwinners.

When the local druggist heard she was at home, he came and asked her to come and work night shift at the phone company switch board in the rear of his store. So she did this for five years -and used her money to pay room and board at home -which really helped the family make it through. She also paid for correspondence school and got her high school that way. -studying while managing the switch board on the night shift.

So I was born in 1944 during WWII. My father had bad feet and so did not qualify for overseas service, and after living so isolated in the prairie without TV or newspaper, could not see the reason for the war anyway. Germans were good people. They were some of the best friends and neighbors he had out on the prairie. So now he was supposed to dedicate his life to killing their relatives on the other side of the world? It didn't make sense. He was born in Canada in 1907, and knew nothing about the other side of the world.

Anyway, my sister and I were fatherless for all intents and purposes since he never talked to us at all. Kids were to be seen and not heard. And to be beaten mercilessly for any minor infraction. Back in those days kids were supposed to fear their father and not love him. I suppose that was the old British

working man's way to “make a man”. Like “Oliver Twist” or “Great Expectations”. Yuck. So we both went out into the world so lacking in guidance and social skills that we made numerous unnecessary mistakes. We knew only one thing. Stay away from Dad! If you needed anything, good luck.

We regularly went to stock car races and the beach and when my father retired, he bought a beach resort on one of the best beaches on the Great Lakes. We spent our teen lives there.

Some winters, Lake Huron would turn into miles of smooth dark ice. You could just stand there on skates and the wind would push you for miles. Sometimes a couple of miles from shore thin sheets of ice would be lifted up by the wind and frozen there to become marvelous fairy castles covered in intricate crystal patterns. It was so entrancing!

I was always good in school, and graduated from High school with several top prizes. All that, and we considered home to be a concentration camp. Because it was.

When I was 17 it just became too much. The brutality and oppression was unrelenting, so I left home even though I was not ready in any way. In pure discouragement I quit high school (grade 11) and got a job washing dishes and peeling veggies in the mess hall of a nearby Canadian Air Force base. There I learned that menial work and getting drunk with low-life peers was just not for me. I soon became highly motivated to finish school! Out from under the thumb I was learning to think for myself.

On the savings from that and then summer employment, I paid for room and board with a kindly old couple to finish high school in a neighboring town. What an emancipation that was!

In this way I made it to University. In my second year Sociology class there was this girl. She and I were the brightest in the class, and she was just three days younger than I. We became good friends and before long we married. She was a wonderful girl, but on the honeymoon I began to notice frightening behavior. As time went on it only became more alarming. On top of that she could turn a warm room frigid, a beautiful day into gloom and turn nice vegetables into wood with the depressive atmosphere she would project. This was way beyond my limited social experience.

I had a frank talk about all these things with her kindly grandmother and then with the head of the Psychology department at school. Emerging Schizophrenia was the dark prognosis. There had been symptoms during her teen years. There was no cure. -at that time there were not even drugs to help. Divorce, Electro-shock, endless counseling, padded cells and perhaps lobotomy were the dread specters ahead.

One evening I was diligently studying for exams while she was talking to herself in the other room. Apparently she had an idea that having a baby would cure her ills – which she had not even told me about yet..... I could see a picture of endless horror and loneliness for myself. With an *innocent child* dumped in my unprepared arms! I would not be allowed time to graduate!! To avoid this lifelong sentence of poverty and bondage, I ran away. I was totally devastated and stayed that way for years. I did many unwise things to bury that tremendous grief. I loved her.

We were both outstanding dancers but neither of us had a clue about Godliness. I was quite socially naive.

I became a newly minted high school teacher of Geography in Ontario (1968). Without a penny of parental support, I had obtained my degree from the University of Waterloo in Geography and Urban Planning with a minor in History.

Overseas

I viewed the Canadian culture around me as a death culture since you were supposed to get all this education just so you could get this ideal job so you could get this family. Then you had this

"respectable" life and bought life insurance so that you could 'die with dignity'. For some reason I found the whole idea of marching obediently to my doom to be eaten by worms in the soil to be repulsive and less than sane. But what was the alternative? I had listened to friends describe their travels in Europe, but their accounts left me intensely frustrated. I did not want to discover endless landscapes and dusty museums with tombs -I wanted to find what made up real life. After University I was tired of books.

Looking back, I can see what I was doing. I asked leading questions of the best people around me to see what level they were living on. It turned out that most were living on a pre-stone age level ruled by instinct. Even those with higher education worked merely so they could eat while sheltered from the weather. They married for similarly obvious reasons. Very little consciousness was involved. Any sophistication was a veneer.

Like my father, I had an inquiring mind, and so this was not enough for me.

I was so full of spiritual vacuum that I hurt. One evening I was walking outside and I kicked a street light post for just for standing there without caring. I kicked it so hard I really hurt my foot. Back then I was somewhat educated -but mostly clueless. Being fatherless does not work very well. You are missing all sorts of inward assets, but you have no way to find out what those missing things might be, let alone obtain these essentials for life.

So, in disgust and total desperation I resigned my good new teaching position, drove to Vancouver and sold my car. I then bought a rucksack and hitched to San Francisco where I caught a passenger/freight ship one-way for Yokohama -simply because it was the opposite direction from Europe. At that time only the wealthy could use air travel. I hitched and slept in parks etc in the deep of night around Japan when foreign travelers were almost unknown. I saw none. Sometimes I was treated as a celebrity and invited into homes. In Tokyo I was eagerly invited to the "Ingerr-ish" speaking club.

On my way I was thinking about how I should travel. During University I learned the most when there were "case studies" of particular people in history or in a particular culture -so I decided to do just that. I would travel slowly and stop in places long enough to get to know the place and people in some depth. No museums. Real life.

Previous Spiritual Clues

Once when I was about 7 years old my parents took us to visit a small Baptist Church a few blocks away. They had a Sunday School in the basement where a teacher showed us about the life of Jesus using a flannel-board. I was just wonder-struck and wanted to learn much more about this wonderful Jesus. But we were never taken back.

Sometimes we went to an Anglican Cathedral. I remember it because it was so dreadfully dangerous. You had to sit still and be respectful. (Whatever that was) But on that cold hard pew sitting still was cruel torture for an active boy.

Any infraction was remembered and paid for later in the fearsome coin of excruciating pain applied to the seat of learning.

Next when I was 17 and going to high school away from home, I became curious. On my way to school was a huge brick Anglican Church. I figured such a huge building could not be built for no reason. So I went in and inquired about learning. So I took some classes and passed them. Their Bishop came around to "confirm" the young graduates, including myself. Well, this was most curious! I felt a strange warmth penetrate about an inch into my skull from his hands. I had no idea what that strange warmth might be.

After some time I noticed that the Anglican services were conducted in an almost empty church. Just a

few old ladies in the back pews. So I said to myself, "Well, I guess I was wrong! A big building can be built for no apparent reason.... I guess all this religion thing is just a big comforting delusion for insecure older folks facing the end of their lives. So I dismissed it from my mind.

I tried to meet other young people by going to some "Youth for Christ" evening meetings. I enjoyed the singing but nobody ever told me what was going on so their efforts didn't make any sense to me.

While getting ready to sleep under a vast canopy of strange stars near Canberra, Australia. It struck me "Here I am. On the other side of the world and my cruel father will have no clue if go a thousand miles this way or that. I am free!!!" I had such a feeling of independence that it really put all the oppression of my childhood behind me. Ever since that turning point I have been very positive in attitude. The older I get the gladder I get, because I am further away from my childhood. *Any trouble is minor* in comparison to the childhood concentration camp I had already survived! I am always eager to embrace the next adventure in life.

My next fleeting contact was when I was hitch hiking through the highlands of New Guinea. A Baptist missionary was kind enough to let me sleep on the floor of one the grass huts in his compound. He came to talk to me about religion in the evening. He should have known better! Afterwards I was quite proud of myself that I had won that debate on the existence of God -hands down! I have often since wished I could go back to apologize and tell him that he had had the last laugh.

I stayed in the remote Papuan beach village of Hamu Hamu on the Coral Sea for three months. The village certainly gave me additional perspective on stone age mating customs!! Every evening the youths would sneak into the bush to chase and catch each other. Then they returned to show off their dirty knees! When older they would have children and then pay the bride-price. One bored looking man was in the village with six bored looking wives.

Nobody in the village could read. Their only source of music was two tiny ukuleles, and they could only strum two notes.

Endlessly. No vocals. They had these big crocodile skin drums, but they were only used for funerals. It was fortunate that I took along some mind bending mystical books to read including "The Outsider" by Colin Wilson.

Mysticism and Yoga

Later, I lived for three months on two dollars a day living and body surfing at Kuta Beach on the island of Bali smoking the cheap and legal Sumatran weed every sunset. (well before the tourist onslaught -and small portable fiberglass surf boards. At that time they were still using the huge heavy cedar wood models.) I paid to sleep on the ground in an empty grass hut in a clan circle. They were always having Hindu festivals. There were only four to eight other foreigners in Kuta at the time.

While there, I met an English-speaking Indonesian Yogic guru. Now this middle aged man in robes really had something! At last here was something of substance! After some time he took me through a special sunrise spiritual initiation ceremony high on the slopes of the sacred mountain Gunung Agung. He instructed me to relax and focus on the dim orb of the sun that was still below the horizon. He then put his hands on my head and did something. For three days afterward I felt like my feet were not touching the ground.

My traveling immediately changed from the physical to the spiritual. I virtually quit smoking the weed. I finished my remaining visa time meditating in Kuta and then went on to a beach in Penang, Malaysia for another three months. While hitch hiking from Singapore to Penang I got a good long ride. I don't know what religion the driver was, but he asked me what my religion was, and when I told him that I had none, he laughed and said I would find one before long. Everybody does! Well, this was news to

me, but He said it with such conviction that I believed him and it stuck with me.

I spent all my time in Malaysia meditating in a cheap rented house on the beach. I didn't do any traveling.

When my Malaysian visa expired I was starving for some proper meat to eat so I went to Australia and ate some proper beef. I then camped to meditate for some months with the dolphins on a remote beach in the Coloured Sands National Park north of the Gold Coast.

A strange thing happened while I was there alone. One day I was doing my regular "Kundalini Yoga" and I was doing very well when I saw and heard a creature like a lion in the spirit realm roaring as it swiftly came for me. So I got out of the spirit instantly and ran for my life screaming down the beach!! The rest of my time there, I was more moderate in my use of that kind of meditation!! Later, I heard that this kind of strong discipline can result in insanity..... I can see why. Some nasty spirit can come and have you for lunch. No kidding!!!

But I continued to advance in the Yogic/Buddhist disciplines at warp speed, so that within a couple of years I was an adept junior guru employed at an Auckland Ashram. I meditated for hours every day and enjoyed a wonderfully *enhanced state of consciousness* 24/7. My stilled mind flowed forth words of wisdom. I even healed people with "pranic healing".

The Lord

At the Ashram some of my teen students would boast about how much LSD they took every weekend. I viewed this as very unwise behavior as I was working to get them using healthy yoga instead. And to make it worse most of the available psychedelics were cut with toxic material. I cared, so I had to help. I got in touch with a friend in California and asked him to send some proper stuff for them. There was no financial motivation.

After this I had a dream that made me restless. I dreamed of this big stone house, and all my friends were there. Because of this I took two weeks in nearby Fiji. While returning to NZ I was taken aside and arrested. Since I was doing nothing illegal, I could only guess what the reason was.

They kept me on remand in this big stone building for nine months. It was such an ideal place for meditation that I hardly had time to notice my lack of freedom.

Much later, I found out why I was there. One of my friends had a girlfriend that was trying to make sure her boyfriend was not arrested, by implicating me! The police never did find out what was really going on. They had some really big idea that was not even close to the truth since there was big drug scare from the US in the papers at that time. They needed a scapegoat so that the public would be convinced they were doing something to protect them from this nightmarish menace. It was so totally blown out of proportion, so I could not exactly sit down with them for a friendly chat about it. So I said nothing. They never did find out that they were swatting flies with a sledge hammer, but as a result of this Homeland Security still does not allow me across the border into the US!! Silly. They thought I was some kind of "ringleader." corrupting their innocent young people. In fact it was more the opposite way. They were already well corrupted and were leading me astray by drawing me into Heroin. I refused to go since I could not see the point of their artificial death.

I was so well behaved that I was transferred to a minimum security place in Wellington. It was not nearly as good for me, since they played the radio on the intercom. It interfered with my meditation. I started a popular yoga class there.

One day I decided to do something different and attended an evening "Christian Fellowship" meeting, even though I looked down on their unyogic spiritual ignorance and goofy "Christian" ways. Even though I had no respect for them, I knew there was something or other worthwhile behind their vain

beliefs.

So, that evening I was generous enough to sing along with one of their meaningless songs. While singing a familiar song I started to feel strange. And then I started to feel really strange and then this voice spoke to me in a gentle audible voice that was freighted with the power of the Universe simply said: -"MY NAME IS JESUS". I responded instantly with "Well, if you are Jesus, WELCOME!!!!" (to my heart) He in turn instantly flooded me with what I came to understand as His Holy Spirit. I was totally undone and was not able to speak for the next three weeks! They had to help me back to my room. Ever since it has been my hope to embody the peerless character I heard in that astounding Heavenly Voice.

And so I set out to serve the Lord with my customary total Yogic zeal. My uninformed expectation was to surpass my former Eastern "enhanced consciousness" since this was the real thing with the real God. Perhaps this could be the start of a new religion that combined the two? Well, that was a great idea, but little did I know that God was a jealous God. For the first months, I walked in a rosy honeymoon cloud of anointing. Then it became more complicated. I had much indeed to learn.

I woke up one quiet Saturday morning to find that the Holy Spirit was gone. Just gone. It was very spooky until My eyes rested on all my exotic Buddhist artwork. With that, anger just flowed into my arms and before I knew hardly knew what to think of this -but I got the message after I had destroyed it all. Any new religion that retained all this eastern stuff was evidently out of the question!!!

I was invited to speak at a few small rural churches because they were enthralled by my spectacular testimony of sudden transformation from ghastly heathen evil to blazing Holy Spirit light. Apparently my testimonial was instrumental in bringing some young people to the Lord. They returned in a few months to become local teachers. They invited me to their home to meet regularly with themselves and friends. Though I knew virtually nothing about the gospel at that time, I prayed and read my Bible tirelessly, and so whenever they asked a question, I had a good answer right there for them from the Bible and recent revelation. And whenever the group had a problem, and nobody had any idea what to do, we simply prayed together in desperation. And lo and behold things happened every time!!! We came to count on it. I learned a great deal in this time just by listening to my own Bible and my own voice. Casual speaking out of revelation quickly became a regular thing with me.

[Latter Rain](#)

I was deported back to Canada laden with many costly gifts and tears. After visiting various relatives across Canada, I became established in a small "Latter Rain" church in London, Ontario. After a few months, the Lord had me spend weeks repenting with tears to wash away any remaining uncleanness. At that time I had a very menial warehouse job, that allowed me to quietly weep all day while working. Coming out of Eastern spirituality and all the affectionate women I had found across the world -I discovered that I had no shortage of spiritual pollution. I was just overwhelmed with conviction. This world is a lost wasteland that quietly devours the unwary.

And over the years, I gradually came to the terrible realization that nobody in the church world knew how to maintain a close and intimate relationship with Him and expand it into a solid constant reality such as I had come to expect with Yoga. Nobody had it. All that was offered was "more of the same" up and down, often clouded Christianity. There was nothing beyond this.

At first I treated my new church like a University lecture hall and wrote careful notes so I wouldn't miss anything, but later I caught on to what the pastor was doing.

Ninety five percent of the preaching was about "trials". He just served up the same tired theme every Sunday using fifty different approaches. It was an outrageous insult to the intelligence. I stopped taking notes. What was the use? I now knew the simple drill. And years later as his reward he was promoted to

be the head of that small denomination! It seems that His hearers just kept honoring him simply because he was consistent.

With this lazy sort of “leadership” how can a young man serve God without falling spiritually asleep?

Brother Lawrence

During this period I developed a technique after I had read about the life of the medieval monk “Brother Lawrence”.

Now that was more like it!! Perhaps I should become a monk?!! But how do you do that without taking a time machine and becoming a medieval Catholic? Here is what Brother Lawrence did:

“He was assigned to the monastery kitchen where, amidst the tedious chores of cooking and cleaning at the constant bidding of his superiors, he developed his rule of spirituality and work. In his “Maxims”, Lawrence writes, “Men invent means and methods of coming at God’s love, they learn rules and set up devices to remind them of that love, and it seems like a world of trouble to bring oneself into the consciousness of God’s presence.

Yet it might be so simple. Is it not quicker and easier just to do our common business wholly for the love of Him?” For Brother Lawrence, “common business,” no matter how mundane or routine, could be a medium of God’s love. The sacredness or worldly status of a task mattered less than the motivation behind it. “Nor is it needful that we should have great things to do. . . We can do little things for God; I turn the cake that is frying on the pan for love of him, and that done, if there is nothing else to call me, I prostrate myself in worship before Him, who has given me grace to work; afterwards I rise happier than a king. It is enough for me to pick up but a straw from the ground for the love of God.”

Brother Lawrence felt having a proper heart about tasks made every detail of his life possess surpassing value. “I began to live as if there were no one save God and me in the world.” Brother Lawrence felt that he cooked meals, ran errands, scrubbed pots, and endured the scorn of the world alongside God. One of his most famous sayings refers to his kitchen:

“The time of business does not with me differ from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, *I possess God in as great tranquility as if I were upon my knees at the blessed sacrament*”.

The path to this union was difficult. He spent years disciplining his heart and mind to yield to God’s presence. “As often as I could, I placed myself as a worshiper before him, fixing my mind upon his holy presence, recalling it when I found it wandering from him. This proved to be an exercise frequently painful, yet I persisted through all difficulties.” He found a peace in reconciling himself to the thought that this struggle and longing was his destiny. He said his soul “had come to its own home and place of rest.” His death in 1691 occurred in relative obscurity, but his teachings lived on in the compilation of his words.”

This was a very spiritually healthy practice quite similar to my familiar yoga. It kept me spiritually active and alert so that when I came across anything in my heart that did not please God, I naturally gave it over to Him right away.

I started to speak in tongues in my every waking hour. I gradually learned to do this sub-vocally so nobody could tell unless they noticed my radiant countenance. (Later, I purchased a very small Bible. I kept it in a custom made leather case with a belt loop on it. I used it at work. When others would grab a smoke, I would grab my Bible. Of course, I was scorned and marginalized for this because I was not fitting in. That was fine with me. I did not have time to waste as they did.) I also organized unemployed people to help growing gardens on unused church land. We produced veggies wholesale and gave them to the church poor. We stacked boxes of free produce beside the church sidewalk for them to take.

Through all their church construction I got acquainted with other church men who worked in professional construction, and as the recession ended I became employed along with them. This was enjoyable and challenging well paid heavy construction work pouring concrete basements and concrete high rises. This gave me enjoyable fitness and prosperity for some years.

There was a troubled elderly lady in the church with perennial personality problems and a sick unsaved husband. You know the kind -a spiritual hypochondriac.. She had an appointment for counseling with the pastor every week. And every time there was a service she was there. And every time she came -she prophesied with a trembling voice. And if there was an anointing on the meeting it left as soon as she started prophesying. I had a discussion with the pastor over this, but he did not want to hurt her feelings. The anointing would recover much of its strength in a few minutes, but finally one day the Holy Spirit just left and did not return to that church. Ever.

My anointing remained intact, but it totally knocked the spiritual wind out of me.. It had been a church just packed with precious people, and miracles. It all departed in short order!!!

They had been encouraging us young people to use our gifts and prophesy. I saw now that there had been no spiritual support for that. The leaders had all the discernment and revelation of a potato. We were all quite unprotected from our youthful ignorance. I was suitably chastened so I decided to stay out of trouble by avoiding further public prophecy. I decided the thing to follow was not revelation, but Holiness -whatever that might be, I wanted to stay away from things that might make you lose your blessing. After all the things I had been through being ruled by the underworld was just too scary to contemplate. The underworld is quite real. It already rules most of the world population though superstitious lies.

"Christ was a traveling Savior; He journeyed from city to city, from village to village and from hamlet to hamlet. When He was rejected at one place, He went to another; and He commanded His followers to do the same. He is just the same today. Educational and ecclesiastical seminaries of the world have had their opportunity and in the early part of the last century great revivals of Bible salvation broke out in many of the colleges and universities of America; and many of the churches enjoyed great outpourings of grace, but having been rejected and often insulted in those places, the blessed Spirit seems to have gone outside of the city walls, under the hedges, through the valleys, and to the grimy lanes of life to seek the fallen, and they seem much more anxious to have Him than those Scribes and Pharisees or doctors of the law."

So it was that I could not find Him in my native Canada and had to go off haring around the world.....

[A Close Call](#)

During this period I was still just freshly back from my overseas adventures and unmarried.

One day I went out to supper after work with my friend Doug to a nearby restaurant. While looking across the room I saw a radiantly gorgeous young woman waiting on tables. Our eyes met..... *And it was love.* It was all I could do to not let on to my friend. I wanted to be sure, so I kept it inside for a couple of weeks while I thought of nothing else and walked on air. Finally, I went back -and there she was. An ordinary mortal waitress. She didn't even see me!! Obviously, I was a dweeb. There was no love. I was so disappointed. I was sure glad I had said nothing about it.

Lesson: Ridiculous caution can save your eternal life!!!

[The Living Word](#)

So I was without a church again. But my auto mechanic went to a small group that was new in town.

The pastor was an American that would drive over from near Detroit from time to time. He later

became famous for his writing. His name is Francis Frangipane. He was good then, and he is good now.

At that time he belonged to a world wide fellowship called "Church of the Living Word" headquartered in Anaheim California. Now this Church was really together. It had "apostles"!!! -and this was way back before apostles became fashionable. Regular members were all called prophets!!! This quite dazzled me since I had heard of nothing like this before. (1977) However it did seem overblown, so I stayed on the periphery until I was sure this was the real thing. I hoped that I might learn more than the shallow faith I was already acquainted with. They had quite few "elders" that made up the exclusive inner circle around the "apostle".

(They also had a nice young woman that managed a health store outside of Detroit and had boarded with the Frangipane family. We eventually married (in1979) and had two happy daughters. They are both in their thirties now. How time flies.)

A lot of time was spent listening to cassette tapes by the apostle "John Robert Stevens". They had big high speed tape duplicators they kept busy. I duplicated a few thousand myself.

I was in charge of volunteers doing extensive concrete work and structural renovations on the footings and basement of their big old building in Edmonton since I had experience doing just that. The work was needed because when you have two or three hundred enthusiastic young people jumping in unison upstairs you cannot afford to have any weakness underneath!!

And then one day the Holy Spirit just left this church too. Not because of carnal prophecy, but because of "destiny creep". They spent a lot of energy discussing the "Kingdom", the end times and their amazing leading role in it. This perceived role kept on inflating.

After the gray haired head apostle divorced his old critical wife and quickly re-married a devoted young admirer -things quickly changed. First a commandment came down from on high that people who were still struggling with old habits like smoking etc should be "honest" and admit the truth. Smokers should smoke. They should practice their favorite failures (in the church) until they could repent properly... Makes sense doesn't it? Simply be honest! The trouble with this idea is that the church quickly became a stinking meat market full of honest swearing and honest uncleanness of every sort. Honest adultery. Honest drunkenness. Honest pub crawling. Honest mysticism. The scriptural remedy of course, is for those regularly practicing acts of sin to be notified by the church that they will be glad to welcome them back to church fellowship after they come clean. For example, there is no such thing as a practicing Christian thief.. He must go!!

And to go from the sublime to the ridiculous then the whole purpose of the church became to intercede for this head apostle so that he would be the first "into the Kingdom", (whatever that might mean) because after all somebody has to be first, don't they? And the Lord did not have time to raise up another people of astonishing faith like us now did He? Shortly after this was proclaimed in 1982, he got a rapid form of brain cancer and soon died. I don't think it was any coincidence. His young wife took over the mantle of leadership, and before long married a man of her own age who was also a dedicated follower.

And then one Sunday I showed up and the Holy Spirit did not. Everybody else thought it was normal. I thought it was creepy. The next Sunday, I showed up again just to be sure, and sure enough, He was still gone. I followed Him out the door. He did not come back again, and so neither did I. And then everybody else gradually trickled away too. And then over time through the grapevine I heard many heart-stopping stories of woe. The inner circle mostly moved away, including the local apostle. Most of them divorced and returned to the world. Even the "elders". Dust to dust. What a waste.

I minded my own business, looked after my young family, and stayed extra close to God. The only other churches around were dead branches of dead mainline denominations, and so we worshiped at

home, but I don't think my wife was ever the same -since she was popular and had a social nature. We were left in the lurch without a church. And this was her own church from the U. S., so this was especially devastating for her.

Books

My spiritual circle was reduced to two other men for two or three years. We would read the best Godly books and then meet to share what we had learned -usually on a long walk in the riverside park. We had no church.

As a result of these talks, I got in touch with the best ministries that existed in the world at that time. I ordered their books, and then ordered more to share. I then ordered even more to share. And the more I shared, the more people wanted, so I started ordering in bulk and getting bookstore prices. So people wanted even more. So I set up a book rack in my home, and took boxes of books to set up a book table whenever there was a Christian conference in town (Edmonton -pop 1 million). At these tables I not only sold books but talked to the people, quietly discerned where they were at and recommended books appropriate for their next step in God -as I had always done in various ways ever since I was saved -and even before when I was a junior guru.

The Spirit

Without any church, the Word and the Spirit became my only available sources of edification, so I redoubled my personal habits of spiritual diligence.. By now it was my long habit to just hit it speaking in secret tongues while at work or at home. Every break was spent in the Word. Every possible spoken word was freighted with His grace. 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 every moment and free of every burden. These times of supernatural radiance gradually increased in length, while intervening oppressive clouds 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”) I kept this locked firmly in my heart. From that time, in no thing did I consciously hold back from Him.

The Final Battle

Things then really heated up, and became more difficult. My long-term stable management job terminated since the company was sold off. Employment became spotty and uncertain.

The times of feeling as if I were walking under an open heaven became as long as three weeks at a stretch. The constant glory was beyond compare. But also the regular 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 putrid stinking darkness. My spirit was full of a lethally thick suffocating oppression. I prayed the tremendous oppression back again as if it had never been overcome. I found it so humiliating, so inappropriate. Here I was: a citizen of the light, walking without known fault for years now: full of His assurance, power, revelation; dwelling in His majesty and dignity- near the very pinnacle of Christian spiritual achievement -and being subjected to this!?

I just couldn't accept this stark contrast. It was so completely inconsistent with my reality of innate

spiritual dignity. I was totally fed up with this repulsive garbage, (after all I had been repeatedly repenting of everything possible for 18 years at this point) so one dark and difficult day I prayed a desperate prayer. I prayed, "Lord, if you are not able to clean this disgusting garbage away, please, take my life. I have just had it!" (The part that galled the most was the totally arrogant affront to the spiritual dignity the Lord had imparted within from so much anointing and consecrating.) This cleared the dark cloud away from this bout, and I went my way; but with deep reservations. I had done all and still there was all this trouble!! What was going on here? Is there actual effective victory in the Lord or not?

I basically was ready to give up. What was the use? I had done all that could be done spiritually, and yet where was His boasted victory? Was this all there was? I needed more. Much more. And yet there was nothing more I could do but tenderly go on trusting Him regardless of the all evidence that so loudly argued His impotence.

Where else could I go except to His feet? But how do you do you go there?

I then went around under a vague sense of being under observation by a stern (uncompromising, firm) and scary Heavenly Court high above. I occasionally heard a sound like a very distant grumbling like thunder. I felt I was being weighed in the balances, but had no idea what to do about it. None. **Very scary.**

His Rest

A few days later I was with my family riding our bikes on the paved river valley bike path in Edmonton, with oppressing thoughts coming at me like, "All these years of dedication to the Lord have just not been 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 so that I flew through the air until I was stunned by the sudden stop on the pavement. I felt I should get right back on to my feet in order to not worry my family, but instead, I decided to just lay there. He was there on the pavement with me so I allowed myself to just totally relax into and trust the waiting arms of His anointing of love within and allowed myself to merely lay there injured on the asphalt. I just completely let myself go into His love. Where else could I go? I humbly laid down my whole life into His capable Hands and sub-vocally asked for His help. As soon as I consciously made this decision to relax into Him in total trust, and let go of all concern, including my strong concern and striving for my own unacceptable spiritual state, I felt a palpable fiery oil being poured from the throne. It ran down over my whole being. I felt it's oily wetness all over. This was August, 1988.

Now, you may think that this a very strange way for a momentous spiritual event to occur, and I would agree with you. But what could I do? My ignorance was total. Churches and ministries were no help. I consecrated but did not know that it was leading up to something. After a wholehearted consecration of my life, I then needed to ask Him to specifically intervene to purify my heart and life. But how could I do this when I didn't even know that this was possible? What was God to do with me? He waited. And then He waited.

His Glorious Tableland

At first, although I knew something momentous had taken place within, I couldn't quite pin down what it was. It was only as I quietly went through life as usual for the next couple of days, that I realized that I just didn't function in the same way as I did before. As I kept living I kept discovering things that just were not there anymore, while discovering other things that just as mysteriously simply were there. Apparently a profound and fundamental restructuring had taken place within -rather than an ever-greater endowment of power for service one always expects in Pentecostal circles.

My spirit has ever since just been filled with a profound holy hush together with all the anointing I want. 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 dominate my inward thought life.

Instead, the background of my mind is clean and new: totally silent and free from all interference. I feel like I am playing my life out in an oh so very holy hush upon a perfectly reflecting expanse of darkly translucent glass: His very whisper is always easy to hear, "Before the throne there was a sea of glass, like crystal." Rev. 4:6

This is not like earthly glass that smudges and scratches. It remains stainless and flawless in every way.

From that day forward, the "black cloud" has never returned. Not once. Nor has there ever been any hint of spiritual opposition within. However, I no longer had any idea how to pray. I failed when I tried to do some of my customary repentance prayer. I found this confusing. I didn't know what to do since that was my main prayer type. It was a key pillar of my system of belief and practice. But there just was no conviction remaining there to repent with. There was nothing left to repent for. I could not get any traction. Consequently, I had no idea how to progress from there in Him. I felt unemployed spiritually! All the spiritual work was now done, so what was I supposed to do now??? Before, I had been quite a worrier, but now I could no longer worry even if I tried. I could only trust with this new unshakable rock solid faith since my spirit was full of His unshakable palpable assurance.

The goading stick of condemnation was gone, and I had eaten the carrot of reward! All this donkey now knew to do was to quietly walk this glorious tableland under the clear skies of His anointing that was now crystal clear, constant and effortless because there was no more inward work to do. I didn't even know how to worship since I was worship.

There was no longer any continuity between my spirit and the self-serving spirit of this world; therefore it was just natural to reach out with His mercy when appropriate. After all these years I still feel that being myself is an unearned holy privilege each day, but I have gradually learned to function, grow and comprehend in a completely new way that fits this new reality.

I had changed my citizenship: before, I was a citizen of earth struggling spiritually to relate to a sometimes distant heaven. Now I am a citizen of heaven, finding the observed ways of earth (and unsanctified church) to be somewhat alien, and certainly twisted! I do not say this in a theoretical scriptural sense, but an actual experiential sense that has become hard-wired within. I call this a "conversion" in the full meaning of the word, in that my original conversion experience has now been gloriously completed. My Baptism in the Spirit is no longer an occasional dunk but a new aquatic life in Him.

At last that mysterious "real life" has been fully found. After all my years of effort and searching the globe, it has been found!! I did not struggle over the price of His Rest, because I felt that my only treasure was what He had given me so far anyway. My struggle was with ignorance and self-effort. I had never heard any hint of teaching in this area at all. This total cleanliness of heart was denied and preached against everywhere, since we were constantly exhorted to expect regular trial and backslidings. We miserable "sinners-saved-by-grace" were blithely expected to fall from time to time, and then just get up, repent and walk on without considering the possibility that there was a deeper problem that was causing the trials and backslidings in the first place! There was never any hint of a possibility of complete freedom from all these sordid troubles in all the endless teaching of "victory" I had heard over all these years!!!! And I had listened diligently. I treated church like a University classroom, and took careful notes.

No, I had no need of “deliverance” from anything. I had even attended a church that specialized in that for a little while.

(Please notice that this is not spoken to the unsaved, but to His chosen loyal disciples, so this logically refers to a second and total conversion of a completed sanctification which supernaturally endows the soul with a lowly heart of child-like pure innocence in a moment of time.) (Yes, the newly saved have a time called the “first love” which is similar -but it is fragile and far less complete. The inevitable dark spots remaining in the heart have not been seen yet.

Note: This completed sanctification certainly does not signify that you are especially smart or mature. It does not mean you will make every decision wisely. It does not mean that your heart works exactly as His heart does. You are still a human living in this natural world with all the limitations that apply to that condition. Stuff happens. (Luke 13:4 “Or those eighteen on whom the tower in Siloam fell and killed them, do you think that they were worse sinners than all other men who dwelt in Jerusalem?”) There are higher states that are alluded to in Scripture, but you cannot get to those without first being in His Rest. His Rest is fundamental. So the next thing you need is to get settled into it. It took some weeks for me to do this. (This was back in the fall of 1988, so I am not sure how long it took.)

Ignorance

My sanctification could have gone much more quickly and smoothly if only I had known what I was engaged in! I did not hesitate to lay my life into His hands without reserve when He asked. I had already willingly done this different times in the past. Here is what Thomas Cook says about complete consecration in his “New Testament Holiness”:

“When the will gladly makes this unconditional surrender it will not be long before the Christ-life will take the place of the old self-life, and the believer will be able to reckon himself “Dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Christ Jesus our Lord.” An interval may elapse between full surrender and complete blessedness.

The fullness as well as the intermediateness depends upon the faith of the soul in the Divine promise, but when the self-life dies But anything beyond that was completely unknown. At the time I would have given all my worldly possessions to receive the following paragraph from Thomas Cook:

“There is this difference between consecration and entire sanctification – the one is what we do ourselves by Divine aid, the other is what God does in us. Consecration is our voluntary act in which we give our all to God, while entire sanctification is a work wrought in us by the Holy Ghost. There may be entire consecration without entire sanctification, but there cannot be the latter without the former. The act of consecration must be followed by definite prayer for a clean heart, and then the act of faith by which we receive what we ask for. In answer to our prayer and response to our faith God will put forth His power.

So since I did not know that there was such a thing as a clean heart, how I could pray for it? I presumed that my heart was clean because I was forgiven and not involved in acts of gross sin. I did not understand that forgiveness did not remove the “original sin” in my heart, just the guilt from my past acts of sin. I could only pray for daily victory so that I could stay free. Just how very complete scriptural freedom could be, I had no way of knowing.

My notion of it definitely fell far short of the stainless life and palpable peace that I have enjoyed since that cherished afternoon of destiny in 1988.

Temptation

Sometimes in my writing I have made it sound like temptation has been virtually absent since I was sanctified. Well, that is not quite the case. Although the temptation became toothless it was still there in

the initial months and years. But that is so many years ago now. For as long as I can easily remember it has been as if the enemy has gone missing.

However, reading other testimonials, I find some people experience far more temptation than I did in my early years. Perhaps that is explained by the fact that I became highly skilled in dealing with temptation and the wiles of the enemy, since I had so much trouble from my past deep involvement in eastern religion of the “spiritual” kind. So, if there was any temptation, I would recognize it instantly as “more of the same garbage” and instantly swat it like a mosquito, without a thought. I was highly vigilant, so I did not lose this grace.

Others have to constantly guard themselves to remain on the narrow path. While that may be true, I had a trained mind. This made me naturally vigilant and anything that could be at enmity with my peace in Him, I just plain avoided. It means that my life was rather more narrow and monk-like than most, but that is where He abides, so that is where I wanted to be. I accepted nothing else. (no I do not wear weird clothing) “And they (the Levite priests) shall teach My people the difference between the holy and the unholy, and cause them to discern between the unclean and the clean.” Eze 44:23 “But solid food belongs to those who are of full age, that is, those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.” Heb 5:14

So, how did I “exercise my senses” for this discerning? By loving the Lord. I mean I really LOVING Him. I made it my purpose to have His Spirit active within my heart all my waking hours. I gradually learned to live a life on two levels at the same time. While I was fulfilling my earthly duties, I would also be consciously before the Lord worshiping in tongues. This was really hard to do, but I was determined because I didn't know any better way. I had a rather military approach in public places where scantily dressed women abound. I kept my senses under armed guard in a very real sense..... In the face of temptation I kept my eyes averted to the floor. Places of temptation like theaters, I just plain avoided like the plague. I stuck with the Lord and my family.

Churches truly teach very little about how to please God, and I had to stay close to Him or lose my salvation since I had so much trouble following me from my dark past. So I spent a great deal of time in His presence. By the time I got married (1979), I was steadier, but I quietly continued my unusual monk-like practice of secret tongues. I spent so much of myself in His presence, so that when something alien came near, I could smell it instantly.

Why Did I not Enter Before?

In retrospect I can see that I took the long and hard way to this blessing. I made every time-wasting mistake possible since I had never received the slightest hint of teaching towards an expectation of Rest in Him. My orthodox Calvinistic expectation was an endless lifelong striving against sin and sinfulness. This endless battle was called “walking in victory”. (ie: an active faith in His weakness and inability to make a final end to my innate sinfulness (original sin...) I hungered for His Presence continually within, but there was no way imagined to ever end that struggle short of the judgment seat. Within my “sanctification crisis” I gave up that unsculptural fractured faith so that He could replace it with His wholly effective faith:

“In the very moment that I had finally fulfilled His conditions of completed consecration and completed faith, He was there to do His part regardless of my ignorance and confusion. Apparently, He had just been patiently waiting for me to do my part, so that He could finally do His part: “If we will just do the trusting, He will do the saving.”

“At that time the disciples came to Jesus saying, “Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child to Him and set him in the midst of them, and said, “Assuredly I say to you, unless you are converted and become as little children, you will by no means enter the kingdom of

heaven.” Matthew 18: 1-3

The Website

Some years after that time there started to be a lot being said online about apostle and prophets. I studied and wrote about this carefully for some months until I came to a firm conclusion that it was mostly a premature and convenient boasting that brought in good funding and much personal recognition.

In 1999 I asked the Lord what I should do next. The Lord gave me a clear but surprising answer. I hardly knew where to start in fulfilling the leading, which was to “build a website about Holiness, and how to get it.” And at that time I hardly knew more about Holiness except “stay out of trouble and walk cleanly”. Our churches are so very poorly informed, it is inevitable that there are remarkable failures.

First, I had to research into who knows how to build a website? I sure had no idea.

Second, I had to discover where I could find information on Holiness to fill a website with! I didn't even know where to start!! This was by no means a small task in those days of slow computers and no Google.

Finally I saw an expensive CD for sale online entitled, “The Wesleyan Heritage Library”. It gave me no information on its contents, but I ordered it since I didn't know what else to do. As I explored through it, I gradually came to a realization that I had struck it rich!! I found a Christian webmaster off in the city who would set up a bare website for me for the subject. I wanted to have sanctification in the topic name of the website, but there was just too much competition for that name. The Lord had shown me to provide not just plain theology, but also provide practical instructions on how to actually get the experience as I had -even though I still had not been able to read anything about this mysterious Holy hush that I had now enjoyed for over ten years. Why should others have to wander in ignorance for years the way I had been forced to? I had wandered as a saved man for 17 years, and then over 10 years as a sanctified man!! I have now been learning the subject and building the website for 15 years. That is over 40 years in total so far. And the CD author Sulu Kelley gave his retirement years to it before I came into the picture!!! The mountains of musty dusty old books from attics gave him allergy trouble as he laboriously scanned them with the ridiculously difficult software of the time.

If a clean heart was supposed to be a regular experience for Christians, how could that be possible without proper expectations?? All of the Holiness preachers had passed away as far as I could tell.

For most of those years afterward, I did not answer queries: I just presented the website. Period. I also had nobody I could consult with on this subject. I wrote context for the material on the website. Endless times I had to revise my comments as my understanding grew. And I mean endless. I am still doing it....

But you don't have to read everything on the website to understand the topic. I have provided a great deal of overlap and repetition for people of various levels of understanding and perspectives on the gospel. I have also provided related material to help provide a wider context for the main topic.

I don't mind confessing that I get plumb scared when I think back like this. So many wonderful people and churches now face a very uncertain eternity. People I once admired for their godliness I now know to be in a doubtful condition.

They relied upon their considerable prowess and now what do they have? I thank the Lord for His special protection in this so very dangerous world.

I pray that you will find this better dimension of His Grace. We all need it. They used to call it "The Faith".

Yours in His Service;

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Postscript:

Back in 1991 I drove down to Kansas City to keep an appointment with Bob Jones. He confirmed that I had a clean heart and then had me work with him on some deliverance ministry.

In 1996 I became ill with severe Mercury poisoning right after an elderly dentist carelessly replaced many of my "silver" fillings with new ones. I often had clear times in the evening, but otherwise I became quite dysfunctional mentally. Food intolerances multiplied until there were only a few things left and even then I had to use special digestive enzymes to help out. I could actually feel the outline of my brain since it had strong pins and needles all over it. I could hardly think. Social interaction was impossible. My limbs became unreliable. I would fill the toilet with blood. I was too sick to work, so money became tight.

I went to a good doctor, and he told me that if it was Mercury that the medical community would be no help. And I knew it was Mercury because my Naturopath had sent a sample to the states to verify it.

For years I stayed away from church as well as everybody else because I was certain that everybody was out to get me. My mind would go in such circles all day that I could not be myself or have a prayer or family life.

I was in a situation similar to Nebuchadnezzar in the wilderness eating grass. Possibly he too was given mercury as a medication? They used to do that!! Perhaps the grass he was eating would chelate it out? Like myself, he probably could not tolerate his regular food anyway.

However, spiritually I was still just cruising. Most of the time on dark and stormy seas, but sometimes all the symptoms would just clear away and He would be with me in His usual glory. During all this time I was alone in a rented room while my wife heartlessly found and swiftly married another.

Much later, I entreated the Lord to rescue me from post-marital desire. And He did. Just like that.

I finally found a formula online at <http://www.awakennutrition.com/> that took away Mercury far better than all those chelation remedies I had been taking for so long. With that I slowly returned to the human race.

But there is more: about three years ago I staggered into the hospital emergency because I could hardly breathe. Since then it has been a struggle with the "side effects" of their toxic remedies. Right now I breathe just fine but my legs are often nearly useless because of lack of blood flow, which is a known side effect of the long term use of "Prednisone". They even have Latin name for the condition! -as if that was any help.

More recently I have been scraped off the floor and taken to the hospital a dozen times. Finally they found out it was caused by "gluten intolerance" -again from their drug. Now I avoid any possible hint of gluten and carbohydrates and am happy to stay out of the hospital! My food is now mostly just oily

foods like avocados, greens and eggs. These days many of our prepared foods in the store are loaded with difficult to digest cheap raw materials like soy, wheat gluten and cow's milk. Then we finish the job by unknowingly taking toxic "medication".

For years now I have had no church, no fellowship, and no wife and find that being alone just does not work. People are created to need each other. Love. How can love or prayer exist without others? And without those, what sort of faith do we have?? Sterile, fruitless faith even when the Lord is with you.

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