



Tell the World

Vic Reasoner

According to Ephesians 2:10, we are works of art. The Greek word *poiema* is the basis for our word *poem*. However, *poiema* can refer to a literary production, a creation, or a work of art. This implies that God has a design for our life. While there is infinite variety in his gallery of redeemed humanity, his purpose in every life is to create a masterpiece of grace.

I already knew that I was special because I have been told that I am a piece of work! Seriously, the world devalues and demeans, even aborts, human life, but Ethel Waters is famous for her statement, “God don’t make no junk.” We are trophies of grace.

We all are also works in progress. God is not finished with any of us yet. We may not be all that he has purposed for us to become, but thank God, we are not what we used to be.

In the meantime, our lives are still bringing glory to him. God wants the world to see our good works and glorify our Father who is in heaven (Matt 5:16). Peter explained that although the pagan world may speak against us, they will observe our good works (1 Pet 2:12). We are not saved by good works, but we are saved *unto* good works. John Wesley taught, “Because God works in every man, man *can* work! Since God works, therefore we *must* work!”

Francis of Assisi is supposed to have said, “Preach the gospel at all times and if necessary, use words.” While our testimony is not limited to verbal expressions, neither are verbal expressions excluded. “Let

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“You will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth” (Acts 1:9).

the redeemed of the Lord say so” (Ps 107:2). Adam Clarke explained that we should testify because we who are redeemed are the fullest proof that the Lord is good. We are being saved by the continuing stream of his mercy.

This issue of *The High Calling* is devoted to the power of Christian witness. In 1925 H. C. Morrison published *Remarkable Conversions, Interesting Incidents, and Striking Illustrations*. This book contains fifteen testimonies. In his dedication Morrison expressed the hope that

its contents might stimulate a larger faith in, and a deeper and holier love for, our blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Testimonies can have that effect.

Why not begin this new year intentionally? Paul asked the Colossians to pray with him that doors would open for him to preach the Word (Col 4:3). Paul specifically references the fact that he is incarcerated and even chained. If I was in jail, I would just pray for an open door! However, Paul is more focused on sharing than he is escaping. He is focused on those who are outside (v. 5). And so, during this time he was in prison, he writes four letters which are part of the New Testament.

Samuel Logan Brengle was in demand as a speaker, but at the height of his success, while in Boston, he was hit by a brick. He had attempted to corral a ruffian who was disrupting the Salvation Army meeting. For days Brengle hovered between life and death. He was

Five-year-old Victor Walks Again The Secret of Methodism

Dale M. Yocum (1919–1987)



Dr. Yocum was a pastor, educator, missionary, and evangelist, serving as president of Kansas Christian College from 1969–1971, then as professor at Seoul Theological University. This article is reprinted from *The Wesleyan Methodist*, 1 November 1961, 9.

The phone call at about nine o'clock one morning this spring (1961) informed me that five-year-old Victor, one of the brightest little fellows in the church, had just been rushed to the hospital with what appeared to be spinal meningitis.

By the time I arrived, the doctor was consulting with a specialist, discussing the prospects. Doctors much appear as hopeful as possible at such times, especially when speaking with the parents.

Tests had been made, but the results would not be known for several hours. The parents and I watched Victor through the window of the isolation room, where he lay unconscious upon his bed. It was evident that he was a very sick boy.

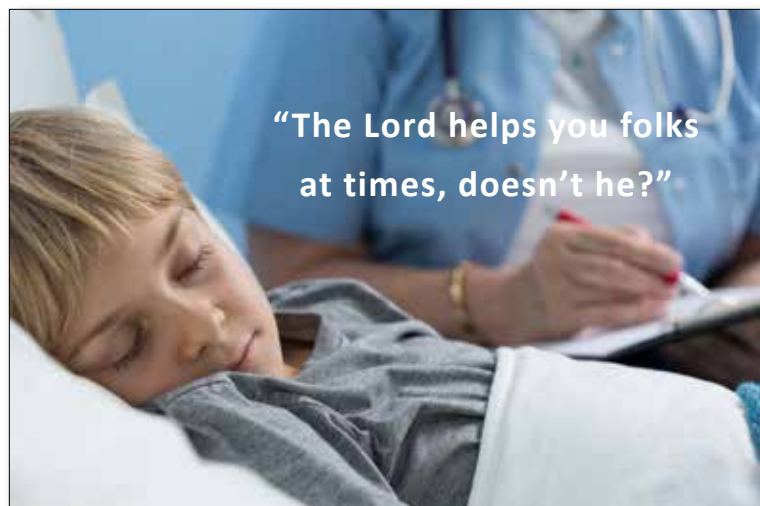
Sometime later the test results revealed that Victor did, indeed, have a serious case of meningitis. Still endeavoring to be hopeful, the nurses informed the parents that the treatment would require considerable time, and that if proved successful, it would be about six weeks before he could sit alone. In the meantime, he could have his head raised only a little at a time. After becoming able to sit and stand he would have to learn to walk all over again.

While waiting there in the hospital, the parents told me that Victor had been dedicated to the Lord before he was born. As he grew, he became aware increasingly that he was to be God's boy. He was even making plans to pitch a pup tent in his yard and hold a tent revival for the children of the neighborhood. As we watched through the window now, the prospects didn't look bright. We prayed together and committed him into God's hands.

That evening the grandfather, a good man of God, came to the parsonage so we could pray together for Victor. As we prayed, we were seeking to find God's will in the matter before telling him what we wanted done. Very frequently the Lord has purposes to accomplish through sorrow and affliction, and it is unwise to insist that physical healing is always the matter of first importance.

While waiting there before God, there came to my mind a flash of clear and forceful assurance that he would undertake. The force of it passed away as quickly as it came and again, I asked the Lord clearly

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A Methodist Society was comprised of all the Methodists in a local area. The condition for membership was "a desire to flee the wrath to come, to be saved from their sins." They were asked, "How does your soul prosper?" And they kept the "General Rules:"

- Do no harm.
- Do good.
- Attend upon the ordinances of God or means of grace.

In this way, Wesley organized a system of interlocking groups with classes, bands, the select society, and penitent bands. In the classes, the emphasis was on seeking God for the forgiveness of sins and assurance.

The bands were restricted to those who had the assurance of the "forgiveness of sins and a place among those who are sanctified by faith." Here they could confess their sins to one another and pray for one another so that they may be healed. Kevin Watson and Scott Kisker called the bands "the engine of holiness in early Methodism" (*The Band Meeting*, 86). ✠

Questions for Admittance to a Methodist Band

John Wesley (December 25, 1738)

The design of our meeting is to obey that command of God, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed" (James 5:16). Some of the questions proposed to every one before he is admitted amongst us may be to this effect:

1. Have you the forgiveness of your sins?
2. Have you peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ?
3. Have you the witness of God's Spirit with your spirit that you are a child of God?
4. Is the love of God shed abroad in your heart?
5. Has no sin, inward or outward, dominion over you?
6. Do you desire to be told of your faults?
7. Do you desire to be told of all your faults, and that plain and home?
8. Do you desire that every one of us should tell you, from time to time, whatsoever is in his heart concerning you?
9. Consider! Do you desire we should tell you whatsoever we think, whatsoever we fear, whatsoever we hear concerning you?
10. Do you desire that, in doing this, we should come as close as possible; that we should cut to the quick and search your heart to the bottom?
11. Is it your desire and design to be, on this and all other occasions, entirely open, so as to speak everything that is in your heart without exception, without disguise and without reserve?

Any of the preceding questions may be asked as often as occasion offers; the five following at every meeting:

1. What known sins have you committed since our last meeting?
2. What temptations have you met with?
3. How were you delivered?
4. What have you thought, said, or done, of which you doubt whether it be sin or not?
5. Have you nothing you desire to keep secret?

The Shout of the Overcomer

Robert E. Coleman



Robert E. Coleman is distinguished professor emeritus of evangelism and discipleship at Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary. He also served as dean of the Billy Graham International Schools of Evangelism as well as director of the Billy Graham Center Institute of Evangelism at Wheaton College. He is the author of *The Master Plan of Evangelism*, which has sold more than 3 million copies. This article has been extracted from *Songs of Heaven* (1980). Used by permission.

SATANIC ASSAULT

The early Methodists on the frontier like to sing, at camp-meeting time, a song celebrating Satan's defeat. Each of the eighteen stanzas closed with the rousing refrain:

*Shout, shout, we're gaining ground, Hallelujah!
We'll shout old Satan's kingdom down, Hallelujah!*

The expression of those rugged pioneers may have lacked sophistication, but their note of confidence, that joyous assurance of conquest of the enemy, sounds very much like the victors' shout around the throne in Revelation 12.

Before moving on to describe the final destruction of the wicked, this interlude pictorially explains why the saints in this world face continual opposition. What the first-century church was going through at the hands of Caesar was but one immediate example of the much more pervasive and agelong conflict between the Lord of heaven and the powers of darkness. By perceiving the underlying reason for the warfare and its spiritual essence, the persecuted church can persevere in the strength of her victorious Lord.

Against this backdrop, a war is described in heaven. Satan seems to have attempted to acquire a place of rule at the throne of God, and he is challenged by Michael and his angels. In the ensuing struggle, the hosts of God are victorious, and the defeated dragon and his cohorts are cast down to earth. Perhaps this was alluded to by Jesus when He said, "I was watching Satan fall from heaven like lightning" (Luke 10:18). However the time sequence of God's conquest over Satan may be understood, the power of the pretender has been broken forever—Satan never again can rise to contest divine authority, though for a period, he has been permitted to exercise influence in the kingdoms of this world.

It is this present dominion of Satan on planet earth which precipitates the trials of the church. Unable any longer to touch the Son, he has turned his anger upon the man-child's people—those "who keep the commandments of God and hold to the testimony of Jesus." To be unmindful of his designs and the demons at his command would be deadly. Our warfare is not against flesh and blood, but against satanic principalities, against rulers of darkness, against forces of evil in the spirit world. By every insidious device of hell, the devil seeks to tear down the work of God. He is the instigator of sin and betrayal. He tempts and slanders the righteous. He inflicts suffering on the

innocent. He sows discord; he removes the good seed of the gospel; he blinds the eyes of unbelievers. He prowls about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. From the beginning of our days on this earth until the very end, we are engaged in a mortal conflict with the dragon.

THE VICTORIOUS CHURCH

But the church is triumphant. Satan is a defeated foe. In the clear light of heaven, a shout is heard from the celestial hosts, so loud that it sounds like a single voice, saying, "Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night" (Rev 12:10). The conquest of Satan guarantees that the Christian can live victoriously. It is a reality *now*. His authority over the enemy is demonstrated and his reign established. The Anointed of God participates in this rule, because it was through his death and resurrection that the power of Satan was brought to naught.

In consequence of this fact, the devil has no way by which he can condemn the brethren. The blameless One, whom Satan could



"From the beginning of our days on this earth until the very end, we are engaged in a mortal conflict with the dragon."

never lay a charge against, by his sacrifice has taken away the guilt of mankind and thereby removed any grounds for an accusation to be made. Even more, the accuser no longer can even enter the courtroom to prefer a charge against the elect, for he has been disbarred from practice—cast out from the presence of the Judge.

Amanda Smith, a beloved black evangelist, used to tell about a confrontation with the devil on one of her journeys, when she was reminded of all her past sins.

"Now what do you say?" the accuser sneered.

Whereupon Amanda, without even bothering to look around, said, "Drive on, Gabriel, drive!"

This is the response of the saved ones to the attack of the devil. We do not have to listen to his recriminations, for there is "now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus." He has set us free.

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The Testimony of a Seminary

John N. Oswalt



Dr. John Oswalt is both a preacher and a teacher. His expertise and primary interest is in the Old Testament, and he is passionately concerned about Christian holiness and about the serious need for holy living among Christians today. Recently, he accepted the role of interim president of the Francis Asbury Society. This article is an excerpt of his address to Asbury Theological Seminary in honor of its 100th anniversary.

Persons as diverse as Rick Warren and Oswald Chambers agree on this: God's goal for us is not to make us happy, but to make us holy. Asbury Theological Seminary's founder, Henry Clay Morrison, was in complete agreement with that proposition. Morrison was a child of the Holiness Movement in America. Given both the bloodletting and the financial corruption of the Civil War, there was a deep sense by 1867 that John Wesley's teaching that human hearts can be purified by faith, and filled with love, must be recovered and propagated.

Morrison, president of what was then Asbury College, realized that the prominent theological schools of the day had become captive to a destructive higher criticism of the Bible, and that a passion for heart purity was rapidly being replaced by what had come to be called "the social gospel." So he began to call on his constituents, subscribers to "The Pentecostal Herald," to help him to found a new theological school that would stand firmly on two principles, principles captured in two slogans inscribed on the faces of what are now Asbury University's Morrison Hall and Hughes Auditorium: "The Whole Bible for the Whole World," and "Free Salvation for All Men and Full Salvation from All Sin."

It is the latter part of this second slogan that has been intrinsic to Asbury Theological Seminary (ATS) in the century since the school's founding in 1923. The importance and the significance of this truth: "full salvation from all sin" has only increased as the century has worn on. Christian faith has more and more become limited to what we call "the new birth" or conversion. The idea that Christ died merely to forgive our sins and guarantee us a place in heaven has become the norm. But such an idea is a parody of the Bible's picture of the life

given over to God. From Leviticus to 1 Peter, there can be no question of what characterizes the life of faith. It is holiness, that is, the moral character of the holy God reproduced in the life of the believer. It is a life of joyful victory over sin through the overflowing power of the Holy Spirit. It is a life of integrity though surrounded by falsehood; a life of faithfulness though surrounded by treachery; a life of self-giving love though surrounded by self-serving greed; a life of sexual chastity and fidelity though surrounded by lewdness and license.

But too often today the average Christian says to the world, "Well, you can't expect much of me, I'm just a sinner saved by grace." A bumper-sticker of a generation ago captured it well: "Christians aren't perfect, just forgiven." That has always seemed to me a bit odd, since our Savior commanded us, "Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect" (Matt 5:48).

To be sure, the perfection that both Jesus and Wesley called for is not some flawless religious performance. Rather, it is the realized accomplishment of God's purpose in the human life as Paul described it: growing up into, attaining, the full measure of Christlikeness (Eph 4:13). We might say it this way: "Then we will be grown-up in the Lord, measuring up to the full and complete stature of Christ." Shall we settle for anything less in our relationship with our Savior? Is the Holy Spirit not capable of doing this in a life that is fully surrendered to him?

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Five-year-old Victor Walks Again *continued from page 2*
to show his will. Tenderly he spoke and said, "Did you not recognize my voice when you heard it?" I was melted before him and gave him praise for hearing our prayer, for "if we know that he heareth us, we know that we have the petition that we desire of him." We had a good time thanking God in prayer together.

On the morning of the second day, the parents stood again at the window of the isolation room watching their son. He opened his eyes, recognized them, and proceeded to lift himself to a sitting position. He soon lay back down, as it was considerable effort for him to remain sitting. But when he saw the look of amazement and delight on the face of his parents, he proceeded to sit again for their special benefit.

They hurriedly called the nurse and together they entered the room. By this time Victor had skipped to the edge of the bed, and now, grasping the nurse's hand, he slid to the floor and walked across the room to a chair. Soon they had him walking down the hall.

When the doctor saw this amazing recovery, he granted that here was a miracle of prayer and faith. He admitted his fears for the boy's life and his certainty that recovery would be a long process, even if he lived.

The priest heard about it, for it was in a Catholic hospital. He came to make sure the story was true as told to him. Being convinced, he granted, "The Lord helps you folks at times, doesn't he?" Yes, he does, and without the mediation of an earthly priest, for "the power of the Lord was present to heal."

Victor was back home in a few days fully well and more deeply convicted than ever that he is God's boy.

Editorial note: Sixty-one years have passed without a recurrence. I pastored for forty-four years and now happily serving as the editor of *The High Calling*. 🙏

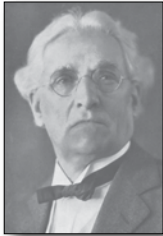
Deadly Sins 7 Cardinal Virtues
A STUDY OF CONTRASTS

Pride	Humility
Greed	Charity
Lust	Chastity
Envy	Patience
Gluttony	Temperance
Wrath	Kindness
Sloth	Diligence

Starting January 24, 2023

My Arrest and Rescue

H. C. Morrison (1857–1942)



H. C. Morrison was saved as a teenager when a circuit-riding preacher came to their community. Soon after that Morrison felt a call to ministry. At the age of 19, he was licensed to preach and carried out his calling in his work as a circuit rider and station pastor. In 1925 H. C. Morrison published *Remarkable Conversions, Interesting Incidents, and Striking Illustrations*. This was chapter fourteen.

It was during Christmas week that I was placed under arrest and dragged into court. I was a very small boy, in my fourteenth year; I would be fourteen years of age the tenth of the coming March.

I was caught in the act; there was no excuse, there seemed to be no help or hope. I was guilty, I was thrust into the prisoners' dock, the gate was slammed, and a big policeman leaned on the gate and seemed to look at me with a degree of satisfaction at the thought that he had me and that I was sure of punishment.

I felt utterly helpless; I could not even weep. I had wept all the tears out of my system; I was dry and emotionless, except I was crushed to the very earth with a sense of my guilt and lostness. The judge was in his big chair, but I did not dare look at him. I had no hope for mercy, and I knew that justice would be my ruin.

The courthouse was packed with people; they were gazing at me, as I crouched in the corner of the dock, with looks of accusation which seemed to say, Judge, give him the full benefit of the law and save society from further trouble. Finally, the clerk announced the opening of the court and my case came first. The judge asked the clerk if the boy had anyone to represent him. "Represent" was a new word to me; I supposed my representative was to be my executioner. The clerk answered that I had no one. The judge then said to a lawyer within the bar, "I appoint you to represent this boy."

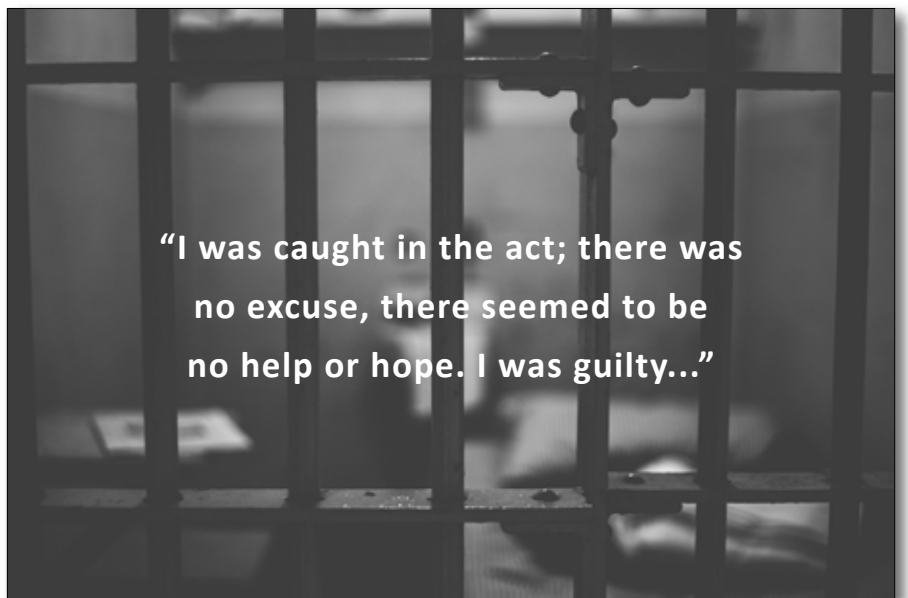
The lawyer arose and walking slowly forward, picking his way among the chairs, approached the dock, pushed the policeman to one side, opened the gate, and stepped inside the dock. I, withered with fear, crouched closely in my corner, and with eyes wide open with horror, gazed up at my lawyer. He had a wonderful face; it was strong and calm, full of kindness and marvelous beauty. I noticed a tear hanging on his eyelashes; that tear helped me wonderfully. He sat down and slipped his arm around me. It seemed that my very bones had dropped out of their sockets and I was scarcely breathing below my collar button. My attorney drew me up to him; the pressure was so gentle, and yet so strong, it seemed to restore and readjust my bones, relax my nerves, and I commenced to breathe more deeply.

Stooping down, his silken beard brushed over my suntanned face, and placing his lips close to my ear, he said, "My little friend, are you guilty?" I could not have lied to him if it had been to save my life. With trembling voice I answered, "Yes sir, I am guilty of much more than they know about."

"Well," said he, "do you not think it will be best for us to confess judgment and throw you on the mercy of the court?" I did not know what it meant to be thrown on the mercy of the court, but I felt sure that if he would throw me, I would alight in the best place there was for me, and I at once answered in the affirmative. My lawyer gave me a gentle pat on the head, and stood up facing the judge.

He said: "Please your Honor, it has been my privilege to practice for many years in your Honor's court, and I have been glad to notice that when the ends of justice can be secured and society can be protected, it has been your Honor's prerogative to show mercy. I thank the court for appointing me to plead in the interest of this little boy. He confesses his guilt. His heart is broken, he is full of contrition; he has been an orphan from his infancy and is dependent and moneyless, and begs for compassion."

I reached out my soiled, lean fingers and caught hold of the skirt of my attorney's coat. I clung to him with the feeling that if I would hold onto him he would pull me out. I thought his speech was finished, but it was a mere introduction. A deep stillness fell upon the great gathering of people and his mellow voice rose until it filled the great room with a most marvelous appeal. He spoke of orphan children, of their loneliness, of their unprotected condition, of the temptations to which they were subjected, of their desolation, like lambs without a shepherd in a world full of hungry wolves seeking to destroy. He spoke until the harsh people softened, old men groaned aloud. He spoke until the tears trickled down the policeman's cheek and looking



kindly at me he whispered to know if I did not want a drink of water. I was too busy clinging to the coat-tail of my attorney, gazing into his wonderful face, and listening to his marvelous words, to want anything else. I was breathing deep, new life and hope were creeping into me. I was falling desperately in love with my lawyer.

My attorney said, "Please your Honor, if you in the spirit of mercy, will dismiss the charges and set the lad free, I pledge myself to become his guardian, to see to it that he has a home and protection. I will look after his education and I promise to give to society a good and useful citizen.

I could scarcely keep from crying aloud for joy. It seemed my heart would burst within me for gratitude. I felt as if they would let me place my ragged shoes upon the bench upon which I sat, and throw my ragged coat sleeve about the neck of my attorney and kiss his cheek one time, they might take me out and hang me, and I would die shouting.

In the midst of his wonderful address my attorney, instead of addressing the judge as "Your Honor," said, "My Father." This shot through me. I saw that if the judge had appointed his own son to

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Jumping for Joy

Joy Smith Griffin



Joy Griffin and her husband, Wes, co-founded the International Leadership Institute (ILI) in 1998 to accelerate the spread of the life-transforming power of the Gospel through training and mobilizing leaders of leaders around the world. A member of the FAS Board of Directors, Joy is the chair of the Outreach Committee. This article is taken from her recent book, *Jumping for Joy* (Francis Asbury Press, 2022; originally self-published). Used with permission.

About four weeks into the semester, our women's softball team had made it into the championship game and we were in the bottom of the ninth inning, up by just one run. We had two outs on the other team, but needed one more out to win the game. The problem was there were runners on second and third bases, so if the ball got through the infield on the ground, it would be all over for my team and the coveted championship. With victory so near I could just about taste it, I was hoping for an easy out with a strike-out or pop fly. But when the ball was pitched, the ace batter connected with a magnificent, rocket-like line drive that was great for the other team but doomsday for ours. Still, I knew there was one last chance, if only I could run fast enough to catch that ball!

I dove into the ground, similar to the way you'd slide into first. Popping soundly into my glove like ice cream into a cone, that ball and I melded together. We WON! Even as the crowd leapt to their feet and erupted with cheering, my momentary elation was quickly eclipsed by a searing pain and the sudden awareness that I was trapped on the ground, immobilized in my own body.

Instantly paralyzed, I was at the mercy of those around me who rushed to my side. I don't recall many details because of the shock that temporarily kept me from realizing the desperation of my circumstances, but I do remember the doctors telling me I would never walk again. When I fell, the trauma caused the muscles, nerves, and bone tissue to rip away from my spine, leaving everything inside me in one big, tangled jumble. The internal trauma was so deep that it even caused my monthly periods to stop.

Crushed emotionally as well as physically at the tender age of 22, I tried to wrap my head around the devastating reality that I would never walk down a church aisle to meet my bridegroom. I would never cradle a newborn baby in my arms. I couldn't even do something as basic as use the toilet. A bedpan became my constant companion next to the pallet that my mother arranged for me on our living room floor.

As distressed as I was by physical infirmity and relentless pain, my most tormenting thought was, *Now I'll never even be able to go out and find someone to help me understand how to become like Jesus.* What I didn't take into account was that Jesus wanted for me to know him even more than I did. He had already set a plan in motion that would forever transform my life.

For the next eighteen months, with the help of a dear pastor, I struggled to understand the meaning of God's love, holiness, and

sanctification. Finally, one muggy July night, I heard, "Joy, just take one step and jump!" The unmistakable voice of Jesus spoke right then and there to me. I could trust him. No longer straddling the fence with one foot in and one foot out, it was as if I had been given a brand-new heart.

This was what I'd been looking for all along, but my heart couldn't receive it because I had not yet fully surrendered. I gave all I had to him, and he gave me all I would ever need. Himself.

Every summer in the county where we lived in rural Georgia, there were Methodist camp meetings that had taken place annually for at least 150 years. With rustic, open-air structures set in the fragrant, piney woods, these revival meetings would attract young and old from miles around. My family always went, but I hadn't been able to go the previous year because of my paralysis.

One day shortly after my radical change of heart, my parents came into the living room with the local newspaper. "Joy, look at this! See if you know anybody that's speaking at the camp meeting next week." As they held the paper so I could see an article with pictures

of the featured speakers, I recognized a classmate from my brief stint at the seminary who would serve as the camp youth director.

"Hey, I know this guy! He was at the seminary with me and we talked about how we were both struggling with what holiness was all about. I would really like to see him and his wife, to tell them all about how Jesus has changed my heart," I said. My parents knew it was excruciatingly painful for me to be moved, but they suggested perhaps they could lay me in the back seat of the car and take me to the meeting with



"Instantly paralyzed, I was at the mercy of those around me who rushed to my side."

them. Excited at the prospect of sharing my good news with these friends, I agreed.

Although the deeply-rutted dirt roads made me grit my teeth to endure the pain, I was overjoyed when we arrived at the camp, sensing I was supposed to be there. Laying me and my pallet carefully on the cement porch slab, my parents went off to greet their friends as mine came over and welcomed me back. With my brain and my mouth in serious overdrive, I began to share how Jesus had poured out his love on me through the Holy Spirit.

"Wow, Joy—that's incredible!" said my friends from the seminary. Just then, a car pulled up and an older gentleman emerged, someone I recognized from his picture in the newspaper article my parents had shown me. I knew he was an evangelist named Tom Barrett from south Georgia and was connected somehow to Asbury Theological Seminary in Kentucky, as well as with Indian Springs Holiness Camp Meeting. Both of these would prove to be incredibly influential in my life.

Coming over to where I was lying on the cement, he peered down at me and said rhetorically, "You're not lying there for the fun of it, are you?" Before I could even say a thing, my seminary friend jumped in

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The Healing of a Physician

Dennis F. Kinlaw, Jr.



Dennis Kinlaw, Jr., MD, is the son of our founder, Dr. Dennis F. Kinlaw. He worked as an emergency medicine specialist and family practice physician for over 47 years before retiring from active practice. This testimony was originally given at an Asbury College (now University) chapel service in 1979 and then published in a now out-of-print book, *Twelve After* (Francis Asbury Press, 1982). We hope you find his story as inspiring and encouraging as we do.

I had the good fortune of growing up in a home where Christianity was taught and practiced. When I was about seven, I accepted Christ into my life, and I have some cherished memories of times when he was especially near to me.

Unfortunately, adolescence brought with it the ever-present problems of peer pressure, and the question, “How can I please my peers?” became more important than, “How can I please Christ?” My spiritual life evaporated, and I began a long-term struggle of trying to please my peers.

These were not good years. My “friends” typical values included good looks, popularity, and money, and I was something of a loser on all three counts. I even lacked that great equalizer—a car. My self-esteem plummeted and a sense of inferiority settled in. This state, I learned later from professional psychologists, is a common plague of teenagers.

I was struggling to get out of this slough when I hit upon a role that only children from Christian homes can play with real genius—that of being a rebel. By rebelling against my family and their values, I finally achieved some recognition from my peers; and bad press, I found, was better than no press at all!

But God in his love did not leave me to my own myopic designs. As Psalm 139 says, he eventually hemmed me in. For one thing, I became increasingly disconcerted by my parents’ response to the public humiliation I put them through. Instead of the indignation I expected, they showed only love—and a new and ever greater concern for my spiritual welfare. Later, when I finally got out of Wilmore and into a university setting, I was surprised to discover that the alternatives to Christianity offered there did not ring true. Growing up in my home, I had learned a worldview that included God. He was the cornerstone, and it had made sense to me. Suddenly I was being taught a worldview in which God was missing. I couldn’t help but notice his absence and to question my professors’ conclusions.

How could an English teacher cover the great literature of the world adequately—literature in which God’s goodness and man’s sinfulness are such common recurring themes—when she didn’t believe in either? Then, I saw that my professors’ denial of God’s existence skewed their approach to truth. Because of this I noticed something even more compelling—they had a difficult time coming up with any real answers for life’s problems.

Sometimes these drawbacks were subtle, but often they were obvious; as in my biology classes, where the inevitable discussion of

the origin of the universe occurred. As usual, I heard the denial of any possibility of any supernatural cause.

So, gradually, realizing what my parents had in Christ and what the world lacked without him, I rediscovered my Creator; and I came to the realization that if my life was going to count for anything, I would have to spend it in his service. So, after spending a summer in Africa working in a mission hospital during my medical school training, I felt God could best use my talents as a missionary surgeon. Soon after this I began residency training in general surgery in Indianapolis.

A surgery resident probably has the most demanding job around. The pace is terrific and unceasing. I soon learned that I could, in fact, stay awake thirty-six hours at a stretch and survive physically. But surviving spiritually was a different matter. Frequently daily devotions were out of the question and often were made possible only by missing a meal. There was no time to catch up. Half my Sundays were spent in the hospital. I discovered that if you don’t spend time with the Lord, he can’t spend time with you. My heart began to grow cold, and my vision for service on the mission field dimmed. As time went by, I found myself entertaining thoughts of setting up practice in an

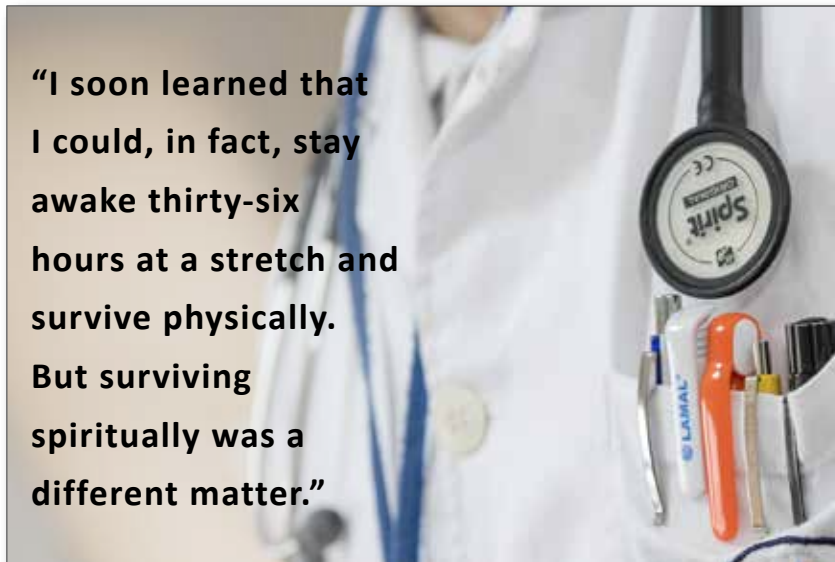
affluent suburb in America and, finally, acquiring all those material things I was missing out on.

However, eventually I came to face the realization that if this spiritual starvation I was going through was left unchecked, it might well lead to my spiritual death. This prospect alarmed me enough that when I finally got a week’s vacation, I spent most of a day in fasting and prayer—something I had never done before—and something I discovered can be a very dangerous practice! I prayed, “Lord, I don’t know

how you can do it, but please save me from this rat-race that is going to be the death of me spiritually.” A few months later I found I had more time for devotions than I’d bargained for.

While assisting in an operation on a young heroin addict who had hepatitis, I was stuck in the finger with the suture needle, inoculating me with her blood and the virus she was carrying. Hepatitis followed and what we initially thought was a mild case evolved into a dreaded, chronic form. When a relapse continued for several months, I resigned from the hospital in Indianapolis and moved home to Wilmore with my pregnant wife, our son, and a very uncertain future.

During the long months that followed I had a lot of things to learn—and plenty of time in which to do it. I recommitted my life to God and claimed Psalm 119:71, “it is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.” What C. S. Lewis had written I found to be true, “God whispers to us in our joy, but shouts at us in our suffering.” The devil still tried to prevent my hearing God—there was the TV, which I was frequently tempted to watch to take my mind off my problems; and there was depression, which sapped me of any motivation to read and pray. However, God was faithful! He enabled me to stand up under the temptation, and today I marvel that in



“I soon learned that I could, in fact, stay awake thirty-six hours at a stretch and survive physically. But surviving spiritually was a different matter.”

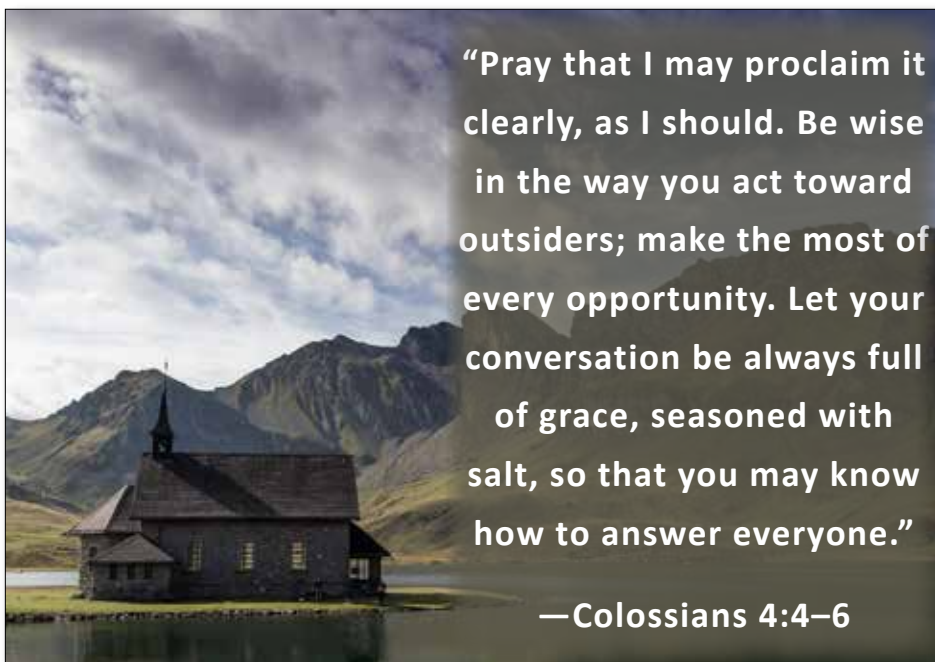
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plead for me it was more than likely that he would heed his pleadings and show me mercy. Men were weeping all over the courthouse. I had both hands full of the skirts of the coat of my lawyer; the policeman had laid aside his cap, had gotten out his handkerchief, and had buried his face in a flood of tears. It was a powerful moment in my trial; my attorney had reached his climax. He exclaimed, "My father, this child for whom I plead is none other than my brother." I saw at once that if the judge was the father of my attorney, and the attorney was my brother, then the judge was my father also. I could restrain myself no longer. I gave a great cry of joy, leaped out of the dock, rushed up into the judge's stand and flung myself upon his bosom.

He embraced me with a long, tender pressure that seemed to make me through and through a new creature. Folding me in his arms he stood up and said, "Rejoice with me, for my son who was dead is alive, who was lost is found." The entire crowd in the courthouse broke into tears and laughter. The people embraced each other; they all seemed to want to shake hands with me. They congratulated my attorney, and we laughed, and wept, and shouted together.

I hardly need tell you that the courthouse was a Methodist Church, that the trial was an old-time revival, that the Word of God arrested me and brought me, convicted and guilty, to the bar of justice; that the eternal Father was the Judge upon the throne, and that the Lord Jesus Christ was the attorney who pled my case, won my pardon, and secured my eternal salvation.

I look back with fondest memory to that great occasion when bowed and burdened with guilt, bound with sin, Jesus Christ undertook for me, broke my chains, swept away my guilt, and at the throne of the universe secured for me a full and free forgiveness, a blessed and glorious pardon, and revealed the blessed fact that the great God—the Judge of all the world—was, and is, my Father in heaven. ✠



"Pray that I may proclaim it clearly, as I should. Be wise in the way you act toward outsiders; make the most of every opportunity. Let your conversation be always full of grace, seasoned with salt, so that you may know how to answer everyone."

—Colossians 4:4–6

laid up for several months, unable to travel. So he turned to writing. After his book, *Helps to Holiness*, proved to be a great blessing, he explained, "If there had been no little brick, there would have been no little book!" His wife kept the brick and painted the words of Genesis 50:20 on it, "You meant evil against me; but God meant it for good."

Too often we are more aware of our limitations, our hindrances, and our handicaps than we are intentional about giving glory to God. However, in the next verse, Paul expresses his inner sense of *ought*. The philosopher Immanuel Kant called this the categorical imperative.

Paul felt it was necessary for him to preach (Eph 6:20). He felt under a divine obligation (Rom 1:14). He is famous for his declaration, "Woe to me if I do not preach the gospel" (1 Cor 9:16). No doubt we would be very quick to point out that we are not apostles and are not under any divine inspiration to write more books for the Holy Bible.

But this divine urging is expressed again in verse 6, and this time Paul is not describing himself. He is describing us. He admonishes us to let our speech be gracious, seasoned with

salt. Pat answers and pious platitudes are usually bland and insipid. Too often we are insensitive. Even when we speak the right words, it is possible for a wrong attitude to show through.

Paul prays that we will walk in wisdom, making the most of every opportunity. His assumption is that silence is not an option. I am not called, however, to correct everyone whom I think is wrong or to interject my opinion into every conversation. But when I feel that divine nudge, silence is no longer golden. There is a time to keep silent, and a time to speak (Eccl 3:7). When you and I sense an opening and a divine nudge to glorify God, let us speak up and say so. Or as *The Message* says, "All of you set free by God, tell the world!" ✠

Recruiting a New President

FAS Board of Directors of the Francis Asbury Society

We are so pleased to announce that Dr. John Oswalt has agreed to serve as interim president at FAS for a season. Upon agreeing to step into this position, said:

Dr. Kinlaw's vision continues to resonate with me. He said that the Asbury institutions, being institutions, will primarily focus on maintaining themselves. Somebody has to nurture the vision that gave rise to the institutions and provide a constituency devoted to that vision. What is that vision? Free salvation for all people and full salvation from all sin. How do we propagate it and nurture it? Evangelistic preaching, publication, and conferencing by a group of like-minded persons, a society. That's US!

With an interim president in place starting in January, the Board of Directors is conducting an immediate search for a new president. We ask interested applicants to send a resume with a cover letter

to megan.christensen@indwes.edu, ATTN: Francis Asbury Society President. The Board will receive applications until March 31, 2023, at which time the application period will close. We expect to conduct interviews shortly thereafter and would like to have a new president named and onsite by early summer. Separate from the job description, the Board has defined certain characteristics, gifts, and graces we expect in a chief executive, and they are shared in the FAS blog article, "From the FAS Board of Directors: Recruiting a New President."

Please pray for Ron and Dorena as they begin anew at OCU, for John Oswalt as he serves as our interim president at FAS, for the future president of FAS, and for the Board of Directors of FAS as they seek the Lord's best in this matter—and for the wonderful staff of the Society doing great work in a time of some uncertainty. ✠

and told him all about my accident. Thinking this man would probably respond with polite sympathy just like everyone else, I had no expectation of anything different. Most people who met me after the accident would say, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I'll be praying for you." But no one seemed to have any hope that I could be healed, and no one had actually offered to pray for me in person.

"Have you ever asked God to heal you?" asked Rev. Barrett. Caught completely off guard, I had to take a moment to even think of a response. My inner self was saying, "Don't you understand that I just pray for enough relief from pain to be able to fall asleep every night?" I didn't really think healing was an option for me.

Without waiting for a response, Rev. Barrett continued, "Honey, I don't claim to understand healing. I don't know why some are healed and some are not; why we sometimes go to church and pray for someone to be healed, and then they die the same week. But I do know that everywhere in the Gospels where it says they brought people to Jesus, he healed them. The Bible says in Hebrews 13:8, 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and today, and forever.' It also tells us in James 5:14 to call on the elders to pray. I just want you to know I'm willing to ask Jesus for you to be healed."

"Yes, sir, I'd like you to pray for me. But I don't have much expectation."

"Well, young lady, Jesus says in Matthew 18:19, 'If two of you agree on earth concerning anything that they ask, it will be done for them by My Father in heaven.' Before I pray, I want to know what you can agree with me on. Would you agree with me that God could heal you in six months?"

"Yes, sir. But six months is a long way off, and I know that the people I know would not give God the credit if he did heal me because they'd probably say I just got better gradually, or maybe that I'd had a special surgery. I want people to know the same Jesus I know, the Jesus who radically healed my heart two weeks ago. I don't want any human being to get the credit for what God does because no one is good but God. I want him to get all the glory!"

Now I want to make clear that I firmly believe God uses the gifts he has given doctors and nurses and pharmacologists and other medical personnel to bring healing to his children. I believe most people are healed gradually in that way. Instantaneous healing, at least in the times in which we live, is unusual.

"So, Joy, could you agree with me that God could heal you right now?" he asked.

Bursting into tears, I cried, "No, sir. I can't. I'm in so much pain and I can't even move. The doctors say I'll never move again. I can't imagine even sitting up in a chair, much less walking or running. I'll never be able to walk down the aisle to get married or have babies!" I was completely undone.

Persisting gently but firmly, Rev. Barrett said, "I don't mean to be flippant, Joy. But tell me this: Before two weeks ago, could you ever have imagined feeling the kind of love, joy, and peace God gave you when he sanctified you and filled you with his Spirit?"

Only God could have led him to say that, because it suddenly took my mind off myself and refocused it soundly on Jesus. As I recaptured the glory of the miracle he had done on my heart two weeks before, I realized it was the greatest thing I could ever imagine, even more for me than the miraculous parting of the Red Sea, because Jesus had made my heart totally clean and filled it with his love.

Answering Rev. Barrett's question, I said, "That was the greatest miracle I could even imagine, having my heart become clean like that. If God could do that for me, I know he can do anything."

Without asking my permission, brother Tom launched into a conversation with God, so simple and straightforward, no flowery language, no Thee's and Thou's. I don't remember specifically the words he used until he said this: "Father, because of Matthew 18:19, I agree with Joy that it is DONE!"

With those words, everything was suddenly different, as if I had gone absolutely numb. Feeling like I must have fallen asleep, I was aware of the conspicuous absence of pain. I thought, *It's so wonderful to not hurt! I hope nobody wakes me up because I could stay like this forever!*

But brother Tom was very present and asked, "Joy, did anything happen?"

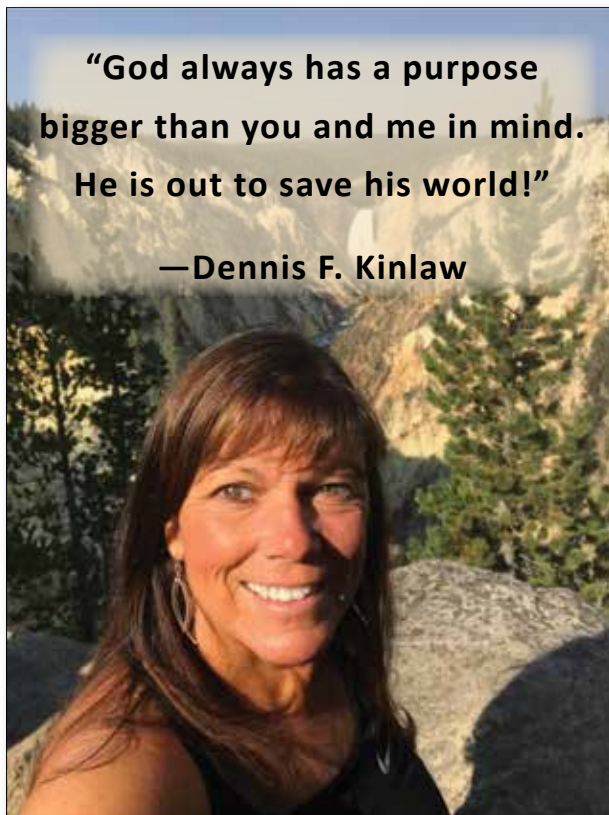
"I don't know," I said very tentatively, reluctant to verbalize my thoughts.

"Well, can you move anything?" he persisted.

Not stopping to see if I could even wiggle my toes, I shot up off the ground like a rocket. Thrusting my arms up and my legs out, I did jumping jacks, I ran in place, I leaned backwards, performing

a back bend like a gymnast—everything I used to do! It was as if I had never been paralyzed. There was absolutely not even any muscle atrophy, something that defies the laws of medical science.

Just a few hours after I leapt off the ground, praising God like the paralyzed beggar in Acts 3, God gave me another miracle. My monthly period, which had been dormant for the past 18 months, suddenly started. God had truly answered every single prayer. ✨



Jumping for Joy

By Joy Griffin as told to Jan De Chambrier



\$20 (Paperback; 220 pages)

Joy Smith Griffin jumped to her feet, walking and leaping and praising God! Having been paralyzed from a sports injury at the age of 22, her complete confinement for eighteen months led to a personal encounter with the living God that transformed her spirit, soul, and body. Called to tell the world about the Lord who healed her in every way, *Jumping for Joy* is a compilation of the missionary journeys of Joy Smith Griffin. Her remarkable stories of miracles, signs, and wonders around the world will ignite a passion to further the expansion of the gospel wherever the Holy Spirit leads your own beautiful feet. "How beautiful are the feet of those who bring good news!" (Rom 10:15).

It is not a mere passive freedom that the saints experience. As the next verse indicates, the church has an active role in the defeat of Satan. “They overcame him because of the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto death” (Rev 12:11).

The reference to the Lamb’s blood, a recurring theme through the songs in the book of Revelation, stresses again the efficacy of the vicarious offering of Christ. Through the voluntary giving of himself unto death, he has rendered powerless “him who had the power of death, that is, the devil” (Heb 2:14). The shackles of sin have been broken; the grave has lost its prey. Herein is the essence of the overcoming message. It is the blood—the all-conquering cross of God’s eternal Son. By the blood of the Lamb, the church is victorious.

Believing the gospel commits one to proclaim it. Thus, built into the saving message is the principle of reproduction. One does not have to be a trained theologian or gifted preacher. One simply declares what he has seen and heard, not as a credal statement but as a personal, living experience.

The relationship between the triumph of the church and the word of testimony may be seen in Peter’s confession of Christ at Caesarea Philippi, after which Jesus said that upon this rock he would build his church, “and the gates of Hades shall not overpower it.” What a masterful

plan of conquest! When the Son of God is lifted up by his followers, hearers of the Word are called to believe on him, and as they in turn tell others, the good news is destined to spread from person to person, until everyone has heard. Through this simple process of multiplication, nothing in this world can keep the church from storming the gates of hell.

What makes the testimony so undefeatable is the willingness of the witnesses to die for it: “they did not love their lives so much as to shrink from death.” Significantly, the word *witness* translates literally “martyr,” and that is exactly what one becomes in following the Lamb. One cannot be his disciple without renouncing all self-rights, taking up the cross, and living in obedience to the will of God. They that follow Christ have crucified the flesh, with its desires, and reckon themselves dead to sin.

Henry Nouwen tells of a Lutheran bishop who was imprisoned in a German concentration camp during World War II. A Secret Service officer tried, through beating, to force a confession from him. Though the intensity of the torture increased, it could not break the bishop’s silence. Finally, the infuriated officer, pounding his victim with even harder blows, shrieked, “But don’t you know that I can kill you?” The bishop looked in the eyes of his torturer and said, “Yes, I know—do what you want—but I have already died.”

Instantly, as though paralyzed, the officer could no longer raise his arm. It was as if power over the bishop had been taken from him. All his cruelties had been based on the assumption that the bishop’s physical life was his most precious possession and therefore he would be willing to make any concession to save it. But with the grounds for violence gone, torture was futile.

This was what the Roman world learned about the Christian martyrs. Nothing could beat them down—neither imprisonment, nor beatings, nor even the threat of death—because they had died already

with Christ. In losing their lives, they found life. The power of the resurrection throbbed in their souls. Whether they lived or died made no difference, for they were the Lord’s.

LIVING IN TRIUMPH

God’s people are always to live with this inner victory. “Therefore rejoice, O heavens, and you who dwell in them!” (Rev 12:12a). There is no place in heaven for a sad face or a troubled spirit.

“But woe to the earth and the sea, because the devil has gone down to you... He is filled with fury, because he knows that his time is short” (Rev 12:12b). We need to realize that in these closing days of history, the devil will use every weapon in his armory in an intensifying attack against the church. The increasing hostility does not indicate a strengthening of demonic power; rather, it is the last, desperate effort of an adversary who realizes that he is doomed.

As the attacks of the enemy mount, let us meet them with a sense of destiny, knowing that the days of conflict are coming to an end.

Remember, too, that however fierce the battle, nothing “shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord” (Rom 8:39).

The secret is the inner experience of the cross—the joyous dedication to fulfill the will of God, whatever the cost. Our understanding of the meaning of the cross deepens as we follow our Lord, to be sure, but at any time, we should be willing to respond to all that we know of his Word. In this daily abiding, we can know the triumph of Christ. When the inner battle is won, we can face confidently the battle raging in the world around us. For “in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us” (Rom 8:37).

In the third century, Cyprian, the bishop of Carthage, wrote a letter to a friend, in which he set forth a timeless observation:

If I could ascend some high mountain and look out over this wide land, you know very well what I would see. Robbers on the high roads, pirates on the seas, in the amphitheaters men murdered to please applauding crowds, selfishness and cruelty, misery and despair under all roofs. It is a bad world—an incredibly bad world. But in the midst of it, I have found a quiet and a holy people who have learned a great secret. They are the despised and the persecuted, but they care not. They have overcome the world. These people are called Christians, and I am one of them.

Such are Christian witnesses in every age. Though buffeted by many foes, they care not, for they have overcome the world. And in that confidence, the church goes forth with a song of victory. ✠



H. C. Morrison: Remember the Old Paths

By Ronald E. Smith, PhD



\$35.95 (Hardback; 394 pages)

Based on Dr. Smith’s doctoral research at Drew University, this biography of Henry Clay Morrison will be the new standard text. Ron utilized primary sources from Morrison’s writings and interpreted them in the wider context of the historiography of American evangelicalism, as well as that of mainline Methodism. This long-awaited project demonstrates the broad and lasting influence of Morrison in perpetuating the message of holiness.

spite of how bad those days were—the fatigue, the malaise, the side effects of the medication—I felt little pain when I look back on them. I know that this is because my Lord was there with me.

Finally, God saw fit to touch me, and I began to improve, much to the amazement of my doctors. When they presented my case to a visiting liver specialist and showed him the four liver biopsies I had had over fifteen months, he could not believe that the last biopsy belonged to the same liver as the first three, the improvement was so marked.

Through all this I became aware that I was not taking advantage of all God had to offer me. I came to realize that he is in the business of making us complete, of imbuing us with the fruits of his Spirit—giving peace, and power, and poise—enabling us to make a difference in our world because we serve him. I knew there was nothing that could keep him from accomplishing this in my life except my own disobedience. 2 Chronicles 16:9 told me, “The eyes of the Lord range throughout the earth to strengthen those whose hearts are fully committed to Him.” There was only one catch—my heart must be fully committed to him, and during my illness it had become evident to me that mine wasn’t.

When I had given my life to Christ, I claimed the power of the Holy Spirit and determined to be fully committed to the Lord—at least in my head I had. But in my heart, I continued to keep one closet closed—that closet was witnessing. I just couldn’t bring myself to openly acknowledge Christ before men, even after God touched me and my health returned. Instead of having the gift of evangelism, I had the gift of self-consciousness and inferiority—vestiges of my teen years. But gradually, God gave me the strength I lacked, just as he had promised.

Each morning I would quote Galatians 1:10 as I entered the hospital, “Am I now trying to win the approval of men, or of God?” I began wearing an “Ichthus” tie—even that was hard. I carried a New Testament in my pocket, and I began prescribing Bible reading and prayer to my patients who complained of anxiety or insomnia. I gave out the “Four Spiritual Laws” to selected patients. Then, at last, God gave me a man to share my faith with—someone he knew wouldn’t intimidate me.

He was a patient with an inoperable cancer of the tongue and couldn’t speak a word without pain. In the back of my mind, I realized that even if he objected to my witnessing, he wouldn’t say very much. But, to my amazement, he was receptive. Toward the end he suffered greatly; but as death approached, he emanated a spirit of only peace and confidence, because he knew Whom he was going to meet.

After his passing, instead of that impotent feeling doctors experience when they lose a patient—especially one who has become a friend—I had a surprising sense of fulfillment, even completeness. I was about my Father’s business, and this was more important than anything I could ever hope to accomplish.. ✠

“Am I now trying to win the approval of human beings, or of God? Or am I trying to please people? If I were still trying to please people, I would not be a servant of Christ.”

—Galatians 1:10

For one hundred years ATS has held out this shining banner to its students and to the world. It has insisted that ministers of the gospel can never fulfill their calling if they have not confronted their own self-centered will, died to that will, and allowed God to fill them with the Spirit of Christ. It has held forth before a fallen world the good news that the blood of Christ can cleanse us from *all* sin.

But this truth that we can be made objectively Christlike, truly holy as he is, and filled with love as he is, has been subject to ridicule, more so as the years have passed. It has been said that Wesley, and the American Holiness movement, and we Asburians, have taught “sinless perfection,” that you can arrive at a place where it is impossible for you to sin, that you can come to a place where you are “finished” and need only wait to die. No, they did not, nor do we, teach that. What they did teach is that it is possible for a person not to commit intentional sin. To be sure, any deviation from God’s absolute perfection requires atonement, and all persons, including the most holy, are liable to commit sins of ignorance, or unintention. Furthermore, the holiest of us still retains that capacity to commit intentional sins, but the good news is that we don’t have to, and indeed, while recognizing our culpability for unintentional and ignorant sins, and asking God to help us grow past these, we can still lay our heads on our pillows at night with a clear conscience.

Just as core holiness teaching recognizes a distinction between intentional and unintentional sin, it recognizes another centrally important issue, namely, that while there are sins, with a small “s,” there is also Sin, with a capital “S.” The blood of Christ has power to deal with both, but if he is only allowed to deal with the first, the Christian is going to live a defeated life. “Sins” refers to actions which violate God’s creation order. They separate us from God and require forgiveness. But what is it that causes us to commit these violations? It is Sin, that attitude within us that Paul called “the flesh,” that is an enemy of God, insisting on its own way at all costs. If the sins are dealt with, but the Sin is not, we will, of course, keep committing sins and having constantly to crawl back to the Savior filled with regrets. But if, in a great crisis of surrender, we allow the Holy Spirit to put to death Sin, our rebellious will, and to align our hearts with his, the thought of violating his will will become hateful to us and we will be enabled not to commit sins. Will that commission still be possible? Oh, yes, and if we should, we will still need to repent, confess, and believe Christ for forgiveness. But sin every day in thought, word, and deed? Live lives that are indistinguishable from the lost about us? Never!

As the Seminary has taught these truths, it has also taught another inescapable one. A crisis moment in which the Holy Spirit makes a person’s will truly one with God’s will is not the end of holiness. Rather, in many ways, it is the beginning. Now the Holy Spirit, in his program of renovation, no longer comes up against the stone wall of Sin, the unsundered will. Now he is free to address all those matters of character and personality which have become ingrained and are detrimental to God’s character and nature. Now true growing up becomes possible; we are no longer locked into some endless cycle of adolescence, a cycle where all too many Christians find themselves today.

So has holiness teaching, as Asbury has espoused it, been open to misunderstanding and misrepresentation, sometimes by even its proponents? Oh, yes, and that means that we must make every effort to be clear in our own thinking and proclamation. But surrender it? Never! This is the great good news of the gospel. Be forgiven, be assured of heaven? Yes! But forgiven and assured for what? For a life-long, yea, eternity-long, walk with God in which every impediment to knowing him and imitating him and replicating his character is removed from us, and we are brought *now* to be more and more all we were ever meant to be in our God. “Be holy, for I am holy” is what he said. ✠

This Day with the Master

Dennis F. Kinlaw



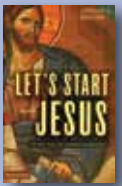
\$14.95 (Hardback; 416 pages)

In today's busy world, it's difficult to discern the presence of God or understand what He is saying to us. Even if we set aside a "quiet time" to read the Bible and pray, it may seem that God is silent and His presence eludes us. These meditations explain how other people have searched for a more intimate relationship with God. Here we read the stories of Abraham and Sarah, Moses and Joshua, King David and King Solomon, and generations of other people who have looked for God in times of quiet solitude.

This book is also available as an Amazon Kindle ebook.

Let's Start with Jesus

Dennis F. Kinlaw



\$15.95 (Paperback; 176 pages)

So often, we begin the process of theological formulation not with the person of Jesus, but rather, with philosophical arguments about God's existence and logical constructions to determine God's nature. How would our understanding be affected if we instead took Jesus as our starting point for theology? That's precisely what Dr. Kinlaw does in *Let's Start with Jesus*.

An Appeal for Monthly Donors

Charlie Fiskeaux, Special Assistant to the President for Financial Affairs

"For we are God's fellow workers..." (1 Cor 3:9 NKJV).

Do you want to be involved in a ministry that makes a difference in persons' lives? When you support the Francis Asbury Society, you are serving as a "fellow worker" for our Lord; perhaps not publicly visible, but still critically important. Your participation with FAS supports evangelists presenting the gospel message, authors enhancing readers' understanding of Christian values, retreat speakers encouraging those pursuing Christlikeness, and Bible teachers presenting Scriptural truth that can transform lives.

Though FAS ministries cover a broad area, there is one common denominator: the General Fund, which provides for central coordination, oversight, and administration for all ministries. For any organization, central administration is "behind the scenes" and not very glamorous. However, it is critically important as it enables our more specific ministries.

We currently have a special need for regular support of \$100/month, what we call "Leadership 100" contributions. However, if your family budget cannot accommodate that level, we remain grateful for gifts of any amount on any schedule. As the Lord leads you, please consider regularly supporting the Francis Asbury Society General Fund. Details for various methods of giving to the ministries of the Francis Asbury Society are available on our website: www.francisasburysociety.com/support.

Sign up to receive our companion e-newsletter, *Ministry Matters*, at www.francisasburysociety.com

The High Calling—January–February 2023
The High Calling is a bimonthly publication of The Francis Asbury Society to serve as a link between FAS and its constituents, building loyalty and awareness so that the teaching and experience of Christian holiness may continue to be lived and proclaimed throughout the world.
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