



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

DUANE V. MAXEY

HOW THE FIRE FELL

1 Kings 18:38 "Then the fire of the Lord fell."

There is a second, definite work of grace following regeneration whereby the heart is cleansed from inherited sin, and to which the Holy Spirit bears witness to those receiving it as clearly and distinctly as He does to one's new birth. I was convinced of that, as all should be, and shortly after the Lord swept back into my soul in clear and joyous regenerating power in the Spring of 1956 at Alliance, Nebraska, I began to seek that experience. I wanted reality -- I wanted to be sanctified as clearly as I had been saved -- a clear and distinct witness, eliminating all doubt.

Upon my return to Scottsbluff, my brother Parker urged me to seek entire sanctification, and he and others prayed with me at the church in the Youth Chapel as I sought the experience. Finally, I reached a point where I knew not what more to do, and upon opening the Scriptures my eyes fell upon Romans 15:13 "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." I thought perhaps the Lord had given me this, and while we were still around the altar for that special prayermeeting for me, I mentioned it to Parker. He felt that it was God's message to me, and that I was to hold steady right at that point, believing that promise for my entire sanctification.

The prayermeeting was ended, but I was disappointed. Even though the Lord had shown me clearly the way of faith into the glorious regeneration just received in Alliance, I knew not how to stand on that promise, and even wondered if I should try to stand on it. I tried, but was plagued with assailing doubts. No "Fire Fell," and it was not until between 3 and 4 years later that I found what I wanted that day.

My stay in Scottsbluff soon ended, after which I attended God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio for the "Six Weeks Course" during the summer of 1956. I met Glenn Griffith who was there preaching a camp. He and Parker were friends, and he came up to me on the campus following a service and gave me a warm greeting and "green-back handshake." It was only a brief encounter with this fiery apostle of holiness, the only time I ever recall having a personal conversation with him, but I have never forgotten that warm greeting, and at the time I appreciated both the greeting and the 2 or 3 dollar bills he put in my hand with that handshake.

Lloyd Day was President of the School and burning with holy zeal, and I sat under the pointed teaching about "The Old Man" of E. G. Marsh and others who preached and taught on the subject of entire sanctification. The atmosphere was deeply spiritual, and did me good, but spiritual questions and perplexities plagued me, and the experience they had and taught seemed beyond my grasp -- almost like David's assessment of God's knowledge when he wrote: Psalm 139:6 "It is high, I cannot attain unto it."

I returned to Payette following the 6 weeks course, went back to GBS briefly during 1957, but decided to leave, and soon went back to Idaho before the winter of 1957-58. For about 9 months during 1958 I worked at a Creamery in southern Idaho, during which time I attended the Church of the Nazarene. I was not clear about a call to preach, although I thought I might be called, and I had saved up a small sum of money with an eye toward possibly entering college that Fall if I was not drafted. I was compelled to take the army physical, passed it, and I was #1 on the draft list to be called from the county where I was registered if there was a draft-call coming up in July or August of 1959. There was no draft-call, which left the way open to go to school. God had two other calls in mind for me: the call to Holiness and the call to the Ministry.

As God had so arranged things providentially, in August of 1959 Parker and family were to pass through the area where I was living on their way back to Rock Island, Illinois where Parker was on the staff of Bible Missionary Institute. I still had no clear call to preach, and when I was not drafted, I decided to get into school somewhere. Mother was a school teacher, teaching appealed to me, and I had written to a teacher's college in West Virginia about the possibility of enrolling there. Parker and Edith agreed to pick me up and let me ride back with them as far as Rock Island.

I had heard some negative things in the Church of the Nazarene about the Bible Missionary Church. One day our Payette pastor had taken an entire morning service to refute Glenn Griffith's "Nineteen Reasons Why I Am Leaving the Church of the Nazarene," taking up and endeavoring to refute those reasons one by one. At that point in time, I had attended only one Bible Missionary service – one in the "Old Box Factory" on Nampa-Caldwell Blvd., and that was right after they had moved out of a tentmeeting farther up the way toward Nampa, Idaho. So new was the movement at that time that I remember Glenn Griffith stating that the name would be "The Bible Missionary Union," before it later became known as the Bible Missionary Church. It was a fiery crowd, I could tell that, and I knew they had been thought of by many as ultra-radical.

I joined Parker and his family for the ride back as far as Rock Island, but during the trip the inward thought persisted: "You're not going to West Virginia; you are going to Bible Missionary Institute in Rock Island." I was noncommittal. If I was to go to the Institute of this radical holiness group, despised both by the world and by less radical holiness people, I wanted to know that God was making that choice for me, and not either my brother or myself. Parker and Edith said little, didn't pester me at all about enrolling at BMI, and I pretty much kept my thoughts to myself during that journey.

We arrived at Parker's place, 4414 10th Ave., Rock Island, Illinois, on a Thursday evening, a week or two before BMI classes were to begin. I had to decide whether to stay and attend BMI, or to go on. I put out a fleece: "Lord, if you want me to stay here in Rock Island and attend Bible Missionary Institute instead of going on to West Virginia, please open me up a good job to help pay my school expenses here." Friday morning I got on the phone, called Borden's Dairy, got what sounded like a strong possibility of a job there, interviewed for the job on Tuesday, and was soon employed at the highest hourly wage I had ever earned.

Thus, God clearly indicated that I was to stay in Rock Island. I had worked for what I considered to be a rather miserly wage in Idaho, but that Creamery experience now had landed me a job right where God wanted me at a much better wage. Further, I was soon able to get a steady, part-time, night schedule that would allow me to both work and attend classes. Nothing could have been better arranged if it had all been done long in advance of my arrival, -- but you know something? I think it was so arranged, but not by men. "Where God guides, He provides."

In accordance with those clear leadings of God, I enrolled at BMI and began classes there in September of 1959. The atmosphere at the school was even more spiritually intensive than that of GBS during the times that I had been there. Emphasis was placed first and foremost on spiritual things. We had a chapel service each morning for about an hour, and the preaching in those services was powerful, anointed, and more like a revival meeting than some sort of little devotional. A new building had been constructed for BMI on a bluff overlooking the Rock River, and back then it was the only building there was on the property. Things weren't the most convenient always, and often we were cramped for space, but it was a spiritual boot-camp, not intended to pander to fleshly comforts.

In February of 1960, which was during the winter of my first year at BMI, H. B. "Doc" Huffman came to the school for a revival. My hunger for a genuine, know-so experience of entire sanctification was increased through reading "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison. And, before his arrival on campus, H. B. Huffman was advertised to us as an old-fashioned, death-route, holiness evangelist who insisted on people digging down, dying out to self, and seeking until the Fire of the Holy Ghost fell, killing the "Old Man" dead and witnessing to the happy finder, beyond all doubt, that the work was done.

The meeting began, and on Tuesday morning, February 9th, during the morning chapel service, my hunger for Holiness was such that while H. B. Huffman was preaching, I stood to my feet, lifted up both arms like two lightning rods to heaven, and said, "I'm going to get in!" If folks thought I was making a fool of myself, no matter. I wanted reality, and I began to march around that chapel with both arms lifted high, calling on God to sanctify me wholly! I got clear out on top of what anyone there thought. The preacher preached on, the service was dismissed, they all went to dinner, and Duane Maxey was still marching around in that chapel with both arms raised calling upon God for an experience I knew that I had never had, but was determined to get.

Some might think I was crazy, others might think I was rude, but once I made that move I began to be assured that I was going to get that for which I sought. It was a humbling thing to do, but it was just what I needed to get me beyond myself and others and follow on as the Spirit led me personally toward that for which I thirsted. H. B. Huffman was wise enough not to tell me to sit down and be quiet. He let me pray on and march on while he preached on.

My seeking continued. I went to the services, sought there, and in between services I groaned, and reached out after, and prayed for the blessing. On Wednesday or Thursday, I did something else that many folks may think was rash, and totally unnecessary, but I meant business. I called my foreman at Borden's Dairy in downtown Rock Island. I was working part time nights. When he got on the phone, I said to him something quite like this, "_____, I have unfinished business with God. I need to spend time seeking the Lord until this matter is settled. If the job is still there after I get through, I will be back."

My foreman probably didn't like what I said. He mumbled a few words and hung up. Again, I realize that some may think that this was another rash and unnecessary move, but God honored it, and that job was still there the next Monday when I went back. So, then undistracted by my job, I sought on, and groaned, and prayed. I knew I was on the right track, but nothing happened on through Friday night. So far as my feelings were concerned, I felt no closer to the prize than I had back in 1956. But, God was listening, I had made progress, and still convinced that I was on the right track, I continued my seeking.

Saturday morning arrived. Things were crowded in the men's wing of the building. It was often hard to find a place to pray for devotions. Sometimes even the hall closet was occupied, and frequently there would be several men students having morning prayer in

the chapel. That morning, I was fortunate enough to find one of the classrooms empty. I could be alone with God. I entered the classroom, sat down in one of the desks, placed my Bible on the desktop, and within moments of the time I sat down, the Lord began to speak to me.

He told me that if I would ask Him, He would show me whether I was called to preach or not. I had wondered about this for a long time, but I was in dead earnest about getting sanctified wholly, and I had not given much, if any, thought to that question for some time. Therefore, I was surprised that the Lord spoke to me about it. Nonetheless, I knew that He had spoken, and I knew that if I asked him right then, he would also answer the question right then. So, I obediently asked him. What I did not realize was that there was to be several things wrapped up in His answer.

He guided my attention to three verses of Scripture in Ezekiel. What God gave me from those verses was strictly for me. I do not profess that the message given to me from them is their literal interpretation at all, but wrapped up in those three verses was: (1) An assurance that I was called to preach; (2) An assurance that He was going to cleanse me; (3) A personal, life-prophecy telling me of a time of weakness that was coming into my life, which I think is being fulfilled right now; and (4) Another life-prophecy which has yet to be fulfilled – one that I will not here reveal.

When I read those verses, I knew that God had given them to me, and I knew that I was called to preach. Those verses were given me on Saturday morning, February 13, 1960 – over 39 years ago. The time of weakness began over 15 years ago, 24 years after God gave me the verses, and still continues.

That was Saturday morning. My seeking continued that day and that night. Our regular Church services, as well as our Chapel services, were held in the school chapel. There was no BMC Church in the area at that time, besides right there at the school. I went to the Sunday morning Church service in the chapel, February 14, 1960.

As I listened to the message during that morning service, I felt nothing more than an inward calm. When the altar call was given, I went to the altar. The altar was lined, and student seekers were loudly praying and calling upon the Lord. I was over near the end of the altar close to the piano. Somehow, that morning, I had no inclination to do more than pray quietly, and as I did, the words, “Cleansing, the Cleansing Stream,” began to softly come into my mind.

Then, suddenly, I knew that I was about to be sanctified wholly. I asked those in charge if I could make a statement to all. They allowed me to do so. I arose to my feet and walked to the center of the chapel and turned to face those in the pews, with those at the altar behind me. The entire congregation quieted to listen to me. I said:

“All my life I have had within me an evil heart of unbelief, something that just would not believe God. But I believe that the Lord has shown me that He is going to take that out of my heart here this morning.”

When I finished that brief statement, Suddenly, the Holy Ghost came! -- and I knew He sanctified me wholly! In holy rapture, I cried loudly: “HE’S HERE! HE’S HERE!” Oh! The mighty Pentecostal, sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost that struck my soul!

I took off down the aisle skipping like a boy on his way to the candy store with more riches than he knew how to spend! Back and forth, up and down that aisle, I skipped and shouted and skipped and shouted! And as I skipped along the aisle nearest the cinder-block outside wall, I was impressed with the thought that there was now no wall between my soul and God, and I shouted, “He hath broken down the middle wall of the partition between us!”

God struck the place! Holy Ghost revival began! Sanctifying fire fell on student after student as they were swept into a genuine and clear experience of second blessing holiness. That Pentecostal revival went on for some six weeks! Finally, even the classes were shut down and from then on to the close of the meeting we had nothing but revival. When H. B. Huffman left that meeting, Pentecost had come to me, to a goodly number of the students, and to the school. There were other outpourings of the Spirit upon the BMI students and faculty during the remainder of my time there, but this one, I think, was the greatest of them all.

Source: "Illustrative Sketches From My Life" (hdm0888), by Duane V. Maxey

SEE: [Wikipedia on Today's Conservative Holiness Movement](#)



IRL PARKER MAXEY

(Former President, Professor Bible Missionary Institute, BMC)

I entered my first pastorate with the testimony of being both saved and sanctified wholly, but in fact I was carnal. I had as a lad, been gloriously saved beyond any shadow of a doubt. Shortly after that I was just as clearly sanctified wholly. However, being ignorant of how to live a day by day victorious life: became backslidden in heart but not in outward life, not having committed outward sins. From the day God saved me I was never without a testimony long at any time. But having lost the witness to entire sanctification I was plagued with doubts and fears through my college days and post graduate studies. I sought God many times for the experience of "full salvation" and just as many times claimed to have received this blessing of entire sanctification. Many, many times I would rationalize my way back into a testimony of being sanctified wholly. There was no doubt that I was volitionally all out for God and lived outwardly an exemplary life. But as the song writer put it, "When the Spirit tried to tell me, I would not the truth receive. I endeavored to be happy, and to make myself believe."

I had obtained a Master's Degree in Theology and was versed in the Wesleyan-Arminian doctrine of the twofold nature of sin and the twofold cure as taught in Scripture. When doubts assailed me I would go through the mental process -- "I'm all on the altar, Christ is the altar, His blood was shed not only for forgiveness but cleansing Mr. Devil, you can leave, I claim the efficacy of the blood for the cleansing of my soul this very moment!" And, as Phoebe Palmer preached, "If by faith, why not now!" I never kept count of how many times this process was repeated.

To calm my carnal heart I would reason, "Well, maybe I have been carnal, but from now on I claim cleansing in the merit of the blood." And so it was that I entered my first pastorate professing the blessing of a sanctified heart but still possessing the carnal nature.

I began my pastoral ministry, a home mission project, with great zeal. I was not trying to play the hypocrite and because of this God blessed my ministry with fruit. People were getting saved and sanctified. But I was often in trouble myself. Symptoms of the carnal nature disturbed my peace of mind and brought torment to my soul. At the same time my wife was not sanctified either but, like me, she also professed to be. Two carnal people living together under the profession of entire sanctification is a bad combination as we often found it to be.

As I have stated prior to this personal account, if the carnal nature is yet in the heart there are sure to be symptoms of its existence. And yet it is the nature of a carnal heart to hide itself from itself and rationalize its existence away. To what irrational extremes a carnal heart will go to spare itself--all because of that primal sin of pride! It will prop itself up with all kinds of explanations and reasonings: "It is my tensed up nerves, I am under undue pressure, I haven't been spending enough time in prayer, I need to read my Bible more."

On and on the reasoning would go to justify my carnal uprisings. After wife and I would have a carnal clash we would patch it up, ask forgiveness of each other and assure each other that our "head-on" collision was caused by nervous tension brought on by the pressure of the ministry. I would not stop long enough to allow the faithful Holy Spirit to probe me to the bottom, but I would allow carnal reasonings to get my deep need off the hook. Later on I could see how the Spirit had tried to help me, but I had allowed myself to be brainwashed by carnality's deceptiveness.

One day, however, with all praise and gratitude to God, I got tired of living such a life of doubt and fear and went before the Lord alone with an open, honest heart. I saw very clearly that I did not possess what the old time saints possessed and enjoyed. I was bound by the carnal mind and void of liberty. What I professed to have wasn't working in my own home or heart. When I went before the Lord in all honesty as the Psalmist did when he prayed, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me and know my thoughts: And see if there be any wicked way in me ..." (Psalm 139:23, 24), it was like a dam had broken and all the putrefaction of a carnal heart poured out in willing confession. In the following words, H. A. Baldwin pictures what I was experiencing at that time:

"...When to one is given this deep view of the inward workings of carnality, he will just as naturally confess it as he will confess his actual sins when seeking pardon. The fact is that such a view of self will be accompanied by confession almost as inevitably as a person is accompanied by his shadow; the discovery and confession can scarcely be separated in experience.... Confession of inherent sin is a Bible requirement, the doctrine of those "holy men of old" who "spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Dr. Jesse T. Peck, in his *Central Idea of Christianity* (pages 220-221) says: "But you will find some stubborn difficulties in your way. There are some unavoidable implications in the confessions you are called upon to make, that will be deeply humbling to the soul. You have probably been long known and recognized as a Christian – perhaps a faithful, fervent Christian; you have been a leader in the armies of Israel – a minister in the church of God – even an eminent minister among your brethren. In either case it is not quite easy to confess that you have been all this time without a pure heart – that your religion has been a religion of contests with yourself, as well as with the world and Satan, and that, though you have advocated for years a religion of purity, you have never yet fully availed yourself of the purifying provisions of the gospel..."

"Nor is it upon any principle of penance, or self-mortification, or with any view of priestly absolution, that confession is required. The grand principle of this whole concession is truth, truth to the conscience; truth to the facts of the present and the past; truth to the vows you have made, and the demands of the church; all of which requires, and must have, candid expression; and you will be gratified, you will be thankful to God for the benefits it confers."

Dr. Adam Clarke, in his comments on 1 John 1:9 says: "Guilt, to be forgiven, must be confessed; and pollution, to be cleansed, must be confessed ... Few are pardoned because they do not feel and confess their sins; and few are sanctified or cleansed from all sin, because they do not feel and confess their own sore, and the plague of their hearts."

At that time I had not read the above. Yet all this I faced and it was so painfully true in my case. To begin with, as I went before God in my study alone, but with an open heart seeking help from God, I determined I would not leave a stone unturned in my quest for deliverance from inbred sin and for the purifying, fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost on my heart. At this point I was victorious in a regenerated experience.

Sunday was coming. I determined to face my church in all honesty and open confession of my need. The Spirit was leading me unerringly to the land of perfect rest. God gave me a message to preach on that particular Sunday morning on the subject of entire sanctification as a second definite work of grace. When I finished preaching I confessed publicly to my church that I did not possess the experience I had just been preaching about, but was a candidate for that experience of heart holiness.

When I had gone that far in my quest for deliverance from the carnal nature and the purification of my heart, God blessed me with one of the greatest blessings I had ever had up to that time. Let me inject right here that with every move a soul makes toward God, He (God) will bless that soul for it. How quick the wonderful Spirit of God is to bless and encourage an honest, seeking heart. However, I was not seeking a blessing, but a pure heart. The devil would like to have stopped me right there and had me prematurely claim deliverance from the sin nature.

I called an evangelist who came immediately to begin revival services in my church and I became a seeker at my own altar. How long did I seek? The time element is not the significant thing -- I sought until the faithful Holy Spirit led me to the end of myself; until I saw and confessed the depth of my own carnal heart. Behind jealousy, anger, carnal ambition, etc. -- behind all these so apparent carnal traits and from which they flowed was "carnal self." I was all wrapped up in self -- I, me, mine! It took a divine revelation to reveal my "carnal self" to me. It was the first time in all my seeking over the past years that I tarried long enough to allow the Holy Spirit to probe to the bottom of my proud, carnal heart and help me to see and thoroughly confess what my heart was really like.

Self held center stage – not God and His glory! *I was aware of the moment I had reached the end of confessing carnal self. I had a witness within myself of that fact, and just as suddenly my faith claimed the blessing and then the Spirit Himself sealed with His witness that my heart was cleansed. God had given me a promise to cling to (Heb. 4:9, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."). My heart had been so restless through those years of struggle! But at last I was able by simple faith to enter into that rest through the merits of the blood of Christ that was shed on Calvary's cross.*

Charles Wesley wrote about that rest in the second verse of that familiar song, "Love Divine":

Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.

Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning
Set our hearts at liberty.

Source: "Man's Ascent To God" by I. Parker Maxey



DOLORES (CHANDLER) MAXEY

In 1955 I graduated from High School, but still mother's faith remained in eclipse. Then, shortly after I had graduated from High School, I said to mother one day: "Mother, do you know what's been wrong with our lives?" She said, "No, What?" I said, "We've just left God out." She looked at me hard as nails and said, "YOU LIVE YOUR LIFE AND I'LL LIVE MINE!"

Therefore, I was surprised several days later when mother came up to me, and said, "Duane, do you remember what you said to me the other day, and how I answered you, "You live your life, and I'll live mine?"

"Yes."

"Well, Duane, after I said that, you had the saddest look on your face, and the Lord showed me what I have been doing to your life. God's been dealing with me, and I'm going to see if I can get back to the Lord."

I was glad to hear her say that, even though it was about a year before I made the same decision. Five years earlier, when papa died, mother seemed melted, as if she might get back to God, but she didn't. So, I was not at all sure anything would come of her effort to get reclaimed.

As stated earlier, for some years, when mother came home after her teaching day she would go off into her bedroom alone and read the "Scientific American" or some other secular publication, and she had become a practical Agnostic in her thinking. Now, however, something different began to happen in that bedroom. Mother took her Bible and began to search and read and pray, pray, pray by her bedside at night. About 3 days later, early one morning about 5:30 a.m., she came downstairs to my bedroom, woke me up, and said, "DUANE, THE LORD HAS SAVED ME!"

I was really glad to hear it, but I said to myself, "I'll watch and see what kind of fruit I see in her life. If it's real, I'll see the fruit of it." And, OH what a change I saw! And heard! And felt! Off came the lipstick, the earrings, the beads, and onto her countenance came "the beauty of the Lord! She had cut and dyed her hair. Now she began to let that grow out and return to its natural color. And, She was soon back to church, running the wheels off of her car picking up people to go with her to the services, testifying, going out soul-winning, and holding cottage meetings.

Jesus had truly come into mother's heart – things of the world were given up, put off, and ushered out the door, and mother soon went on and got sanctified wholly. *One day, before the students entered the first period class at the Ontario Junior High School, the Lord took mother in her mind and heart to the brink of Jordan. She felt that all she had to do next was step forward by faith, then the waters would part and her heart-cleansing would come. She stepped, and IT came!*

She whose saving faith had first arisen through God's marvelous providence as a young, Idaho "farm girl" -- she whose faith had gone into total eclipse after dark disappointments in her life, was now experiencing the blazing High-Noon Splendor of Heart Holiness, her lost treasure fully restored!

Source: "In Memory Of Mother" (hdm2545), by Duane V. Maxey

This has been extracted from Duane Maxey's superlative holiness DVD "Holiness Data Ministry" created during his ongoing "time of weakness": "Enduring Truth for a Changing World". (HDM PDF DVD-3464)