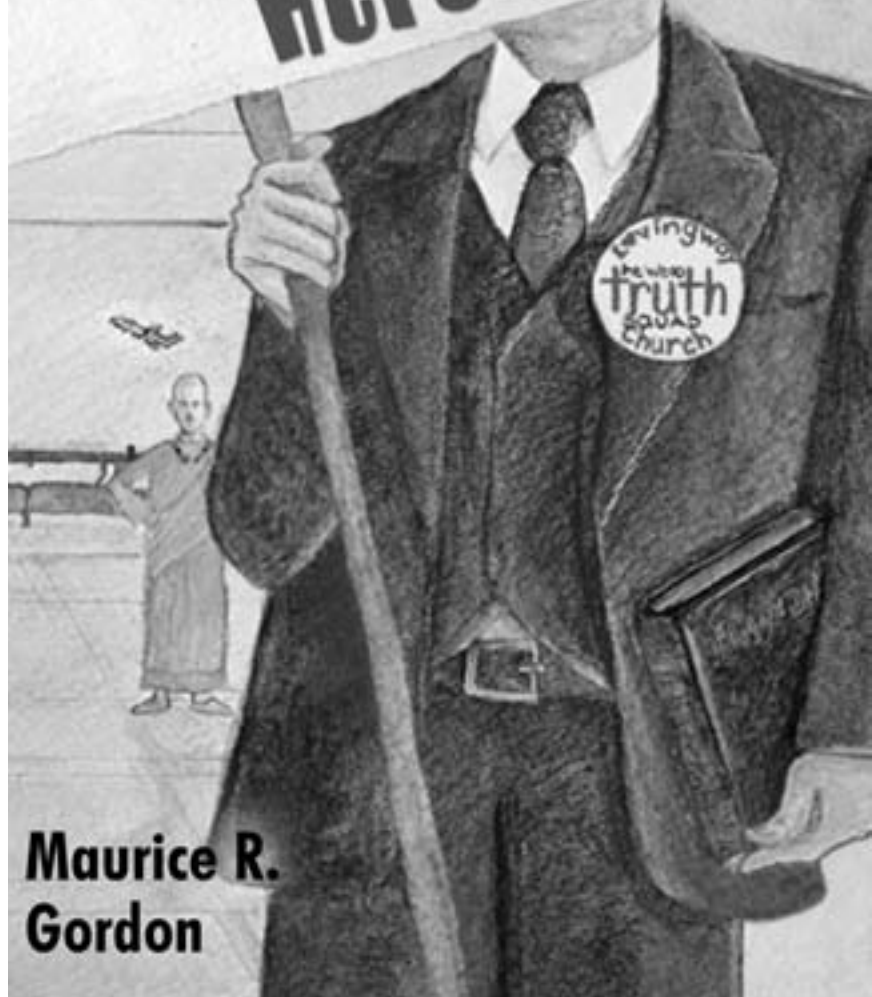


Confessions of a Happy Heretick



**Maurice R.
Gordon**

Confessions of a Happy Heretick

by Maurice Gordon

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Section I

Chronology of a Heretick

I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. And this I do for the gospel's sake, that I might be partaker thereof with you. Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.

I Corinthians 9:22b-24

Chapter 1



Why Me, Lord?

There are many things I plan to ask the Lord when I get to heaven. I want to know how He created the universe, hanging zillions of heavenly bodies on nothing. Why were there so many? Were they placed there just to decorate the night sky, like sparkling diamonds on black velvet? I want to know all about those monstrous dinosaurs, and what were “Leviathan” and the “Behemoth” I read about in the Book of Job. In fact, I have a whole bunch of questions about the whole book. I’m sure I’m not alone in wondering where Cain got his wife, and all about the flood, and how God made the sun stand still, and . . . and . . .

But for the time being, I’d like to know why He chose people we probably would reject out of hand, such as Rahab the harlot and Ruth the Moabitess, to be His ancestors in the flesh. I sure would like to know why He chose the impetuous Simon Peter instead of “the disciple that He loved” (John), who seemed the better choice. Nor do I know of a saint—or, for that matter a sinner—who would choose Judas Iscariot, a known thief, as the chief financial officer.

Jesus said, “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me” (Matthew 16:24). Could it be that our omniscient Lord chose Peter to bear and operate the keys of His kingdom to graphically demonstrate His ability to use *anyone* to fulfill His will? Could it be that a person who is willing, obedient, and self-denying can follow Jesus regardless of who, where, when, or why? If that’s the answer to my nagging question, then and only then will I understand why He chose someone as unqualified as I to be His servant.

The Lord told Daniel, “The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits” (Daniel 11:32). They’ll take action. For me, action began in an old-fashioned cottage prayer meeting that altered my life’s purpose and direction for eternity. The place was Bangor, Michigan, and the date March 28, 1949. I had been baptized in the name of Jesus Christ in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on September 22, 1947, but on this momentous night I was filled with the Holy Ghost, speaking in other tongues. (See Acts 2:38.) During two hours of rapturous tongues and prophecy (which I administered to those in attendance), the Lord spoke to me in the Spirit, calling me into His ministry. I was truly endowed with power from on high. The same Spirit, and the same confirmation of that calling, has never left me. Why me?

The real question—from God’s perspective—is why *not* me?

Chapter 2



The Guiding Light

Ma had been a Baptist when she came up north until someone invited her to a holiness church where the sanctified folks worshipped. She was baptized again, only this time in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and she received the Holy Ghost speaking in tongues. This was about 1925. She was the first in the Gordon family to be saved, but before she died at age seventy-eight, every member of the family had received that glorious experience, including my dad in 1949, two months before I did. At the age of five I went to church a lot and heard about Heaven. I knew Ma was going to be caught up in the Rapture, but I had a plan. When the trumpet sounded, I'd just grab hold of her long dress and go with her.

It was the worst of times and the *worst* of times. (My apologies to the late Charles Dickens.) I was the seventh child born to Joseph and Linnie Gordon. My parents were southerners who were not strangers to hard work, having been raised on farms, but Chicago, Illinois, was not "down home." Jobs were scarce. So was food.

I entered this world on March 15, 1930. For you students of history and economics, that was just months after the crash of the stock market. I was a child of the Great Depression. My nearest brother was only two years old, and my (literally) poor mom would have two more babies before the Depression was over. Someone in tune with the times wisely stated that misery loves company. There was enough misery to go around twice, and we had plenty of company.