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*Holiness Writers*

# **THE FIRE OF GOD**

By

*Glenn Griffith*

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without  
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

**Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World**

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# **THE FIRE OF GOD**

A Message By  
Glenn Griffith

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Digitized and Edited by Duane V. Maxey

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## **INTRODUCTION TO THE DIGITAL EDITION**

This digitized edition of "The Fire of God" is from a tape-recorded message by Glenn Griffith, delivered in "the heat of the battle" at a camp-meeting. Thus, the wording bears the stamp of an audible sermon rather than that of a written one. No title for the message was given. Later in the message, the symbol of "oil" is quite vividly employed, but the scriptural texts and the first part of the message relate to God's fire, and for that reason I chose "The Fire of God" as the title. A certain amount of editing has been necessary, but I have endeavored to preserve the thoughts of the speaker, and by far the greatest portion words in the text are the exact words of Glenn Griffith — DVM

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## SOME THOUGHTS BY GLENN GRIFFITH PRECEDING THE MESSAGE

I just read the other day where the United States was the most drunken nation on earth. There is more liquor sold in the area of Washington D. C. than any like area in the world. That's where we make our laws.

I had a drunken boy call me into a little room from a convention the other night, I guess maybe about four weeks ago, and put his arm around my neck and cried out his burden. He said, "I want to quit; I'm determined to quit; and I can't." I wrote him a letter the other day. We prayed for him. God can not only sober a man who drinks, but God can take the appetite away.

I wasn't a drunkard, Bro. \_\_\_\_\_, but the cigarette almost damned me! And tonight I can't even imagine I could dream, Bro. French, that I ever had a cigarette between my fingers. God can do anything! There's nothing impossible with God! and when I grew desperate enough, with what little will-power I had left, to put that in God's hands, I was just as definite when the tobacco devil went out of me, as it was when I got saved! Praise the Lord! And I never wanted another cigarette. It never affected me a bit! And before, you know, if I'd get around where the air would blow smoke my way it nearly set me crazy. That old carnal thing down in there just said "I want a cigarette."

I talking to a lot of folk, even a lot of wonderful women, now that have gotten delivered. Even teenagers now, are afflicted with it, you know. But I know this: God is able to deliver us. And I'll tell you something else: the Lord will not allow any persecution, nor any hardship, nor any temptation, that you and me don't need, to get ready for the rapture. He won't allow that to come on us. Praise the Lord. We need every temptation, and every test, and every persecution [that He does allow] as stepping stones to make it in.

I'm determined, by the grace of God, to be like the horse. The horse and the mule fell into a great big open well, you know, (Maybe you've heard this before, but it's alright.). The old mule, you know, fell in and stubborn — pretty soon he gave up, turned his old neck around to one side, and died. But that big old Percheron horse looked and saw that old mule down and out, but he didn't quit; he just kept pawing, pawing, pawing. First thing you know, he had pawed dirt and rocks and gravel and stuff in there. He just kept pawing and pawing and getting on top. Pretty soon He just walked out of the well!

You heard about the frog, didn't you? — churning the butter? [chuckle]

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[The reference above seems to be to a poem which we have that is entitled "Two Frogs". Thinking that some may not otherwise be able to catch the meaning, I have inserted the poem below. — DVM]

## Two Frogs

Two frogs fell into a can of cream  
Or so I've heard it told  
The sides of the can were shiny and steep,  
The cream was deep and cold,

"Oh, what's the use?" said No. 1,  
"tis fate — no help's around —  
Good-bye, my friend! Good-bye, sad world!"  
And weeping still, he drowned.

But No. 2 of sterner stuff,  
Kept paddling, which was wise,  
Then while he wiped his creamy face  
And dried his creamy eyes.

"I'll swim awhile, at least," he thought  
This cream I still can tread  
"It wouldn't really help the world  
If one more frog was dead."

An hour or two he kicked and swam —  
Not once he stopped to mutter,  
But kicked and swam, and swam and kicked,  
Then hopped out, via butter.

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It's a good time to do those things right now, in this day in which we live. Praise the Lord. He's a wonderful Savior.

I covet your prayers tonight. I wish we might stand a moment — everybody take a good breath. If there's any place else where you can open it up for a little air, open it up, and then close it if you want to when you sit down.

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## **OPENING PRAYER BY GLENN GRIFFITH**

Our Father, we thank thee for the atmosphere in which we stand tonight — Unworthy, unworthy of the blood of Jesus, unworthy of one smile of Thine. If we had our just dues as we bow our heads, we'd be in hell tonight. We have nobody on earth to brag about, but Jesus. He's the One — He's the One! that got us on board the old Ship Zion. That song of deliverance that drew us to the through the campground (weeping) — that spirit of the people that created an atmosphere where the Holy Ghost could work — move old hard hearts to repentance!

How we thank Thee for God's holy people! Oh, blessed Holy Ghost, move among us tonight. Stir every one of us Jesus, as we need to be stirred! We pray that this day has brought forth covenants with God, that we'll leave this campground to DO something. Oh, don't let us be just SAYERS of the Word, but let us go forth and be DOERS of the Word.

Bless, we pray Thee, in this service tonight! — find an unsanctified heart, that one that's drifted from God, the one Lord that's never been saved. Oh God, redeem men and women tonight, by Thy mighty power. Fire my heart with that peculiar, holy unction that only God can give! Touch my body and my mind, fire my soul, and warm my heart, Lord! Give us an old-fashioned holiness meeting.

We pray that you'll talk to that boy, that girl, that man or woman — Oh, my God, may they look to the cross tonight. May they make up their mind if they'll start toward God, that He'll start toward them! If we'll draw nigh unto God, He'll draw nigh unto us! So hear us Lord, for every need, and for everyone that will mind God we'll praise Thee, and give Thee every bit of the glory, in Jesus Name, Amen.

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## **THE SCRIPTURE READING**

Two scriptures tonight — one found in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and the other in the third chapter of Luke.

Begin reading with me a few verses from the second chapter of acts 2.

Acts 2:2-6 And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. 3 And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. 4 And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues (or languages), as the Spirit gave them utterance. 5 And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. 6 Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language (that's plain enough, isn't it?)

Luke 3:7-17 Then said he to the multitude that came forth to be baptized of him, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? 8 Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, That God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. 9 And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. 10 And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then? 11 He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise. 12 Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do? 13 And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you. 14 And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages. 15 And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ, or not; 16 John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire: 17 Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable.

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John said unto them all, "I indeed baptize you with water, but there cometh One after me whose shoes latchet I am unworthy to unloose; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." I'd like to place the emphasis tonight on that last clause: "and with fire."

Strange as it may seem, all through God's Holy Book, the inspired Word of God and the events that place in the getting of men and women into the plan of redemption and back to God — the place that "fire" and "glory" fill in the thought of God. Fire is not just a symbol alone, but fire is a refining element, both of the natural and of the love of God — the fire of the love of God.

John said in the third chapter of First John, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, (quite a change) because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." [1 John 3:1-2]

Fire is the refining element that takes the unholiness out of the heart and soul of men, clears the atmosphere of the soul, and gives men and women a true, normal conception of God until they can love God with all their heart, soul, mind and strength.

The fire of God, and the glory of God introduced and announced the birth of the only begotten Son of God. The glory that filled the sky with its wonderful illumination scared the shepherds — they were sore afraid. Then the angels made their statement: "Fear not, for we bring you tidings of good joy, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

I don't know of any event in the Word of God that's of eternal value to humanity but what it was in the presence of, or in the atmosphere of, the glory of God — the glory of God — the FIRE! the energy, the refining substance, the dynamite of God! As He told them in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles — He said, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me, after the Holy Ghost is come upon you." That's the dynamite of God, the Holy Ghost — that not only blast out, and eradicates the old nature that caused us to be defeated in the first place, but it gives the energy — that starts those men out of the upper room to preach messages they never preached before! to take stands they never took before! to have a testimony they never had before! to have a mighty personality . . . a reflection of the influence, that they never had before.

It wasn't the man; it was the FIRE! It was the GLORY! It was that constraining LOVE OF GOD that Paul couldn't refrain from winning men to God — that send him beyond the boundaries of safety and out into the dangerous, murky atmosphere where death and hell lurked! and angry men despised him and despised his message. It's that something that's so unearthly that men can't understand it! and the devil hates it, and sin is destroyed by it!

[With anointed vehemence] **THANK GOD FOR THE FIRE OF THE HOLY GHOST!** It not only gives us liberty, but it gives us strength. It gives us wisdom. It's the unction that fall upon the preacher! It's the glow that comes to the prayer! It's the vision that comes to the missionary! It's everything! when God proclaims his power and delivers. . . The one that said in the third chapter of Second Timothy, when he said they have "the **FORM** of godliness, but deny the **POWER** thereof" — that delivering element, that **ENERGY OF GOD** that changes a human until it makes him a fit temple in which the Holy Ghost can abide forever!

**HALLELUJAH!** For the **FIRE** that cleanses, and energizes, and starts men out that were cowards, to make giants of faith out of them! Hallelujah! — that can take the "deny-er" out of a Simon Peter and make him the leader of the flock. I don't know what he had for a pulpit that day in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, but I know that was a tremendous sermon. Whoever that couldn't be confounded, to Simon Peter, the "deny-er" out there pointing his fingers at that great multitude of people from every nation under heaven, and preach the message that he preached out there, and said "you are the betrayers and the murderers of the Just One"! He never uttered a thing like that before! but I'll tell you that difference was **THE FIRE OF THE HOLY GHOST** in his heart. He wasn't the same Simon Peter. Old Simon Peter, the old man, was crucified, and the new Simon Peter came out to declare the whole counsel of God! [Amens! from the crowd]

That's why Jesus Christ, when He said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" — but He said, "You wait a while, tell God can get you up in that upper room, and put the fire in your heart, down past your understanding, **UNTIL YOUR HEART GETS ON FIRE!** — [until] you've got a heart-message, and a heart-expression, and a heart beat, and beloved, you can do something for the world! We can't win the world with head religion! we can't win it with doctrine! we can't win it with theology! The greatest theology that I know of in the world is the theology that leads us to God through the gate of holiness, but **THAT** won't do it. It would be but a candlestick, a doctrine to wave around in the dark. But its the **FIRE** that's on that candlestick that lights the way of men and women to a fountain filled with blood.

It isn't what I say, but it's what I **AM** that makes the difference in the preaching of the gospel. A long time after you forget what Bro. Trueblood and Glenn Griffith preached in this camp-meeting, you'll remember Trueblood and Griffith because of what they **ARE**. You'll remember the one who affected you, and caused you to . . . turn from sin. It's that element within you [as God's messenger] that's divine — it's that element that's in you that causes you to go beyond the human.

We live in a realm of faith. God performs his miracles, beyond the conception of humanity. The disciples said to Him, "Who then, can be saved?" when he said "it's easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter into heaven." Why God can melt all the money he's [the rich man has] got in the bank, and melt all the silver in his mines, and make him a monument of grace, and a picture of humility. In a world of sin, the **FIRE OF GOD** makes the difference. [Amen! from the crowd]

It's the protective element — that Pillar of Fire by night. When they led the children of Israel out of the Egyptian bondage — it was that **FIRE** that protected them while they fought the good fight of faith and marched across the terrain to the Red Sea. It was the **FIRE** that protected there. It was



the FIRE in the bush — on the desert, that made the difference, that never consumed the bush, but consumed the shepherd [Moses], and made of him, instead of a coward that ran to the backside of the desert — he went on his march, and threw Egypt overboard, and said, "I'd rather suffer the afflictions of the people of God than to enjoy the fruits of sin for a season" — and stood up yonder in the courts of the Pharaoh, to lead two million, five hundred thousand people out of bondage into the glorious light of God.

It was the FIRE of God on Mt. Carmel that proved to that backslidden day in Israel. The people saw all kinds of worship; they watched all kinds of [rituals] and listened to all kinds of prayers, but I'll tell you, when [Elijah] stood there and rebuilt the altar and got the folk to put the old stones back that had been neglected until they'd fallen off, and he got the sacrifice on — he got down on his knees and said "the God of Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob, and prayed about sixty-three words,\* and heaven caught on fire! HALLELUJAH! I WOULDN'T PAY TAXES ON RELIGION WITHOUT A LITTLE FIRE! I believe in emotional religion! I believe when a fella gets it he knows it!

[\*in the KJV, Elijah's prayer was exactly 63 words: 1 Kings 18:36-37 . . . LORD God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O LORD, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the LORD God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again. — DVM]

That crowd fell on their faces, and the modern prophets with their square hats with the tassel were all there — closed their altar service, and said, "We're sorry." But you know that crowd fell on their faces, and in [the presence of] that fire they said, "The Lord, He is God! The Lord, He is God!" You can discover God in the fire every time! It'll out-do fox-fire, and you don't need to be afraid about the best way to fight wild-fire — it's with HOLY FIRE!

There's a lot of difference between a little ecstasy and a thrilled-up subconscious, worked-up affair, than a man on fire. Hallelujah! It isn't hard to tell the difference! Old-fashioned holy fire not only makes us bold, but makes us humble, and we can get underneath the load of a broken-hearted world and help men and women that are strangers to grace to get to a place of prayer where they can weep their way through to God.

Oh, I tell you, this fire business — to me that's the life of the Church! Yes sir, it lights up the prayer-rooms [Amens!] and never burns in the banquet-room. Fox-fire burns in the banquet room. Common old stinking gas burns in the gas-stove in the banquet room in the church. Just old stinking gas — a lot of folks get killed by it, you know — both spiritually and physically. I just kind of dropped that in as I went by. I'm not going to take it back either. [Amens!]

If you'd put the fire out in the range down there in the holiness church, you'd build a bigger one up here in the prayer-room. You'd have some fire that would do somebody some good. If you'd quit trying to feed your young folks on something you cooked up on the fire [in the church range], till they can smell the coffee up in the auditorium, you'll have some young folks that will go out and push back some frontiers and do something for God! [Amens!]

Really folks, it makes me sick sometimes to think that the Church is always making excuses, "Our young people — and trying to prop up their young people, as though they were old and feeble and had arthritis. No, they've got the picture wrong. Their mother and dad want to enjoy it [earthly meats and pleasures], so they have to lay it off on somebody, you know. So they say, "Our poor young people, we've got to entertain them." [Amens!]

"But the preacher and the people, you know — they've got to have a biscuit." [Laughter] "We're going to study missions from Carey down to Glover. We're going to see if we can't have this covered-dish luncheon tonight. We're going to have board-meeting first, and of course we always have prayer. And we're going to make some plans for a CRU-sade. Sure, we're going to get all of our young people now on visitation committee."

How many times have I heard that old backslidden slogan. "CRU-sade, but we've got to have coffee and biscuits first!" THAT ISN'T WHAT THE LORD SAID! They never went to the Supper-room; they were in the Upper-room. He didn't give them a biscuit. He put THE FIRE ON THEM! They ran and BURNED WHILE THEY RAN! Oh, I'll tell you, fire will do a lot of things for the Church, beloved — old-fashioned, holy fire. It will burn and consume up every little schism and fuss and cliché. It will even help that fellow that can't testify and can't do anything — that lazy guy. Then, you know that one that murmurs about everything. "Everything's wrong! Everything's not going." But you know if that fire strikes him you'd be surprised. . .

I only tell this because it's told. I was a young fellow about seven or eight years old, I don't know how old I was, about that age. And, I haven't always been an angel, and I'm not sprouting wings tonight, but I'm heading for the City.

I was out in the back yard one time back in Kansas — there's plenty of flint-rocks back in those hills — it's really hard — out in the back yard getting all full of flint-rock — and I went out there one day and found one of these little old hop-toads — a lot of them around Kansas — and I kicked him with my bare foot — I was barefooted for two reasons: I liked to go barefooted and I didn't have any shoes. And I boosted that toad, and he'd jump, you know, and jump. But pretty soon his jumps got shorter, and pretty soon he just wouldn't jump at all. He just wouldn't do it.

Did you ever ask for a Sunday School teacher to teach — substitute or something, or ask somebody to lead the prayer-meeting, and they wouldn't "jump"? No sir, they were the most helpless creatures in the world.

And all the world that toad could do — he just had enough energy left to puff-up. [Laughter] Did you ever see them do it? I thought the poor little thing would get to the place where he'd burst, you know. But I'd just kick him, you know, and his little old front leg went limber, and he was just as helpless as he could be. You'd just think he was dead if you didn't know better. Sometimes I wondered.

So, I thought, well now that fellow, he's still alive. I went into the kitchen and climbed up on a little old half-broken-down highchair we had, and got in the cupboard and got some old-fashioned

brimstone-headed matches. [Laughter] Some of you folks are old enough to remember them. [Chuckles] I got two or three of them. If my mother had caught me at it she'd have given me a lickin'.

[Told with some chuckles] But I went out there, you know, and that old toad was still laying there. And I kicked him a time or two and he just [some gesture or expression to convey what the toad did]. So I got him to where I thought it was a dangerous thing to touch him any more. And I got a flint rock, you know. And struck that match right in the middle of his stomach, and that toad came out of there. He jumped! Those legs all came to life at once! And he started hoppin' and hoppin' and hoppin'! I tell you, I never had to kick him another time! He just hopped clear out of the back yard, and out across the fence, and through the gate, and out across the road, and through the neighbor's hedge-fence, and the last I saw that toad, he was a-goin'!

Hallelujah! I'll tell you, a little fire in the middle of the church will do a lot of good brother! It will stop a lot of things. Hallelujah! It will settle the arguments.

Old brother Money-Bags gets up in the board-meeting. Old brother Billy-Goat gets up there, and old brother Long-horns [Apparently some gestures indicating the opposition of old Bro. Long-horns]. About that time, a little old meek grandma, you know, just struck fire out there in the secret place. And she gets up and begins to shout "Glory to God! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" And old brother [Billy-Goat] begins to swallow his Adam's Apple. You get enough fire in the Church Board, and it'll fix old Bro. Money-Bags, and old sister Proud-Heart that wants you to do something that you ought not to do. Say! it'll help you sing in church!

Bro. C. B. Fugett — We were out in Denver one time in a camp-meeting. He was the worker, and one afternoon, after everybody I guess had eaten a big dinner — and, (probably more that I should have eaten, I don't know) but anyway the sun was hot and it was in the tent — a great big tent — and the front half of that — maybe a dozen seats in the big tent — and all back in the shade where the sun didn't hit them, that's where the crowd was. And there was one old fellow got out there (in the sun) like an island in the sea. There wasn't a soul around him. There must have been three empty seats behind him and two or three in front.

He sat there — and it was more than he could stand, and pretty soon he got to nodding. And he got to nodding until everyone got to looking at him. And I don't know whether you folks know C. B. Fugett or not, but he picked up a flat chair [a flattened folding chair perhaps] and just kept on preaching. He just preached and preached till he got right out in front of that fellow that was asleep, and about the time he went way over, Brother Fugett just threw the chair, and it crashed, and he said, "FIRE!" And the old man jumped up and said, "WHERE??" [A volume of laughter]

He never went to sleep any more! Nobody else did! Fire can wake up the sleepy heads! that sit around and never have a thing that registers in their heads. They just sit around. Some folks are sick, and can't help it [that they doze off occasionally]. But I'll tell you there are some folks that spiritually sick. They are asleep! They've been asleep all during this camp! That's why the betrayer laid hands on the Master because they were all asleep — disciples asleep. And the Lord said, as He went back, "Sleep on now."

I've been in this camp, and every other camp — anymore, my heart is so stirred! I'm afraid God is going to say that ["Sleep on now."] to this crowd up and down the land one of these days! "I'll not disturb you anymore. Just go on and sleep!"

There's nothing on earth like fire that will attract. You just holler "FIRE!" You get every boy and girl — old man if he is able to hobble out — you get them out to a fire. Praise God, they'll try to drive their old, wheel-barrow of a car right down where the fire is. This old world is disturbed by fire! Did you ever know why they're so excited when "Fire" is called and the name "FIRE!"? That's what God is going to destroy the world with next time. He's not going to turn water loose on it; He's going to burn it up with fire — He said heaven and the elements will burn with fervent heat. No wonder fire startles us! We'd better get holy fire before we get hell fire!

It will do things that nothing else will do. It will put steam against a piston head that will pull any kind of a load, if we can get enough steam and enough fire. Yes sir. I'll tell you, there isn't much disturbance when there isn't any pull, or isn't any fire, or isn't any power. The Church just kind of sits there, — "Wasn't that a beautiful service. Oh, dear, didn't Sister Slouch sing beautifully this morning. Weren't the hamburgers wonderful out to the steak fry?" — and so the Church goes on. But you just let somebody get afire — the preacher gets frightened — Whooh!

When I got converted I was working in the oil fields. I didn't know the Lord was teaching me lessons about holiness, but He was. I discovered this after I got sanctified, and called to preach. We had a good field up in the section of Kansas in Butler County, between Eldorado and Wichita, Kansas, and on out to Ruckle and down south into Bartlesville, Oklahoma. We had a wonderful oil field. And you know, at first when they came through they just drilled down to a certain level, about 2100 feet, and those wells would come in all the way from 200 to 450, 475 barrels, and they were good producers. But they had to put them on a walking beam. You've seen those beams going up and down pumping oil. Now, that's a pretty good oil well, but the pump-handle religion is not any good.

How many times have I seen the preacher up there, or whoever leads in prayer-meeting — he's a pumper. He says, "Now, who's next? Now don't let the devil defeat you now. The devil has been after you all week, now you'd better get up and say something." Finally, old Sister Deadhead will get up — "Praise the Lord for what He means to me." Oh yes, old Bro. Tight over here, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." — "Now, who's next?" That doesn't produce anything — but hard work and disappointment. But you know, you don't have to have a pump-handle religion.

There was a young drilling contractor that came through there that I knew very well in the oil field, and he'd been down in east Texas, and they'd just struck some gushers down in that section of the country. And he made up his mind that if there was oil down at that level in Texas, there's surely some down at that level in Kansas too. He had made a quite a bit of money with his string of tools. He'd been drilling all over the country and he had quite a bit of money in the bank, and he thought he was just going to test it.

He got his material and his rig and everything all ready, and they built the rig up 20 or 30 feet higher than the usual rigs were built. Its according to how deep you're going, how high you build your rig, you know. And its according to how deep you're going, the way you act at this altar too, you

know. But he built that rig up and folks that were going by that had been in that oil field wondered what in the world Harry was building that rig up so high for. And then they went over and looked and he had the big "spud-in" hole, where they start in. Why, he had it about twice as big, or at least a third larger, than the ordinary "spud-in" there where they start the hole.

So, they began to question Harry. He told them the story. He said, "I've been down there in east Texas where they're drilling BIG wells. I believe there's another strata underneath that first strata, that if we can get down there, there's oil there.

I heard a fellow testify even in this camp who said, "I was raised in a free-sitting Church," but he said I heard of a holiness meeting." They made up there mind that they were going to go all the way with the Lord.

You know when he started that "spud-hole" — top-started — Harry (Oh, I'm not going to mention is last name. Somebody might know him.) But you know, they didn't make too much fun of him, but he got that drill, put the bit on and started down. He got down about 250 feet and struck a little sand down there, and a little shale, and lo and behold he heard a gurgle down in the bottom of the hole, and it just began to fill up with it. He pulled the drill out and ran the bailer in, and tried to bail it out, and it almost came in as fast he could bail it out — just water — water, water, water.

Anybody have the water religion around here? Just water? You don't have to drill very deep to get water religion. Just go and shake the preacher's hand and join the church. I don't have anything against baptism. I believe in immersion myself, but, I tell you you're going to have to go deeper than water.

Harry didn't hitch up his rig to strike water. He didn't want a water well. He wanted an oil well! He let down about a sixteen or seventeen inch casing and cased that off — just all around the rim of the hole — left a shoulder there and just set that down and just shut the water off — he hung up the [drilling] tools again, and started down again. He got down about 1800 feet. The bit went through sand and shale again, and he got over the hole and he smelled a peculiar smell — gas! He struck gas! That's about all a lot of folks have struck. Just gas! We've heard a lot of it around this camp — just gas! Why, it wasn't even enough to give commercial value!

He knew what that was, so he just ran in about 15½ or 12½ inch casing, and cased the gas off. Thank the Lord. [Laughter and chuckles] He hung the old bit up again, strung up his tools, and started down and they drilled on and on and on. He had his casing crew there (five of them), and he didn't have them out there just for one little test in the sand. He said, "Boys, I'm hiring you on here. We're going to wait on this job and I don't want you to leave. We're going on down and on down and on down. We're going to see if there's any oil in the second strata of sand down there."

They struck the 2100 foot sand, and sure enough! They drilled in and he ran the bit on in and bailed out oil and sand and slush, and discovered when they tested that the well made about 375 barrels. And here came the lease hounds around, and the ones that owned the joint leases, and they said, "Harry, you'd better put in on the beam — a wonderful producer, Harry!" He said, "I never started after just 375 barrels." He said, "I started for a gusher!"

Nobody said much about it. They said, "Well, Harry will go down, and he'll get a pretty good well, maybe." But, I'll tell you, when he ran about a 10½ inch casing down, and cased off the oil, then the folks began to talk. If the devil can get you to stop at regeneration, the devil won't say a word. He won't kick up much fuss. But you just string up your blocks and start drilling on down to second-blessing holiness, where you've got to die to old self, and crucify old carnality, and jealousy and anger and malice, and all that — and I'll tell you, old Sister Proud Heart, old Brother Money-bags, and old Brother Church Boss, they'll all say, "Oh, he was a good fellow. He had a wonderful future for himself, but now look at him; he's going to that crazy holiness crowd, and there's no telling what they'll do with him next! They'll ruin him!"

It went all over the country, that old Harry had lost his mind. He didn't have any sense. But he said to that crowd that came out one day to wait on him, "Boys, it's my money. I made it. If I want to stick it in this hole, that's my business, I'm going down!" [A loud demonstrative scream from the audience] If you ever get what I've been preaching — If you ever get what's been preached in this camp meeting, you're going to have to let the world know, and your best friend, and your enemies, and everybody else — you're just going to have to notify the devil that you're going down and strike the fire, and get a gusher! HALLELUJAH!

I'll tell you, they started down. One fellow came up to him and he said, "Why, you're crazy! There's Mississippi Lime down there around 3000 feet, and if you get in that you haven't got a bit that's hard enough to drill through that. He said, "I'll put it in the fire and put a temper in it until it will go through!" The man said, "You're crazy, you can't do it." I'll tell you, you CAN folks. You tune that bit up of yours, say sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, brother you can put it in the holy fire of God's conviction until you can drill through!

He strung up the blocks and started down the hole. Now the crowd looked on, "Poor Harry! Poor Harry!" He went down, way down there below ordinary. Sure enough, he struck the Mississippi Lime. Hard it was, and the old bit struck it, and he said that to his tool dresser, "About a dozen bits, and she's not gaining any ground, pull it out, we'll have to do something to the bit." So, the pulled that old bit out and unscrewed it from the stem, and swung it in the chain-hoist and over in the old forge, and put the heat to it. I'll tell you, if that experience of yours won't take it, put the heat to it. HALLELUJAH! I'M FEELING GOOD WHETHER THE DEVIL IS OR NOT! I'll tell you that. PUT IT IN THE FIRE!

They heated that to a white heat, and swung it out there on those chain-hoists, and on the anvil. Big old, Harry, while the tool-dresser held it, got a big old sledge and he began to beat that thing. He beat it and beat it into shape, and beat all the cockle-burr turns out of it, and straightened it out, and said, "Put her in the water." He shoved it in the water and the thing sizzled and fried and steam went up, and he looked at it a little bit, and pulled it back out of the water, and after that got a ball-peen hammer and struck it like a tuning fork. He said, "She won't take it. It hasn't got the right sound. Stick her back in the fire." [Hallelujah! from the audience]

HOW MANY KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! Oh, brother, if that experience of yours isn't working, test it a little bit! See whether it's in tune or not! Why, the Bible even mentions

sounding brass and tinkling cymbals over there in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. I tell you, old-fashioned testimony has got the right SOUND to it!

So they swung her back in the fire. Heated it good . . . [A loud shout!] That's what I say brother! I'm having an awful time keeping from doing that, I'll tell you that. He brought that thing out there, and when he had beat it a while, he put it in the fire and he left it in there, and he watched his watch, and looked at his watch. Pretty soon he said, "Bring her out," and he cracked that thing with that ball-peen hammer, and the smile came on his face. He said, "That'll go through her."

They screwed that thing in the stem and started down. Down they went. It took a long time, you know, that old Mississippi Lime was hard. It took me a long time to get by my stubbornness too. Yes sir, my willfulness, and my jealousies, and my anger, and that old flip-up in me that just didn't take much off of them like anybody — that old hard heart of mine that had been hardened in the First World War and inclined to give sharp commands, and all of that — I'll tell you, that old Mississippi Lime is pretty hard to go through — that old proud heart, that old pride, you know — that thing that will try to make a face so humble. If you look, its got a feather around somewhere. It's got a little flag, saying "I know she said this, but this is it."

I know, that old position-seeking something in James and John. They just looked as innocent, they were just having a time, but all the time they were trying to undermine that little crowd there — that old Mississippi Lime, that old lying thing down there — that old thing that says "I am" when I'm not. Amen, that old thing that goes to church and then fusses when it gets home — Oh, I'll tell you, that old Mississippi Lime is a sight, Sister Knapp. You know how I know? Because I drilled through it once. I had an awful time. My old head was so thick I don't see how the Lord got any truth through to it, but He did. That old Lime.

It's going to take not only God's power, but it's going to take the accompaniment of your will, the cooperation of your determination. If you want God, you can find him, but I'll tell you, sissies don't find Him. No sir. These fellows that have to wear a wedding ring to see whether they're married or not. Sissies, you know, they don't strike the fire. No sir. If they had it in their nose, I might change my mind. [Chuckles] That old Mississippi Lime. [More chuckles]

There old Harry was up on the drill jack, pumping away. The old thing is going down, going down, beating through that Mississippi Lime. Have you ever got to the bottom of it? Why, its compact! They just hadn't drilled too many hundred feet, but I'll tell you, he got through that Mississippi Lime after a while. He got into shale and lowered their drilling down and down. But, you know, the casing crew had gotten discouraged, and they were sleeping out there under a truck.

Old Harry was doing it himself that night. He was all by himself. The tool-dresser was asleep, and all of the casing crew were all out asleep — all of them discouraged. And old Harry began to get discouraged. He had spent all of his money, and he had borrowed about something like thirty-five or forty thousand dollars, and the casing crew was ready to quit, and everybody was about ready to give up. Harry said he got to that point where he said, "I'm going to hitch her up one more hitch." He got up on that pump jack and got her up just as high as he could get it, and started her down. He said, "It looks like if we don't hit it this time its a dry hole."

Along about midnight, he was drilling away — he was about half asleep, when that old pump-jack, down it went — down, down — and all of a sudden that thing looked like it didn't have any bottom, it just dropped in. Then, down in the bottom of the hole, he heard a roar like thunder! and he turned around and shoved that old steam engine in reverse, and started to wind that wire line out and it couldn't wind it out. It was coming out faster than the engine was going! It was just coming out, and old Harry said, "CLEAR THE DECK!" and that meant for everybody to get out of there. SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN AROUND HERE!

He left that old engine running. What did he care for an engine?! What did he care if it tore the bit all to pieces?! What did he care now?! That old stamping bit came out and went clear through the top of that rig and knocked the crown blocks off and the top of the rig off — and the oil just spewed everywhere! Brother, out from under that truck came that casing crew, and they began to get ahold of hands and play "ring-around-the-rosy"! HALLELUJAH! [Loud demonstration from the crowd!] The old tool-dresser got ahold of the driller, they just hugged each other. Oh, brother, they just stood there with their hats off! "OUR OIL! "TAKE A GANDER! WHAT DO WE CARE!" It just spewed everywhere.

And you know, they tried to put a control head on the thing. The strange thing everybody in the whole country knew about it. All the oil-maggots in the country came out, and wanted to buy it. Some of them had hats on that cost better than a hundred dollars — had those Palm Beach suits on. Brother, all suits I've had in the ministry didn't cost as much as one of them — I don't think. Anyway, what did they care? Just oil going all over.

One fellow walked up to him [Harry] and said, "I'll give you a million for it." Harry said, "Don't be crazy; if it's worth a million to you it's worth a million to me." Hallelujah! I wouldn't sell what I've got either, would you?! No sir! Praise God! I wouldn't sell what I've got for a million either. STRIKE YOUR OWN WELL! DRILL YOUR OWN HOLE! GET YOUR OWN BLESSING! HALLELUJAH! [Loud demonstration from the crowd]

Why, they were out there buying land around that thing like nobody's business. I tell you, I never saw such a crowd. You strike a gusher, brother, and there'll be a crowd around where you are too! Yes sir. It will fill the front seats. Yes sir, it will fill the upper room too, if you strike a gusher and get the fire going — that something you don't have to pump; it just runs itself.

Oh, brother, that thing blew out about fifteen thousand barrels every twenty-four hours for about eighteen months! Was it worth it? It opened up that whole country around there. Folks came from far and near — clear across the United States, to see that oil well. Oh, a gusher! and that made every bit of property in the whole country worth more money! — and it started little towns, and put grocery stores in where there weren't any grocery stores.

It's a sight on earth what will take place when fire gets out — when you strike a gusher! And the Church gets on fire, and the preacher gets on fire, and the camp-meeting gets on fire! Oh, it surprises the devil. Brother, no wonder that crowd ran out and said, "Sirs, what must we do to be saved!?"



Hallelujah. I'll tell you, they tried to put a control head on that thing. Well, you'd just as well try to dam up the Mississippi with toothpicks as to try to stop a thing like that. That got that control head, and great big, square-shouldered men as big as I am — casing crew — they had that big old five hundred pound control head fastened to those chain hoists, and they led it down over that casing head. They knew if they could get just a thread and a half they could hold it.

I'll tell you brother, it's not always easy to get that thread and a half. Did you ever try to go on with the meeting when everybody wanted to shout? And don't you think that Glenn Griffith doesn't lie a shout. Shout all you want to, but let it be genuine. You can turn a somersault out here if you want to, I don't care — as long as it's got God in it.

They got that thing on there — they were straining every muscle — and they got that thing just started to turn — and that old well had a spell! It took that old control-head, five hundred pounds and all, and just threw it up in the rig, and that crowd took off in every direction! and ran out from under that thing! and it came down. It took them five hours to get a control-head on that thing, so it could spurt out two or three holes to the side and run out into the slush pond out by the rig.

But you know, the only thing that saved it was the fact that it got a bridge in it. Down there somehow in that gas pressure and that heavy flow it blew a boulder loose or something down in there, and clogged the hole, and it quit pushing against the control-head and they got it on. But they had to take it off.

Old Harry said, "She's got a bridge in it boys. We're going to have to drill it out." That's what we've been trying to do. Amen. How many know what I'm talking about? If you've got a bridge in your experience, DRILL IT OUT! Something's wrong. It isn't flowing. The joy isn't going. Have to pump it now a little, and testimony isn't fresh. Got a bridge in the hole.

They hitched that thing on and ran that steel line down as soon as they got that rig mended — ran it down there — it didn't take but about three pokes, and out went the bridge and out came the crude [oil]. They didn't have to bother about wiring them out; it brought the tools out again for them. You just get that bridge out, and it will work again. You just mind God, and get all that stuff out of the way, and brother that old oil, that experience of yours will still work. It isn't because God's gone. It isn't because God's gone; its because you've got a bridge in your well, that's all. You get that thing drilled out, whatever it takes, be honest with God and I'll tell you, the old thing will flow again! Hallelujah!

That group of disciples had struggled and worked, and pulled and hauled, followed, and watched Jesus, and watched the blind man see, and the deaf man hear, and all of that, but Jesus had to do it. They watched that thing for three years and a half approximately. But, I'll tell you, when they came out of that Upper Room — Jesus said, "I'll do the fasting and praying now, but when I'm gone, when the Bridegroom is gone, then is when you are going to do yours." Just like Elisha, when he took the mantle from Elijah — he didn't hesitate and say, "I wonder if I've got it, or I wonder if I hadn't better call the neighbors in and rejoice because I've got Elijah's mantle." But he walked right down to the same old river bank. And I believe he looked for the big old foot [print] of Elijah — right about here

is were he crossed — and he walked right down there and stepped his foot in the water and slapped it with that mantle and said, "Where is the God of Elijah"?! The old river opened up.

I'll tell you, God wants you and me to open up the river — take the block out and the old bridge out down there. When that bunch of disciples came out of that Upper Room, they'd have run over a half a dozen soldiers. They weren't afraid of the Centurion, whatever his name was. They weren't afraid of Ananias or Caiaphas or all of the Sanhedrin. Praise God, they had a message. Amen! They'd struck a gusher. And the thing flowed out of the Pentecostal Upper Chamber and has been running ever since. Hallelujah! Not just oil, but fire! Fire! FIRE! Within 25 years, five hundred thousand folks were added to the Church of God. Fire.

The beautiful thing is about it that anybody can get it if they'll pay the price. Hallelujah. Well, but you say, "I don't have the money that Harry had." No, but you've got what you've got. Praise God. You give God what you have. I'll tell you this, nobody has an excuse in not getting the fire — not getting to God. Two men — two of the best friends that I ever had in my life could hardly read their name if they had seen it written down. Really, neither one of them could talk very plain. One of them could hardly talk so that his parents could understand him.

This one fellow got down under a hay-rack out in west Texas — a camp-meeting just off to the side. He prayed clear through, and ran into the tent, and climbed the tent-poles. Struck fire. God saved him and sanctified him in that meeting. He wouldn't have known [recognized] his name if it had been written in box-car letters, but God got him down on his stomach in the moonlight, and turned to the book of Matthew and taught him his ABCs — from the book of Matthew. When he went to heaven, I suppose he'd preached to the biggest crowds of any preacher in the holiness movement. His name was Bud Robinson. He hardly knew sugar from salt. He had no sockets for his shoulders. All he had was a cud of [chewing tobacco] in his jaw, and a six-shooter and a deck of cards in his pocket. When he put the tobacco on the other side of the altar and piled the old six-shooter out, and the cards, and said, "I'm done with them forever," God gave him a title clear to a mansions in the sky, healed his shoulders, Praise God, and sent him around this country preaching the gospel and getting subscriptions for the Herald of Holiness. Hallelujah! If uncle Bud could get it I can get it! There's no excuse for anybody not getting it!

That other gentleman under whom I was converted told me with his own lips, "Brother Griffith, really I believe that I was an idiot — as near an idiot as I could be. Even my folks couldn't understand when I tried to talk to them except because they were so well acquainted with me. The little school mom that we had down in the little red school-house on the corner had old-time religion — she said she was saved and sanctified. That girl got us under conviction. She took an interest in me. I was a great big fellow, nearly six feet tall, and I couldn't learn anything, so that just sent me to school to get me out of the way. All I had to wear was a blue shirt and a blue pair of overalls and an old straw hat, and went barefooted. But that girl had patience with me and did everything that she could do."

He said, "One day I got saved. That girl helped me pray through and I got gloriously saved. And then she wanted me to go on and get sanctified. She said, 'you need to get sanctified.'" He didn't know what the word meant, but he had confidence in that girl. I'll tell you folks if we've got the

blessing folks have got confidence in us. Hallelujah. If you've really got it. They may say a lot of things about you, but there's still some folks that just know, you know [that you have the experience].

He was out plowing in his dad's corn field, right in the orchard, just a little twenty acre patch I believe he said, between the apple tree rows. He was out there plowing with his team, cultivating, and he said, "Way out in the middle of that corn field, just about 11:00 o'clock in the morning (somewhere about that time), way out in the middle, just about half way between the ends, the Lord said to me, 'If you'll preach, I'll sanctify you.'" And he said, "I looked up and said, 'Alright Jesus, I'll preach.' And He sanctified me!" He said, "God sanctified me! I just took the lines off of my shoulder, left the team standing in the field, and started to my home, right back down through the corn field. My mother met me at the door, and I began to testify the best I could. She couldn't understand why I was all excited. And I went in and got her old broomstick that she'd sawed off and used for a poker to poke the clothes down in the boiler — got a red handkerchief and my other blue shirt and trousers, and she said, 'Where are you going?'" He said, "I'm going to preach. God's called me to preach."

You can imagine what a mother felt like when a boy like that said he was going out to preach. He didn't have near as much equipment as most of us had. But he said, "God told me to preach, and called me, and I'm going!" She begged with him, and tried to talk him out of it, and felt sorry for her boy. She followed him out through the parlor, and he said, "Aw, but He's called me to preach and I promised him I would, and He sanctified me, and I'm going to preach."

He went out to the front gate, and his mother holding onto his big old raw-boned hands, and pleading with him, and out in the road, and down the road to the spring — down a little hill and there the big spring where he carried water — and his mother thought there is no need to try to talk to him any more. She said [to herself] "I'll have to let him go." So she got down on her knees and held onto both of his hands and said, "God bless my boy. Protect him till he gets back home. Don't let anything happen to him, and protect him in his ignorance," and she just prayed like a mother would.

She let loose of his hands, and she started back to the house, and Charles started off down the road, and he said, "Brother Griffith, seven angels came." You say, "I don't believe that." I do. He said, "Seven angels came, Brother Griffith, and walked by my side, some of them in front and some behind, and some on the side." He said, "I walked down that road and got up to the little old school house where I couldn't learn anything." He said, "God had to take me around the world to teach me geography." He said, "A little ways from the road that crossed by the school house, there was a man on horseback rode by. The Spirit said to me, 'Tell him there is going to be a meeting there tonight' at the school house. I had the best language that I could frame, and told him there was going to be a meeting. How he understood me, the Holy Ghost only knows. I went on up to the school house and it was open. I got in the school house and over behind the old pump organ over in the corner, and got down on my knees and prayed all afternoon."

He said, "I prayed so long and lost myself, and didn't know what time it was. When I came to myself, the school house was all lighted up. I looked up over that old pump organ, and the school house was full of people." I can't tell you how this worked on me the first time he told it to me. In his heart, he said, "Oh, Jesus, I don't know any scripture. I can't speak. What'll I do know? Here's a house full of people. The lights are on. They're expecting a revival meeting. An old idiot, trying to

start. He [Jesus] said, 'You get down on that recitation bench, for you never could recite. Get right up on that recitation bench and get your pencil ready.'

He said, "Brother Griffith, I got up on that old recitation bench, and started down to the other end and started to testify, and God cut my tongue loose! until I could speak as plain as I can speak now!" Hallelujah!

He said, "That meeting went on for nine weeks, and stirred that whole country! I started in that little old red school house, and I've gone 4 times (5 times now) around the world to preach the gospel!" And his name was Charles Staulker.

Oh, I tell you, if men like that who couldn't talk and couldn't learn could get sanctified, my God have mercy on folks that make excuse and say they can't get it! I tell you, we can get it if we want to get it! Oh, John said, "I indeed baptize you with water . . . but there cometh One after me whose shoes latchet I am not worthy to unloose, HE shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire! Whose fan is in His hand, and He shall thoroughly purge His floor, and He shall gather the wheat into the garner, but the chaff will He burn with fire unquenchable!"

Brother, if we're willing to get rid of the chaff, God will start the grain over. Come with all your chaff! Come just like you are! Make yourself an offering! God will take care of the chaff. God will take care of the old man, and the old woman. Offer yourself to God! Take your hands off. Say,

"My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;  
For thee all the follies of sin I resign.  
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou;  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Do you love Him, folks? Could God, the Holy Ghost find somebody that's been having a struggle — that you haven't got any witness, and you don't know, but you're willing. Did He single somebody out of this crowd right now? Then get up out of your seat, and say [to yourself], "I don't know what other folks are going to do. I can't help it what they do. I want the blessing. I want the Holy Ghost in my heart."

We don't have to come with our heads down. We can come with our hearts open. He said, "I beseech ye therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." Hallelujah! Not dead, but living! Keep it on there with you will power! Keep it all on the altar — "a living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto God . . . which is your reasonable service, and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing or YOUR minds, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God . . . which is even your sanctification."

Thank God! You can strike a gusher tonight, if you want to. Hallelujah! I wouldn't pay taxes on religion that you didn't know you had. Hallelujah! I believe there's more than these five. Whose hearts are hungry? Whose souls are crying out to God? Oh, there's no disgrace in seeking God. There's no disgrace in that altar. If it isn't working, get it fixed up so it will work! We've got a battle

out there! We've got a job to do! And the Holy Ghost is counting on us. You don't have to be ashamed.

I want to tell you something. I was preaching one time up in the mountains in Idaho. On a Sunday morning, while I'd preached the best I could on the Holy Ghost. Two of the finest preachers I had — I had confidence in them, — and I've got confidence here — but those boys walked right around in front, and said, "Brother Griffith, we don't have what you're preaching. What'll we do?" I said, "There's only one thing to do, boys. If you haven't got it, you haven't got it. Seek God at an old-fashioned altar. We'll stand by you. Get the fire! Get the glory! Get through to God! Strike the bottom! I'll tell you God can give you the victory!"

Let's all stand together, will you? I wish everybody would lift there voices and sing that old song, "I can hear my Savior calling, I can hear my Savior calling, Take thy cross and follow me." Listen, if you don't have it girls, if you don't have it folks, if you don't have it, come on, let's seek the Lord while He may be found.

[The congregation lifts in the singing of the requested song as the altar call is made.]