



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

The Sanctification of Tom Plumb

by Tom Plumb

I was born in Edson, Alberta in 1944. My father and mother are both offspring of Alberta pioneers who homesteaded their own farms. My father's people believed in "the Golden Rule": a man's word is his bond. They went to the Anglican Church three times a year whether they needed to or not. As a pre-teen, I became virtually fatherless since the gradual onset of diabetes took any positive life out of my father. In those days children were to "be seen and not heard." The result was raised in a nearly a concentration camp atmosphere.

Consequently, I was left without direction, and without defense against the wandering foolishness of my youthful heart. Over time, sin hollowed that silly heart out to the point of desperation so that I actively looked around to see if there was any real life to be had on the planet. If there was, I knew full well that I certainly did not have it.

Upon graduation from the University of Waterloo (Ontario 1968) (B.A. in Geography and History), I was considering going on to graduate studies in the London School of Economics, but had long talks with several Ph.D. students, to find them possibly even more spiritually bankrupt and devoid of direction than I was! I was so dismayed. I had thought that since they were from less challenged families -surely they would be better off inwardly!!

In 1969 I went teaching Secondary school geography and found the wider world to be the same: but even more desperately suffocated by superficiality and the deceptive futility of obtaining "a proper life" than those in academe! I found this to be beyond belief! I was supposed to count these shallow spineless ciphers as "adult" and "successful"?

In sheer desperation, I set plans in motion to check out the rest of the world. It was only logical that this "real life" was to be found somewhere, otherwise how could the world have survived so long? I had no idea what that missing life within might be, but I knew for sure that neither myself nor anyone else around me had it, or any clue about it..

I had friends, that "did Europe", and came back just as empty as when they left. I was quietly furious at this observation, since I had hoped that they might find at least a clue. They went east and found nothing, so I determined to go in the opposite direction and not come back until I had found "real life". *Whatever that was*.

Since this was prior to the days of cheap and accessible air travel, I went by cheap ship voyages, hitchhiking, and sleeping in the open. Similar travelers were yet extremely rare. After many adventures and misadventures on land, on sea and under sea, I landed a well-paid teaching job for the Australian government in Papua New Guinea to rebuild my depleted finances. After a year, I left PNG a very fit and bronzed jungle explorer, diver and sailor to recover from malaria with friends back in Australia.

I traveled on, and spent some months body-surfing on the island of Bali. (Before tourists had yet heard much of the place) I met a full time Yogi that lived there. Two others and I went to visit him. He lived on offerings and meditated full time. He was not empty! Now, he really had something! I spent time getting to know him. [Did he have "it"?](#)

I certainly thought so after I went through a yogic "initiation ceremony" by him on a local "sacred" mountain. After this, yogic spiritual disciplines quickly became second nature. After my every possible visa renewal expired in Bali, I traveled on and 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 until I went on to set up a tent for a three month hermitage on a very remote beach in sub-tropical Australia, well north of Brisbane. Later, in Auckland, I became locally

famous as a small-time “Guru”. I taught spiritual and hatha yoga as well as laying on hands to heal some with “Pranic healing”, but this all ended when I woke up one morning in prison charged with importing LSD...

At first I just loved it because I was undisturbed in a quiet room. Later I was transferred to a more humane place for good behavior. It was terrible. The radio was on. There were people, and no more long periods of time to meditate in. Gradually, the state of enhanced consciousness I had gained from diligently applied yogic disciplines dissipated. 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 had filled it had evaporated! My new spiritual treasure was gone!! I was so hollow it was physically painful. I was much worse off spiritually than I had been previously! Obviously, I still did not have this true inward “life” I was looking for.

I became totally desperate. It was so very bad in fact, that one evening, (1972, now 27 years of age) out of sheer desperate boredom, I attended the “Christian Fellowship” group in the chapel there, even though I was quite aware that I knew far better than they did about spiritual principles..... Well, I did not get the last laugh.

While singing along with those I tolerated as mere shallow dabblers and deluded fools of the spiritual dimension, I began to feel strange. Very strange. My body began to tingle all over. My heart (heart? I didn't know I had a heart!!) began to glow with love. (LOVE?? I certainly had nothing to do with love!!) As I felt all this weird stuff going on within, I was scared because with the disciplines, I was used to various bodily phenomena and flows of "Prana", but with great effort, I had diligently engineered them all. BUT I WASN'T DOING A THING. I was truly scared, and remember saying within myself, “What's going on? Am I going CRAZY?”

To this came an inward Presence that replied in the quietest, strongest, and most majestic voice and you could imagine: “MY NAME IS JESUS” from within my being came the words in response, “Well, if **YOU** are Jesus, WELCOME”. Then I was instantly just totally engulfed by His Spirit. My body was totally electrified from head to toe. My mind became dysfunctional. They had to help me back to my quarters. I could hardly walk. I was certainly not able to speak for the next three weeks.

The New Broom

After I had returned to an operational state, this strong “anointing” remained with me every waking hour. My life was overshadowed by His greater life, until one Saturday morning I woke up early: to silence. No Holy Spirit. No nothing. Spiritual silence. Creepy. Very creepy. I was very concerned. What was going on? This continued through breakfast, and afterwards on this non-working day until eleven A.M.

Then I remember so clearly; supernatural strength coming of its own accord into my arms: anger and judgment flowed into my spirit as I looked upon the full and costly library I had of yogic and mystical books, intricate mandalas, as well as the mystical artwork and poems. My arms of their own volition began to angrily rip and tear and to break and to smash every unholy thing.

Fires were not allowed, so I got big garbage cans and filled them with every last torn and broken fragment. Not until I had them taken completely out of the institution to the garbage area did the anger leave. When the anger left, His Spirit returned together with a sense of relief. I was quite spent. And quite relieved.

Gradually, I learned to work and relax into His Presence. With Eastern disciplines, you may attain to quite an improved state of consciousness. You may have power; but it is as if you have your own personal little pedal-powered generator that creates the power and the consciousness. You keep peddling; you keep power. It is as simple as that. If for any reason you stop your inward exercises; the power stops. It is as simple as that. If you get sick, you lose it. If you die, you lose it. There is no vacation, no grace, and certainly no free lunch!

But now, my goal before the Lord was 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 of mine. I was relentless with secret prayer in tongues, in the Word and in giving thanks for all. In trouble, my cup was always half-full rather than half-empty. Every cell of my body was thankful for His Life poured into my lost earth. I had no need to peddle any more since I was plugged into His great and inexhaustible Power.

In the eyes of the staff, I had suddenly become even more of a model resident, so in due course, I was transferred to an even better unsecured facility in the tiny isolated North Island mountain valley sheep town of Ohura. There I had a great job clear felling old-growth forest by axe and re-planting it in Douglas fir. I became tough, tanned and physically robust again. I kept my axe so sharp you could shave with it. I was a strong testimony to the “bush gang”.

They had what was called church parole. Back in those days (1971-2) darkness to glory testimonies were especially popular, and so I was eagerly invited to give my testimony at various meetings. They liked to hear how dark and deluded my life was in contrast to the present light I enjoyed. (Amazingly little was available in writing on these things back then) Many were saved and filled with the Spirit.

I made good friends with some of these zealous new local converts, who invited me out regularly. This group of friends grew rapidly in maturity and in numbers. I had been a believer for the longest, and so did much teaching. We saw the Lord work many remarkable miracles every week until I was released back to Canada in 1974. I still remember those glory days with great fondness. The imposed restricted lifestyle together with adequate fellowship made for very rapid spiritual growth. I left laden with love-gifts and good wishes. Only once since have I found such a spiritually healthy environment. Strange but true.

I am still just full of wondrous stories from those days of brash faith and confirming miracles. I had been incarcerated for three years plus nine months on remand.

Finally freed back to Canada, I visited with family member in turn, doing extensive building projects in each place to be a blessing.

I had heard it was pretty “worldly” out in the world, but this was just way beyond me. It still is. How could such treasure be so scorned and neglected? 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 sure had a lot of sorrow to learn.

My first ever church was an old Latter Rain church in London, Ontario that had been dry and virtually empty for many years since the “Voice of Healing” movement was consumed within by secret sinfulness in the lives of the evangelists. They would even go drinking and carousing etc. right after their meetings!

A faithful few of the original church founders had been praying up a storm for some years for the Lord to visit again. He answered their prayer by sending them several zealous and anointed young people of which I was one. They needed our life, and we needed their grounding in the Word and spiritual maturity. These two rather unlikely groups worked together, and the little church soon exploded spiritually to become a big church in a big new building with many young people. Miracles were daily. The anointing was so palpable you could cut it with a knife. We just felt that anything was possible, and so it was. Souls were often healed without intervention right where they stood in that fabulous anointing.

During this time of active fellowship and Bible teaching classes that actually got into some good depth, I grew like a weed. Whenever the church doors opened I was there. When the church doors were not open I spent every available hour there renovating the building, for I was a bond-slave poured out unto Him.

Miracles with Carbolic Soap and a Scrub Brush

During this season, I was then given a season of several months of special grace working at a relatively monotonous factory job. A constant vitriolic spirit of conviction came upon me from the Lord. I was totally undone. I prayed in abject desperation for these months, feeling that I was just hanging on by the skin of my teeth from falling into a pit of judgment that yawned darkly 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. Apparently, one just cannot be involved in the spiritual aspects of Eastern religions without becoming secretly and quietly demonized. They are “spirit-filled” religions also!

Carbolic Soap, for those of you who are not old enough to know is a rather harsh antiseptic bar soap, pink in color. It is harsh, but very effective, as is the old-fashioned scrub brush when applied with extreme vigor. It is my opinion that the Lord waited until I was solidly grounded in Him before applying this rigorous scouring that was badly needed all the while, even though I was not previously aware of my own need.

Prophecy Without Wisdom

Prophecy had been happening in the church; even though all anybody knew about it was that the scripture encouraged us to do it. That was it. Well, that wasn't enough. (This was the mid-seventies, well before today's wave of the prophetic)

Many of us prophesied with excellent anointing and what revelation we had! There was also a very insecure older lady, with a perennially unsaved husband, that needed constant pastoral ministry and encouragement. I suppose she learned that if she prophesied people would consider her spiritual and accept her. It became her practice to come to every meeting and prophesy no matter what.

It is well understood now about prophesying out of the soul. Back in the mid-seventies, some theory was in the background, but leaders were completely unprepared to discern or manage utterances. It was just too far out for them. Pastors only knew not to offend paying members. It is now well understood that just one soulish prophecy can quench the Spirit in a meeting quite effectively.

This state of affairs continued until finally, one day the Spirit just didn't show up again. He was just gone! The bright young zealots soon left, including myself. The church carried on in a very dull, dry and shrunken state for many years, and even today does not understand what happened. Ichabod. “His Glory is departed” became a true saying. That lady still attends and has lots of empty pews to sit on. She is far more empty than before.

In 1978, I began visiting another group that seemed to have much more understanding of the gifts of the Spirit. They even had an “Apostle” with extensive insightful writings and tapes! (John Robert Stevens). The group was a small satellite home meeting that was an outreach of a full church from near Detroit, Michigan named “Church of the Living Word”. The regular visiting Pastor was Francis Frangipane, who has since become quite a popular author and conference speaker. He is good now, and he was good then in his role as a local pastor with that early worldwide network of apostolic churches.

However, much stronger deception soon came to claim this denomination also. Disillusionment, strife, and the bitterness of unforgiveness ran in the streets of Edmonton like blood in 1983. I got out fast and clean (as did Francis) since I was experienced enough to recognize the signs. It was hard, and confusing but I soon forgave, and encouraged what disillusioned friends I could. Divorces became the rule. My own wife was not able to forgive, and began to slide...

Earnestly Seeking

Without any church, the Word and the Spirit became my only available sources of edification, so 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 while working. 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, and free of every burden. These times of supernatural radiance gradually increased in length, while the intervening 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. My wife's approval became that way also.

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 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 thick, thick suffocating oppression. I prayed the 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 for years now: full of His assurance, power, revelation; dwelling in His majesty and dignity- near the very pinnacle of Christian achievement -and being subjected to this!?

I just couldn't accept this stark contrast. It was so completely inconsistent with my reality of innate 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 much 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 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 argued His impotence. Where else could I go except to His feet?

I then went around under a vague sense of being under observation by a stern (uncompromising, firm) Heavenly Court high above. I felt I was being secretly weighed in the balances, but had no idea what to do about it.

Entering the Radiant Peace of His Rest

A few days later I was with my family riding my bike swiftly downhill on a paved river valley bike path in Edmonton, with oppressing thoughts coming at me like, “All these years of dedication to the Lord are 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 so that I flew through the air with the greatest of ease until I was knocked sort of silly by the sudden stop on the pavement. I felt I should struggle to my feet in order to not worry my family, but instead, I just lay there, and gave up. He was there with me. 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. I just humbly laid down my whole life into His capable Hands. 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 unacceptable spiritual state, *I felt a palpable fiery liquid anointing 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.

His Glorious Tableland

At first, although I knew something momentous has taken place within, I couldn't quite pin it down. It was only as I quietly went through life as usual for a 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 just *were* there. It was profound and fundamental restructuring that had taken place, rather than an endowment of power, like one expects among Pentecostals.

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, 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. Nor has there ever been any hint of spiritual opposition within myself. 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 pillar of my system of belief and practice. There just was no conviction remaining there to repent with. There was nothing left to repent for. 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 there for me 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 effortlessly complete. I didn't even have to work at worship since I *was* worship.

There was no longer any continuity between my spirit and the self-serving spirit of this world; therefore it is very 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 have changed 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 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 these years of effort and searching the globe, it has been found!! I did not struggle over the price of His Rest, because I did not consider myself alive except with what He had given me so far anyway. My struggle was with ignorance and effort. There was just no hint of any teaching in this area at all. This total cleanliness was preached against everywhere, since we were constantly exhorted to expect trial and backslidings, and then just get up and walk on. There was no hint at freedom from this falling!!!! (Note: I am not saying that it isn't possible. Possible, yes -but why would I?)

The Harvest

So, how do I understand what happened? Well, consider the worthy homemaker at harvest time. She waits for the purchased produce to come to the peak of perfection. The produce is then prepared for canning or freezing so that it may be preserved to await the Master's pleasure. The fruit and the jars are completely sterilized, and only when everything is perfectly ready, including a bit of natural preservative, does it get poured into those jars, covered with wax, and sealed tightly with a sterilized lid.

For freezing the process is similar. The produce at the peak of perfection is completely prepared with all the skins and pits removed. The sliced peaches are then ladled with their natural juice into Ziploc freezer bags, and little bit of “Fruit Fresh” brand Ascorbic Acid powder (Vitamin C) is added to help preserve and prevent oxidation. The bag is then carefully sealed and frozen.

To review: Finally! The offering with every blemish diligently removed (through the painful cutting grace of consecration, not “growth”) is tested and found to be approved by the sharply discerning eye of the home maker. She wants only the best for her best, that her praises may be sung. There can be no compromise at all here. This special produce is then carefully “sealed” *in a moment of time*, so that no corruption from the the world can touch it. It has then been “sanctified” (set apart or hedged in) for the Master's use. It is then carefully stored in a special place with the proper temperature. This is inside her house so that this treasure can be protected from every influence outside of her most jealous control. No other has access to this hard-won harvest treasure, for her stern protective hand of approval is upon it. Her sharp eye is ever watchful to guard it. Any that goes bad despite all this care is instantly returned to the natural world with a loud exclamation of disgust!

Would the Lord do less to keep His hard-won Harvest treasures?

Can you tell? We froze four cases of beautiful dead-ripe luscious B. C. peaches this fall. As I type these words snow is on the ground, and I am about to take a break and enjoy a bowl of delightful harvest perfection. At harvest time there was much heat, mess and labour. Now there is only quiet enjoyment. The analogy does break down if you press it, since in His case, the precious spiritual produce is kept within frail mortal bodies. It also has a mind of it's own that is not always properly informed, and so can make mistakes...

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 expectation was instead of an endless lifelong striving against bondages. This endless battle was called “victory”. (ie: an active faith in His weakness and inability to do more) I hungered for His Presence continually within, but there was no way offered to ever let go of the interfering struggle. Within my “sanctification crisis” I gave up that fractured faith that needed to be weighed in the balances:

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

(Please notice that the above was 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 time called the “first love” which is *similar* -but it is fragile and far less complete.)

A Mysteriously Firm Foundation

I finally found a tape that mentions a couple of recent testimonies of the entire sanctification experience. I was very glad to know that I was not alone in this.

I gradually grew into the experience as it grew into me. I came to feel at home in this new condition. I have found I don't have to work to maintain it, but you only get out of it what you put into it. Like a paid for car; you can just sit in it comfortably and go nowhere, but when you put it in gear and step on the gas it will take you places in a hurry with no argument. Others recount that the way to lose this state of grace, is to park it for a lengthy term in a bad neighborhood.

I could not fully share with anyone else regarding this sanctification experience; it was so shrouded with mystery. They could not listen; nor did I know what to say. I tried, but at best they could only shrug in response to my esoteric tale.

The actual perspective one gains after some time is that in all your previous life in God, what you thought was normal is actually like trying to walk in a bath of molasses in January. Everything you did had great opposition not only from the enemy, but also from your own fallen nature. You now emerge into a naturally undeceived and unhindered summer freedom -with no molasses.

Before, doubt and worry was natural. Now faith and patience is natural. There seems to be no longer any such thing as a devil. The enemy no longer has anything within me as a door of entry, so he can no longer give me trouble within the spirit in any way, although temptations may assail to no effect like cold rain upon the outside of a window -that serves only to heighten the sense of coziness in a home. Freedom to rashly listen and even succumb to temptation is still there, although the motivation is certainly not. Apparently, if actual sin is committed, you immediately return to the saved but impure state of mixture you were in beforehand.

This 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 natural man living on this natural world with all the limitations that apply to that condition.

Further Levels

Some of the heritage authors extol His Rest as the ultimate state of grace. After much consideration, I disagree, since not all those who are in His Rest are made equal. There are certain fortunate souls who knew God in vision since they were children, and were not disobedient to their heavenly visions, and went straight through into His Rest without dabbling in the pollution of this world.

I am not one of these. Although I don't believe in filling my testimonial with gross things, my memory bank has a large room filled with eminently unworthy memories from the 60s when I was fool. To stay in His Rest, I must exercise wisdom. In the fear of God, I do not allow myself any more than a fleeting memory from this hidden room. That way lies potential temptation and loss for me. That, I wish to avoid at all costs.

I am also not one of those who make the best use of His Rest at present. I cannot since this illness is a real hindrance. I do the best that I can under the adverse conditions that are my present lot. Before I became ill, I spent many hours every day in passionate prayer. I cannot do that right now, but I am eagerly looking forward to when I can again. First I need my brain and nervous system to be fully functional, but there is something within that is just loaded for bear that is awaiting that time. So, there are still vast vistas of becoming like Christ that beckon from afar that I still have no clue about. (Mere intellectual words don't count for much here)

I still have much growing to do. That takes further diligent pouring out of my unshakable love from Him. It takes more than good legs to be a good runner. It also takes diligent and challenging application. This is called growing up into Him, and so the wise go looking for challenges in faith....

I believe His Rest is merely the basic grace that one needs to be a believer, in the radiantly victorious scriptural sense. Anything less means that your heart is disabled since it is missing some basic parts -as well as hindered since it has parts that it should not. His Rest is your basic starting point for being a "real Christian".

Yours in His Service;

Tom Plumb,

Edson, Alberta
Canada

(Edson is a "black collar" town of 8,000 in the vast and unpopulated wooded eastern foothills of the Alberta Rockies halfway between Edmonton and Jasper National Park. The economy is comprised of oil, gas, coal mining and lumber with bits of ranching to the east.)

Postscript:

In 1996, I became very ill with severe Mercury poisoning from having the old amalgam fillings in my teeth replaced with new ones. Mercury gathers in the nerve, brain and glandular tissues, and causes a wide range of seemingly disconnected severe dysfunctions which mystify the medical community. At near the same time my wife became ill with Celiac disease. These illnesses ended my challenging marriage (1979 to 1996 -2 adult daughters) and sent me into a protracted period of convalescence. I am still not entirely well, but I continue to improve using DMSA chelation and mega-Vitamin C therapy. Doctors or healing ministers ended up being no help at all.

What do I do? I am still too unreliable to work, so I live quietly in early retirement and feed this website to the best of my ability with occasional input from Marc Adams. While recovering, I help my partially disabled 85 year old mother keep going. Ever since I met the Lord, I have been discipling small groups or individuals into their next step in the Lord, but this small town does not seem to have any really serious seekers!

Right now I am working to simplify all the holiness teachings and hopefully make His Rest that much easier to enter by minimizing the confusion and the suffocating volume of heritage material on the subject. I want seekers to be able to just cut to the chase, without the years of ignorance and confusion I had to endure. The heritage materials contain much treasure and at times, subtle misdirection that is undetectable to the uninformed. I am doing this by sorting it all out and compiling a book entitled, "How to Enter His Rest" that uses the best of the best. You can find a draft copy on the "Entry Directions" page.

Why do I use the pen name "Earnest Seeker"? Well, I cannot hope to compete with the eminent and gifted heritage preachers since they had so much hands-on practise guiding seekers into His Rest. What I do is to find, compile, clarify and upload their heritage works. It is not accurate for me to posture as a writer or author. There no real experts on guiding seekers into His Rest that are alive today. I do my best, but it is not the same.

We have merely one advantage over them. We live far in their future, and can look back through history to compare their fruits! We can easily compare various authors to see who is consistent with the broad flow of this truth and who is not.

But regardless, of our deficiencies, the Lord has used this fairly popular website to bring a growing few into His Rest. In time, they will write their testimonials for us all.

Tom Plumb

Feb. 2005 July 2005

<http://www.enterhisrest.org/>