

THE HIGH CALLING

A PUBLICATION OF THE FRANCIS ASBURY SOCIETY

Heroes and Giants

ordinary people
following God
leaving a legacy
inspiring us
to a higher calling

part 2 of a
2-part series



Fall Renewal Conference

November 16 - 18, 2010

To Know the Love of Christ

renew your mind,
body and soul

This retreat is designed to be more than a series of lectures. There will be solid Biblical teaching, but beyond that our goal is that every participant will leave with a fresh testimony that “the life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved *me* and gave himself for *me*.”

fall renewal conference
fas ministry center
wilmore, kentucky
speakers: Dr. Dennis Kinlaw
and Dr. Joe Dongell

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THE HIGH CALLING – FALL 2010

The High Calling is published by The Francis Asbury Society, Inc., Wilmore, Kentucky. It serves as a link between FAS and its constituents and builds loyalty and awareness of the Society so that the doctrine of Scriptural Holiness may be proclaimed throughout the world. The Francis Asbury's sole purpose is to promote the teaching and experience of Christian Holiness as it is revealed in the inerrant Holy Scriptures. To accomplish this purpose, it is committed to sponsoring itinerant ministry, conferences, publishing, and the education of Christian leaders. Your contributions fund the ministries of the Society including the publishing of this magazine. Cover image istockphoto.com



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Links in the Chain

by Mark Royster

How far back can you trace your family tree? How far back can you trace your *spiritual* lineage? Even if we cannot call them by name we all have both physical and spiritual ancestors without whom we would not be here.

Christians are not created out of nothing. We each stand in a long line. No individual Christian life can be separated from God's grand narrative of making a people for Himself. We live out our little portion of God's story sandwiched between those who went before and those who will come after.

What do we have that we have not received? We come into the world indebted to those who gave us life, and without the faithfulness of thousands we would never have heard the gospel. Try to imagine what a miracle of both divine and human faithfulness you are. Who can begin to count the links in the chain that led to our salvation? We remember the heroes and the giants, but what of the unnamed souls that led the heroes to Christ? We may know who helped us in our conversion, but only in Heaven will we know whose prayers sustained us when we might have faltered or protected us from a terminal fall.

Many of you are familiar with the story of Rees Howells. He was converted under the preaching ministry of a converted Jewish businessman giving his testimony at a camp meeting. Before his conversion this businessman had been part of a thriving family-owned department store. He noticed day after day that one of his clerks was consistently cheerful, and remarked, "You're always happy, I bet you were born happy." The clerk replied, "No, until I was born again I was just as miserable as you are." That little exchange led to his conversion, and his testimony to the conversion of Rees Howells. The immediate fruit of Rees Howells' ministry in Wales, England, and later in Africa can be measured in the tens of thousands. It continues to this day.

That's how it works.

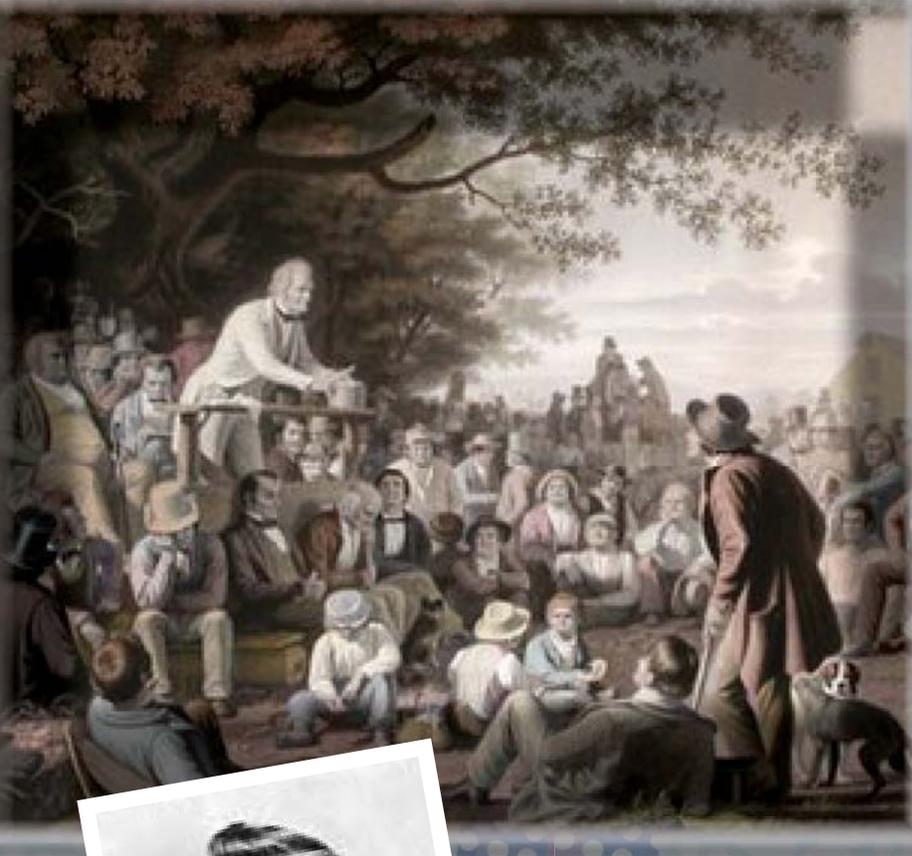
There is great joy and encouragement in looking back. God's people are told often to remember. We anchor our faith in decisive events, and we carry in our mental photo album the faces of those whose faith sparked our own. The other side of that coin is more convicting. What is our role in the lives of those who have come after us, and those who will follow them? I love these lines from the song by Nicole Nordeman:

*I want to leave a legacy
How will they remember me?
Did I choose to love? Did I point to You enough
To make a mark on things?
I want to leave an offering
A child of mercy and grace who
blessed your name unapologetically
And leave that kind of legacy*

The articles in this issue of the *High Calling* focus on this theme. Some look back with gratitude to those who went before. Others look forward to coming generations. There are many encouraging signs. Young people today are not afraid to talk about holiness. There is a genuine hunger for an authentic witness to something more than status quo faith that makes very little impact.

Let me close with these lines from the *Book of Common Prayer 1662*. This is from "The General Thanksgiving," a prayer that John Wesley probably prayed every day of his life.

And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies that we may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth thy praise not only with our lips but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service and living before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



Rev. John L. Brasher's

A "Glimpse" of

Joseph H. Smith

“**B**rother Smith,” as he chose to be called, was for nearly seventy years a preacher of full salvation, and reached the advanced age of over ninety years. The last few years he could not be active in the field, but much that was profitable came from his pen. He had been a weekly contributor to the holiness papers, and the Sunday school lessons for many years.

He called preachers, whatever their degrees, “Brother,” an endearing term, and when they wanted to give him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, he said, “No, my divinity is not sick.”

His keenness of wit and quiet humor were marked characteristics in his ministry. In his “School of the Prophets,” which he conducted at nearly all of his camp meetings, his answers were sometimes marvels in application to the questions: “Brother Smith, ought we not to preach pointedly and frequently on women’s dress?” Answer, “Not too pointedly, there is too little of it. Not too frequently, lest *they* think *we* think too much about it.” How

could the question have been answered better?

A storm swept over Sebring Camp and blew some trees on cottages. Another swept over Romeo Camp and laid a lot of great white oaks down among the cars and cottages. He was telling Brother Paul Rees and me about it, and I in all seriousness said, “Brother Smith, is that the devil, or what?” His eyes spread wide and he answered with one word, “*What?*” Then he smiled and relaxed.

He never grayed up, like Brother Morrison, of whom he was two years senior. They were in a convention in Detroit. Separate rooms were provided for them; one was a block away from the church, the other about four blocks, and of course they would have to walk to and from. The Committee looked at Brother Morrison’s white hair and said to one another, “We would better put this old man near by, and let the other have the room farther away.” It greatly amused and delighted Brother Smith, since he was older than Brother Morrison.

That convention, conducted by them for the Detroit Holiness Association, was held in what is now East Grand Boulevard Methodist Church—then *Fischer Memorial*. I was to begin a meeting at the close of the convention, and I got there ahead of time to feast on their preaching. The night before the convention closed we were all in the pastor's study before the service opened. Brother Morrison said, "Joseph, I have just been thinking—Brother Brasher is here, and is to begin a meeting day after tomorrow. I could get a train out tonight after service, and be in Louisville in the morning and look after a lot of things, and Brother Brasher could take my place tomorrow with you and get acquainted with the people." Brother Smith listened until he had made his speech, and then said, "Brother Morrison, that is purely a temptation. You will stay here and finish your work, and Brother Brasher will come on when his time comes." That was all of it. The wonder of it all was that usually, in little things like that, the "lion" would let Brother Smith treat him as if he were in third grade.

There was nothing arrogant in Brother Smith's manner or spirit, and it was wonderful how they worked together for so many years in deepest fellowship. Once when they were in a meeting, Brother Morrison preached an extra long sermon. Then on the way to their rooms Brother Smith said, playfully, "Brother Morrison, them's fine sermons you are giving us." See the drollery of the remark? Morrison said nothing. That night Brother Smith trailed on a long time. As they walked to their rooms Brother Morrison said, "Joseph, that was a fine series of sermons you gave us tonight." And thus with humor and yet withal in deepest seriousness and earnestness they journeyed on together.

Brother Morrison left for Home first. Brother Smith, almost broken-hearted, lingered on, and then quietly slipped through the door to be greeted by his old comrade. I could fill a small volume of incidents out of their fellowship together, and wish you could hear me imitate their tone and peculiarity of voice; but I must forbear, and come closer to the heart of their ministry. Brother Smith began his ministry by joining the Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a sort of missionary from Philadelphia. Then he went back to the Philadelphia Conference, in which he remained a member all the rest of his life. His health broke down early, and he was out of work until someone invited him to go to Mountain Lake Park Camp Meeting, where he preached at the earnest entreaty of the Management—Brother Updegraf in particular. From that time on he did not stop in his evangelism until age and feebleness forbade his service.

I first met him at Eaton Rapids Camp. He was a lion-like man in looks—tall, straight, large head and face, and he wore a full brown beard. The last time I saw him was in Chicago, at a convention in the Chicago Evangelistic Institute. He was tottery, but full of grace. When speaking at

that service he seemed more meditative than conscious of the audience. However, his meditation was instructive and a blessing. We all beheld him as if we must not miss a word, for we should hear him no more.

When he went on the platform to preach, or simply to wait upon the service, he always looked to see where "Sister Smith," as he called her, was located; and after their mutual recognition he gave close attention to the service or the sermon.

As a preacher he was an expositor. His messages were much simpler and clearer to the average mind as he grew older in the ministry. In his great sermons on great occasions, I used to think of him as a great ship out on the high seas: now it looked high, then down in the trough of the ocean, almost out of sight, now a little higher and nearer, and after a while he came into port with flags flying and a full cargo of heavenly freight and goods. It was amazing what he carried in that vessel.

The last time I heard him preach was at Gaines, Michigan; he was sick, but he preached to a great congregation and was well-nigh exhausted. Too tired to eat his dinner, he sat on the little porch of the workers' cottage and drank a little milk. His face was aglow, as if he had been near the Shekinah glory. He quoted, as he sat there:

"Happy if with my latest breath,
I may but lisp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold! behold the Lamb!"

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In earth or hell or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."

He was a man almost uncanny in spiritual insight. "Hark, while I was preaching, I sensed someone entered the experience; now stand up and tell us about it." And it was true. Sometimes he would say, "Hark, I have a telegram," and then would say what it was; and someone would confirm it there or privately.

He loved me and proved it abundantly. The Lord bless his memory, and bless his faithful wife, who unfalteringly pursues her Christian way.

He told me he had traveled in his ministry a million two hundred fifty thousand miles. At the earnest request and command of his brethren he was elected and served a while as president of the National Holiness Association. But he did not like office. His passion was not administration but the opening of "The Scriptures," as he was wont to call the Bible. It will be great to see him again.





Four Words

Holiness Unto the Lord

by Mark Royster

Editor's Note: This article was originally written in 2007 for the *Asbury College Alumni* magazine. Though many of our readers have not seen Hughes Auditorium, the point will be clear enough: we should not underestimate the power of heroic voices speaking silently in architecture and sacred space.

HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD

Those four words are the most prominent feature of Hughes Auditorium, and as all Asbury College alumni know, they leave an indelible mark on one's life. The impact may be gradual, almost subconscious, like slow-acting yeast fermenting over time. Or it may be explosively immediate, taking one by surprise as it did Richard Halverson, former Chaplain of the United States Senate.

Halverson was invited to speak during the 1990 centennial celebrations. Arriving on campus the evening before, he quietly slipped into the choir concert just starting in the chapel. "The music was absolutely thrilling," he later wrote, "but my attention was gripped even more by the inscription: 'Holiness Unto the Lord.'" When the program finished, Halverson told his host, "I don't know if I can preach in an atmosphere like this."

The following morning's program was formal, with the faculty robed and hooded. As he approached the pulpit, Halverson turned his back on the audience, lifted his eyes toward the ceiling and began to sing, "Holy, Holy, Holy."

Was this sentimentality, showmanship, nostalgia? Doesn't this kind of behavior confuse the categories of church and academy? What does "Holiness Unto the Lord" have to do with the pursuit of academic excellence?

To be logically consistent, worship must be the center of an authentically Christian education. Chapel at Asbury College was not simply a way of honoring our heritage, but the inevitable by-product of taking seriously the doctrine of creation. The world we studied in the classroom is a created world. All the arts and sciences trace back to one Source. The biology student encounters the Creator of heaven and earth. The historian sees the Lord of human events. The English major gains deeper insight into the Eternal Word. The psychologist and sociologist meet the One who understands the mysteries of mind and soul, who made us in His image, and who became one of us, fully human. And each new insight calls us to deeper worship.

Acknowledging the Creator in our studies and our worship makes sense. But why "*Holiness unto the Lord*?" The simplest answer is, because that is who He is. If we want our



thinking to be clear and our worship sound, "in spirit and in truth," we must tune them both to the most comprehensive, essential description of God's character. Before Yahweh created, He was the Holy One, and His character pervades everything He does. In all that He created there is the implicit invitation to learn more of who He really is. When we affirm God's holiness in study or in worship, we start at the beginning; we put first things first.

In preparation for this article I interviewed Erin Caulder, at that time a freshman at Asbury. I asked her what those four words mean to her. She replied:

To me, "Holiness Unto The Lord" is a reminder of my purpose in being at Asbury. It is the essence of the Christian faith. Holiness is an active thing, important at work and in play. It is so much more than a theological term or code of behavior. It is living for Christ, through Christ, in everything, surrendered to him.

What remarkable insight from a first-semester freshman! She has grasped the universal scope of what for me, at her age, was often narrowly confined to the "dos and don'ts" of a difficult tradition. As a freshman sitting in the balcony in 1977, I never imagined how much ground those four words cover.

I asked Erin if she thought those four words limit what could be done in Hughes Auditorium. She replied:

Yes, but only so far as they limit what should be done in our lives. The words are a reminder of God's call, and that is not limited to any building. We strive to keep Hughes sacred, but we also strive to keep ourselves sacred. The limit is on the heart of whatever activity is going on. It is wonderful that we have Artist Series and other events in Hughes because there can be holiness in art and community as well as chapel. We only reach the limit when something does not honor God.

When we catch glimpses of God, we are moved to respond. But there is a problem. How can we, as we are, honor Him? Like Isaiah, dazzled by God's glory and entranced by the cherubim's song, we too feel our unworthiness. God's purity always reveals our stains. This is not a judgmental condemnation; it's just what happens. In the presence of His love and truth, we see what we wish could stay hidden, and we know that nothing we do rises to the standard of those four words.

If that were the whole story, then those four words would bring only despair or denial. Or they might drive us into hiding, eager to keep a safe distance: "God is Holy and I am not. The best I can hope for is somehow to escape His wrath."

Fortunately, avoiding the wrath of a holy sovereign is not the best we can hope for. We were designed by our Creator not to be excluded by His holiness, but included in its fullness. He created us permeable to His holiness, permeable to Himself. We can never generate any holiness of our own, and every attempt produces ugly, toxic counterfeits. But God longs to share His holiness, His life and His love with us; and He is able to make them flow through us to others.

God is eager to help us remove anything that blocks the flow of His sanctifying grace. He wants to help us get to the heart of the matter. In his masterpiece, *Christian Holiness*, Anglican Bishop Stephen Neill wrote this:

Each of us is from his birth the centre of his own universe. From this central vantage point we can entertain an idea of God, and discuss the varieties of religious experience. But as long as we remain at that point we are self-excluded from any living experience of the reality of God. Encounter with the Holy, as we have seen in Jesus and His followers demands total self-abandonment.

Being the center of our own universe certainly does come naturally, but most of us in our honest moments would prefer an alternative. Few reach middle age without learning painfully the limitations of our own lordship. We long for something better.

Recently leaders of prominent churches with no links to the Asbury tradition have been asking, "Isn't there

more to the Christian life than this?" Across the wider Christian landscape folks are talking about holiness with sincerity, without a smirk or a wink.

In this spiritual climate we who spent four years at Asbury are uniquely blessed. Like the *Mona Lisa's* eyes, those four words followed us even after we left campus. If we have wandered, they mark the way back home. To those who ask, we can say, "Yes, there is something more, and it is beautiful because *He* is beautiful; and He is here, holy, loving and accessible."

But affirmation is not enough. As Richard Halverson observed, "This generation of youth desperately needs to see holiness. Not superficial piety, but authentic Christlikeness."

I asked Erin if she thought those four words should be removed in some future remodeling plan. She responded firmly:

Absolutely not! They remind us of exactly what we are called to. We are called to holiness, because we are called to be like Jesus. I can't think of one good reason not to remind ourselves of that every day, hour, and minute. We could write it on every building on campus, and still need to be reminded more.

The Francis Asbury Society



These are exciting times at FAS. Please keep us in your prayers as many changes will be occurring in the next couple of months:

- Moving into the new FAS Ministry Center
- New staff members joining the team
- Development of the FAS website. Key changes will include a completely new design, improved bookstore navigation, and a home page where you will daily find fresh information (with space for your comments!), including more frequent updates from our many ministry outlets.
- Our first conference (Fall Renewal) is scheduled to be held in the new building

Finding My *Father's* Will

by Ben Hughes

I know it's unoriginal, but it's a fact: I was raised in a Christian home.

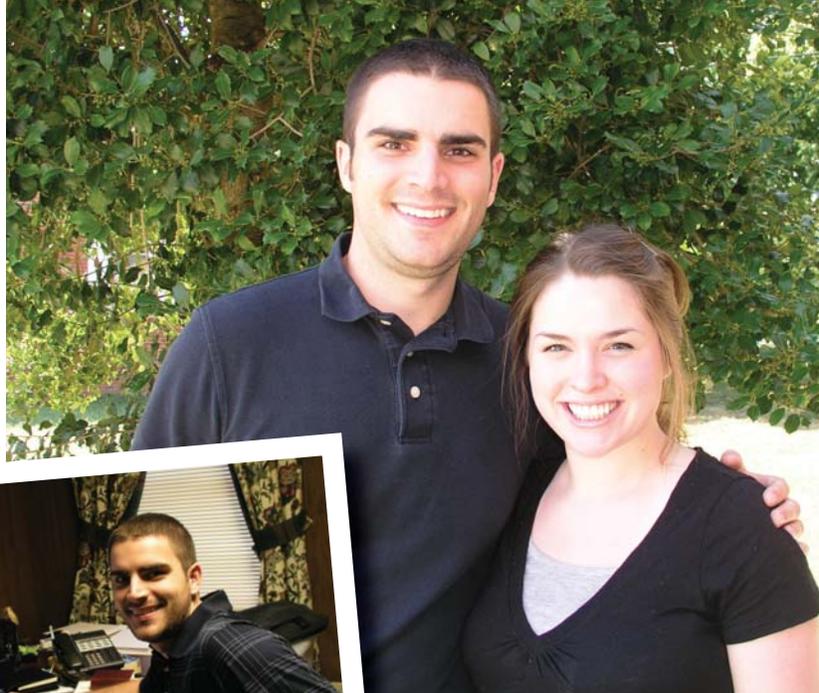
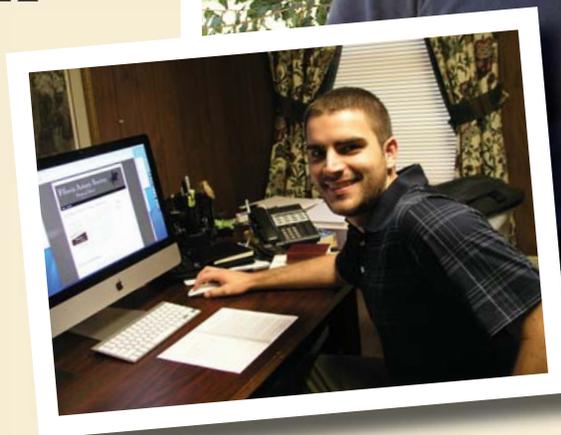
Mentally, I affirmed everything my dad, Bill, spoke from his weekly Methodist pulpit. I remember as a six-year-old asking Jesus to "come into my heart and forgive my sins." My life was simple; I loved my parents, they loved each other, and poured their life into raising me and my three siblings.

In the summer of 1996, when I had just turned ten, my dad was appointed to a church in Lexington. I was too young to have put down strong relational roots in Florence, so I was neither unhappy nor bitter at our move. Mercifully the Lord kept a love for my family in my heart strong enough to cause me to place priority on our family values and thus walk free from many possible sins.

When youth group age came upon me, I could be found in the youth room Sunday and Wednesday nights fumbling nervously around attractive girls trying to emulate the high school guys. My faith was apparent only because of my lineage, having nothing to do with my personal relationship with God. I was an apathetic pushover, following guidelines I could neither name nor defend. I knew the religion, but not the God of my father.

Men have endured great punishment only to fall back into the same vices. In tenth grade, I realized that following guidelines without desiring them is in fact more miserable than being punished for ignoring them. At this point of realization, I could have gone one of two ways, either rebelling against my parents, or accepting the fact that I was an ignorant kid who had no idea what obedience was. By the grace of God I chose the latter.

I'm not sure I could precisely locate the moment of my salvation, but I know that I have repented of a life of dead, inherited religion and have heard the master call my name to follow him. He himself has captured my singular attention.

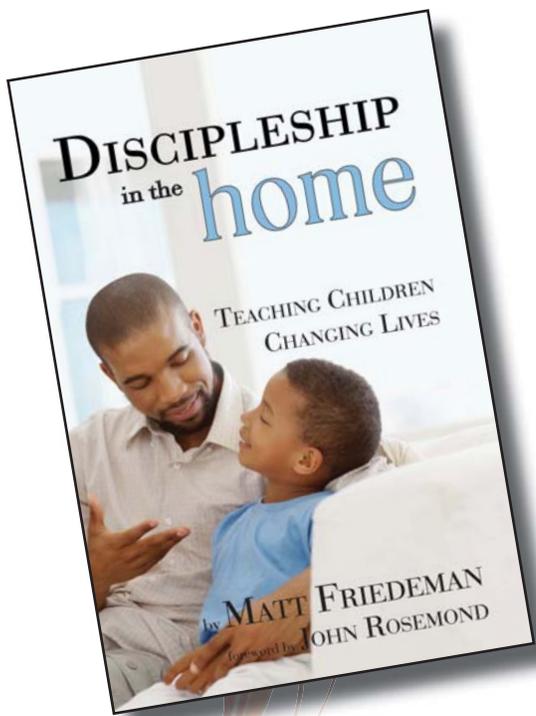


I don't know what it's like to be instantly, radically saved from a life of sin. I don't know what it's like to grow up in an abusive home or without loving parents. I have never doubted God, rejected my parents (for more than a hasty ten minutes followed by guilty apologies), or gone the way of the prodigal son. I can say, though, that even the best parents (including our heavenly Father) can only point a child in the right direction. The Israelites had the direct word of the Lord through Moses, a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, but most of them still died not having tasted the milk and honey of the Promised Land.

My primary testimony, my burning bush revelation, is that there is no love in perfunctory obedience or intellectual assent. I have come to know that God is not looking for people to do what he says as animals driven by instinct, but who do what he says because they want to, driven by the fire he puts in their hearts. The example is Christ, who in perfect love and obedience did nothing outside of the Father's will. His life, *the* eternal life, is now possible, by the Holy Spirit, in *anyone* who is willing to trade their own for it.

During my time at FAS, I am looking forward to seeing many people touched by the truth that touched me, that the Spirit of Jesus, the faithful Son, can cleanse and transform the heart to truly want what the Father wants.

Ben graduated from Asbury College in 2008 with a degree in English. He and his wife, Emily, have been married just over a year and are expecting their first child at the end of January. They met at their church, Lexington Christian Fellowship, where they remain active in ministry to the city of Lexington, especially on campus at the University of Kentucky.



Just published
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Paperback, 184 pages
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DISCIPLESHIP in the home

by Matt Friedeman

Topics include:

- Making Disciples in the Family
- Changing the World in and through the Family
- A Picture of Your Disciple, Your Child
- The Dinner Table and Other Rituals: A Key Venue for Disciplemaking
- Expecting the Best
- Television
- Discipline = Love + Righteousness
- Jesus — the Obvious Holy Parenting Style

spoken or not, children hear dad say ...

Follow me



American Family Association Journal editor Randall Murphree interviewed Matt Friedeman regarding his assessment of fatherhood in our culture today. Friedeman is a professor at Wesley Biblical Seminary in Jackson, Mississippi, radio host on American Family Radio and author of *Life Changing Bible Study* and *Discipleship in the Home*.

Randall Murphree: *How has the father's role in the family changed in American culture over the past two generations?*

Matt Friedeman: We are reaping the whirlwind of the breakdown of the traditional family. Since the early 1960s, any lay observer and certainly the serious researcher can see how the church has lost membership, crime has skyrocketed, education has suffered, sexually transmitted diseases are epidemic, societal and familial dysfunction is rampant – we are just flat in a mess. The main driver behind “the mess” is the incidence of out-of-wedlock births. Today in my state, over half the babies are born to a mother-only constellation,

and among African-Americans it is above 80%. In the 1960s, researchers would not have believed it could happen. Today, it is normalized. Add the rapid increase of divorce over the last few decades and the result is stunning. The huge increases in social digression since 1960 come largely from the children of family breakdown. We made a deal with young unmarried mothers in President Lyndon Johnson's Great Society: Have a baby out of wedlock, and the government will give you money. Have more kids, we will give you more money. And the only way to turn off the spigot of funds is to (1) get married or (2) get a job. Our young people having babies outside marriage figured out

that system in a hurry, and one wonders if our nation will ever recover. Fathers have thus been marginalized and have marginalized themselves in this culture. The Great Society and the ensuing damage is the major culprit. But if the laws of the land only reflect the culture at large, as some would suggest, then the church too often stood by and let the culture slide to where we considered such egregious laws allowable. Added to this general degradation of family life and fatherhood, the influence of popular culture precipitates further breakdown. On average, we evangelicals pump the popular culture into our homes via television for 4-8 hours a day.

Randall Murphree: *Sounds like a bleak assessment.*

Matt Friedeman: Well, if the church is willing to have the blame laid at our feet (and we should be), the good news is we are the major change agents in making it right again. The decision is ours. If the problem was our fault, we can be a major part of the solution. Someone once told of a store where some wisecracks slipped in and changed all the prices on the items on the shelves. So – the rubber ball had the price tag of a speedboat, and the speedboat the price tag of a baseball mitt. Next day, as people started filing through the check-out line, confusion reigned. Who switched the price tags? That question is a pertinent one for our culture. And the church should, first with its own members and then increasingly with the culture at large, start getting the price tags right.

Randall Murphree: *What are the ramifications of these changes for our nation's future?*

Matt Friedeman: Years ago at my 20th high school reunion, a friend looked around at the circle of people who were in discussion and said, “You know, you can tell who in this class had solid parents, and who didn’t.” We all stopped, pondered and realized how right he was; solid parents had produced relatively solid kids while other of our classmates seemed almost wired for failure, grief, heartbreak and discouragement. God can redeem anyone, but it seems He has a lot of extra work in the absence of parents who are committed in marriage and devoted to rearing their kids, and who exhibit adequate amounts of love, discipline and family solidarity. Local churches need to regain the sense of where families are and where they need to be.

Randall Murphree: *What is one thing you've done well that you would recommend to other families?*

Matt Friedeman: When our oldest child, Caleb, was a year-and-a-half old, I brought home some research from one of James Dobson's books that suggested that if you hadn't done certain things by 18 months in the child's life, well, you had really missed it. I started reading the list to my wife Mary and she told me, “Stop reading, I don't want to hear it.” But

we decided right then to get out a piece of paper and write down what we wanted our children to be like by age 18. What measurable qualities and characteristics should we work to instill in them? We call it our “Age 18 List.” That simple exercise gave our family direction. It told us the things we needed to change to become the kind of parents our children needed in order to become the people we felt God wanted them to be.

Randall Murphree: *What kinds of things were on the list?*

Matt Friedeman: Lots of things. For instance, we wanted them to give their lives to Jesus and be open to ministry as a vocation. We wanted all of them to play an instrument. We wanted them to know Latin, Greek and Hebrew. We wanted them to be athletic but not to be overly enamored with spectator sports. We wanted them to minister to the needy. We wanted them to be virgins when they married and to wed holy spouses for the glory of God. We wanted them to love their church. That's only a few. But as we set our sights on these things and created a culture of love and discipline in our home, God worked in all of our lives.

Randall Murphree: *What's the difference between being dad to sons and to daughters?*

Matt Friedeman: My family of origin had four boys and a girl. So I don't pretend to be an expert on females. Interestingly enough, I prayed to God for boys. Why? From junior high through the present day, I have seen dozens of godly young ladies choose less-than-godly men for company and for marriage because they couldn't find manly, holy men. It broke my heart and still breaks it. So, I told God that if He would give me boys, I would raise them for holy matrimony for those godly girls he wants them to marry. Mary and I have five sons and one daughter. Hannah has added so much to our family. She brings that feminine presence that makes our boys even more the young men they were meant to be. She has softened up her dad (but not to the point where she can't be disciplined, which is rarely needed). I love her so very much, and hope that another dad out there prayed that he might have a boy to raise for God's glory and for her hand in marriage.

Randall Murphree: *How do fathers bring families back to a biblical foundation?*

Matt Friedeman: Teach them the Bible. And it is primarily the father's job. When Caleb was eight (he's now 19), I asked him some theological questions that any son of a seminary professor should know. He was an incredibly bright child and knew all the biblical stories, but he didn't have a clue about theology. So I decided to write a catechism that we could teach to him and his siblings, to instill basic biblical and theological literacy. Mealtimes are substantial for our family. Years ago, we learned that as the Jews went into exile, they decided that without a temple, the home should become their holy place

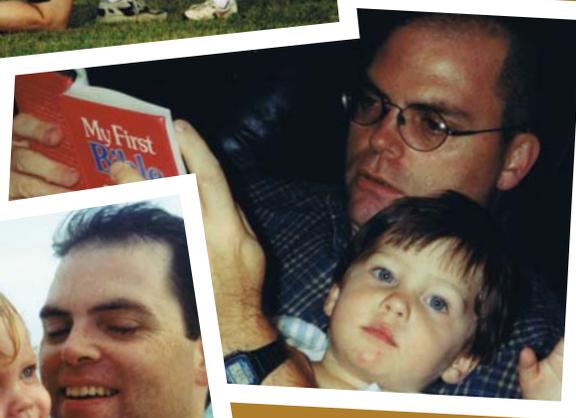
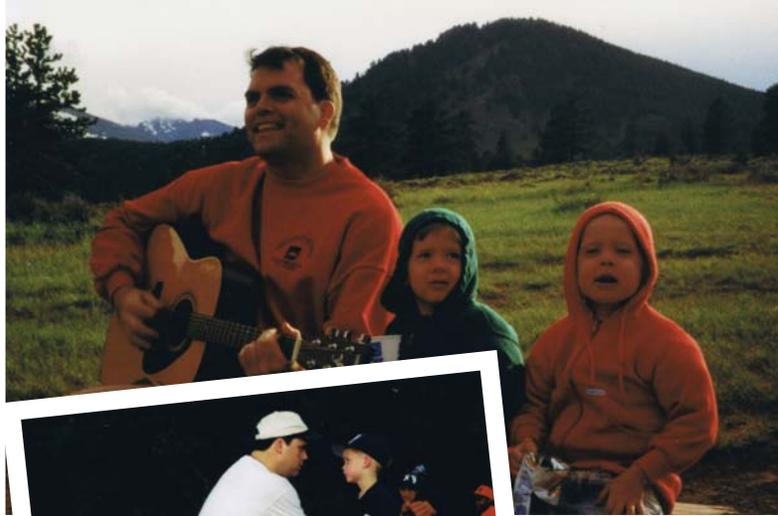
and the dinner table would be the altar. That is where they taught their children faith. So we picked up on that. This is what we do: As we gather at the table, I read aloud a selection from C.S. Lewis or another great Christian author, or a missionary story. Then we sing a hymn together. (We bought hymn books for every member of the family.) Next, we review a section from the catechism. Then we recite together a memorized portion of both the Old and the New Testaments followed by a creed (Apostles, Nicene or Athanasian) or one of several famous lengthy Christian quotations we have learned. Lastly, we recite a famous prayer of one of the saints, and then we pray for our meal. That daily practice keeps the biblical worldview refreshed.

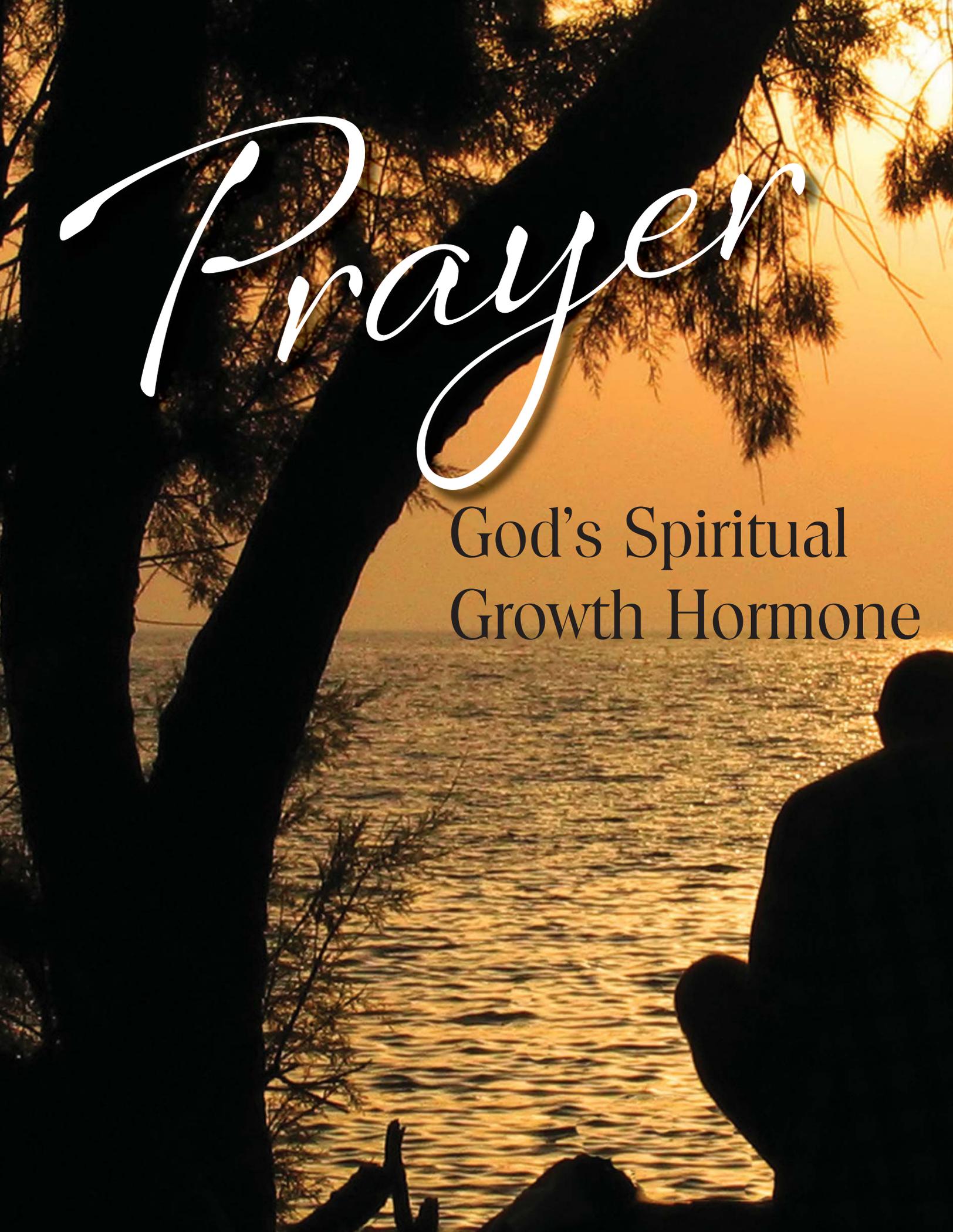
Randall Murphree: *How does a dad teach his children values?*

Matt Friedeman: Basic principle – just because your culture does it, doesn't mean you have to. The culture says to shuffle off your kids to school. We homeschool. The culture says have multiple TVs in your home. We have none. The culture says experiment with dating and sex before marriage. We practice courtship and teach that the first kiss either party should experience is at the marriage altar. The list goes on. The word in the biblical Hebrew for holy is *qadosh*. It means, basically, different. We need to be different than the world around us. Pollster George Barna suggests we who claim a relationship with Jesus are negligibly different in practice than the world around us. Christian families need to ask today, are we biblically and substantially different than other families who don't know the Lord? Too often, we are not.

Randall Murphree: *How does a dad teach children to have an impact on our culture?*

Matt Friedeman: For Christ, the two operative words for disciplinmaking were "Follow Me." You see those words dozens of times in the Gospels. It is true for parents. Whether or not parents ever actually say "Follow me," they communicate it just by being Mom or Dad. And children generally do follow. Jesus called disciples to Himself and then led them into a world to preach, teach, heal and take on the demons. The point for fathers is that disciplinmaking, which fatherhood is, means going out to the abortion clinic to counsel, or to the prison to preach, or to the nursing home to minister, or to the inner city to build low cost housing – and taking your kids with you. Children learn by what they see modeled and internalize godly counsel that is enflashed. The world won't be changed unless we intersect with it; our children won't know they are supposed compassionately to challenge culture unless they do it with us and see the model.



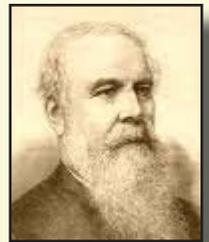
A person is shown in silhouette, sitting on a log by the edge of a body of water. The scene is set at sunset, with the sky and water reflecting a warm, golden light. A large, dark tree trunk is visible in the foreground on the left side of the frame. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

Prayer

God's Spiritual
Growth Hormone

diligence in prayer is the secret of holiness

Editor's note: The following article is a portion taken from a small book titled, Call to Prayer, by Rev. J.C. Ryle. Bishop Ryle lived from 1816-1900 and was a champion of evangelicalism within the Church of England. He was a powerful preacher and a prolific writer. His book, Holiness, remains a standard to this day in Anglican circles. Much of his work is available on the internet (<http://www.gracegems.org/Ryle/books.htm>) and in print.



Rev. J. C. Ryle

Do you pray? I ask because diligence in prayer is the secret of holiness.

Without controversy there is a vast difference among true Christians. There is an immense interval between the foremost and the hindermost in the army of God. They are all fighting the same good fight but how much more valiantly some fight than others. They are all doing the Lord's work but how much more some do than others. They are all light in the Lord but how much more brightly some shine than others. They are all running the same race but how much faster some get on than others. They all love the same Lord and Saviour but how much more some love him than others. I ask any true Christian whether this is not the case. Are not these things so?

There are some of the Lord's people who seem never able to get on from the time of their conversion. They are born again, but they remain babes all their lives. You hear from them the same old experience. You notice in

them the same want of spiritual appetite, the same want of interest in any thing beyond their own little circle, which you observed ten years ago. They are pilgrims, indeed, but pilgrims like the Gibeonites of old; their bread is always dry and moldy, their shoes always old, and their garments always rent and torn. I say this with sorrow and grief but I ask any real Christian, Is it not true?

There are others of the Lord's people who seem to be always advancing. They grow like the grass after rain; they increase like Israel in Egypt; they press on like Gideon, though sometimes faint, yet always pursuing. They are ever adding grace to grace, and faith to faith, and strength to strength. Every time you meet them their hearts seem larger, and their spiritual stature taller and stronger. Every year they appear to see more, and know more, and believe more, and feel more in their religion. They not only have good works to prove the reality of their faith, but they are zealous of them. They not only do well, but they are unwearied in well-doing. They attempt great

things, and they do great things. When they fail they try again, and when they fall they are soon up again. These are those who make religion lovely and beautiful in the eyes of all. They wrest praise even from the unconverted and win golden opinions even from the selfish men of the world. It does one good to see, to be with, and to hear them. When you meet them, you could believe that like Moses, they had just come out from the presence of God. When you part from them, you feel warmed by their company, as if your soul had been near a fire.

Now how can we account for the difference which I have just described? What is the reason that some believers are so much brighter and holier than others? I believe the difference, in nineteen cases out of twenty, arises from different habits about private prayer. I believe that those who are not eminently holy pray little, and those who are eminently holy pray much.

I dare say this opinion will startle some readers. I have little doubt that many look on evident holiness as a kind of special gift, which none but a few must pretend to aim at. They admire it at a distance in books. They think it beautiful when they see an example near themselves. But as to its being a thing within the reach of any but a very few, such a notion never seems to enter their minds. In short, they consider it a kind of monopoly granted to a few favored believers, but certainly not to all.

Now I believe that this is a most dangerous mistake. I believe that spiritual as well as natural greatness depends in a high degree on the faithful use of means within everybody's reach. Of course I do not say we have a right to expect a miraculous grant of intellectual gifts; but this

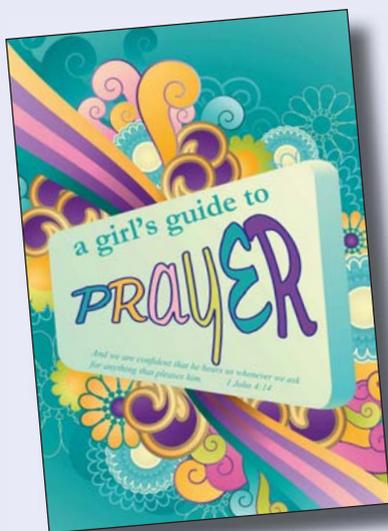
I do say, that when a man is once converted to God, his progress in holiness will be much in accordance with his own diligence in the use of God's appointed means. And I assert confidently that the principal means by which most believers have become great in the church of Christ is the habit of diligent private prayer.

Look through the lives of the brightest and best of God's servants, whether in the Bible or elsewhere. See what is written of Moses and David and Daniel and Paul. Mark what is recorded of Luther and Bradford the Reformers. Observe what is related of the private devotions of Whitefield and Cecil and Venn and Bickersteth and M'Cheyne. Tell me of one of all the goodly fellowship of saints and martyrs, who has not had this mark most prominently—he was a man of prayer. Depend upon it, prayer is power.

Prayer obtains fresh and continued outpourings of the Spirit. He alone begins the work of grace in a man's heart. He alone can carry it forward and make it prosper. But the Holy Spirit loves to be entreated. And those who ask most will have most of His influence.

Prayer is the surest remedy against the devil and besetting sins. That sin will never stand firm which is heartily prayed against. That devil will never long keep dominion over us which we beseech the Lord to cast forth. But then we must spread out all our case before our heavenly Physician, if he is to give us daily relief.

Do you wish to grow in grace and be a devoted Christian? Be very sure, if you wish it, you could not have a more important question than this—Do you pray?



A Girl's Guide to Prayer just published!

A Girl's Guide to Prayer is an exciting resource to encourage girls to begin or deepen their daily prayer life. Written for girls ages 8 - 12, it is applicable for girls of all ages with engaging stories and discussion questions as well as journaling pages. It is a great tool for daily quiet times and also small group discussions on prayer. \$5.99 each.

www.tituswomensministry.org

Billy Davis

by D. Michael Henderson



This past summer, my wife Martha and I were the missionary speakers at Beulah Holiness Camp Meeting in Eldorado, Illinois. This is my “home camp.” I grew up here. I was born seven miles from here. My parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts and cousins all attended “Eldorado Camp” and were part of its leadership. In fact, Martha and I were housed in the “Bill and Jean Henderson Missionary Cottage,” named for my parents. Now I was returning to represent our mission, Heart of Africa.

For me, coming back to Beulah was like Jacob’s return to Bethel—the place he had wrestled with God and where the compass of his life was set.

Before the congregation arrived for the first

service, I stood on the platform in the empty tabernacle and reminisced about the great preachers I had heard from this pulpit: John R. Church, Howard Sweetin, Ford Philpot, John Paul, Paul Rees, Samuel Doctorian, J.R. Parker, Gilbert Williams, and many more. Yes, they were powerful speakers, and I’m sure their messages had an impact on me. However, they were not really models for me, because I never had a desire or calling to be a pulpiteer.

One afternoon during camp, I was sitting in my Aunt Suzy Lippman’s cottage, thumbing through her collection of old camp meeting brochures. One of the flyers from the mid-1950’s contained the photo of that year’s missionary speaker: Billy Davis, Methodist missionary to what was then the Belgian Congo. Yes, it dawned on me, he

had been a model for me. He embodied what I hoped I could become.

Billy and Doris Davis met at Asbury College, then went out to Congo as missionaries with the Methodist Church. Billy's father, Warner P. Davis, was a well-known Methodist pastor in the Kentucky Conference. Every time the Davises came home on furlough, my father made sure they were invited to our church, our home, and our camp meeting. Their work was the cornerstone of our local church's missions program.

Billy wasn't a preacher; he was a builder of African institutions—churches, schools, hospitals, training schools for pastors. He would tell the people in my church in Fairfield, Illinois, about helping an African chief lay out the roads in his village, build proper latrines, dig wells, and clear land for an airstrip. The congregation was right there in Congo with him. They could see it, feel it, experience it. They were part of his construction team. So was I.

This made sense to me. The gospel is supposed to be good news. Is a new school and a clinic good news to Congolese villagers? You bet it is! Today I find myself in a ministry that not only helps Africans with their ministries of evangelism, discipleship, and church planting, but building their own hospitals, colleges, and communities.

Even when I was a teenager, I sensed that Billy and Doris Davis had a healthy relationship with their African colleagues. They brought District Superintendent John Mij and Bishop Onema with them to the States, and they stayed at our house. To the Davises, these African leaders were not mere agents carrying out an American vision or "trophies" of the ministry of the Methodist Church in Congo. They were partners with them in an enterprise which was far larger than any of them: the Kingdom of God. They were workers together in a global cause. It gave me a feeling that I, too, was part of a great undertaking.

My grandfather, father, and uncle were Methodist pastors in the Southern Illinois Conference. I knew the names of the key churches in my conference and thought of them as front line bases of God's work in the world, even our little corner of it. But, thanks to Billy Davis, I could also name the Methodist centers in southern Congo, like Sandoa and Mulungwishi and Katako-Kombe and Wembo-Nyama. Those stations were just as important to me as the churches in my home area.

I must admit, I was also impressed by Billy Davis' hunting stories. He was one of the few people in his area of Congo who was licensed to keep a gun, so he was often called on to track down elephants that had gone on a rampage or to shoot a hippo to feed the annual conference. I hung onto my seat when he told about tracking down a rogue bull elephant, camping close enough at night to hear its stomach rumbling, and finally bringing it down. He and Dr. Duvon Corbitt had been given a matching pair of Weatherby .300 H&H magnum hunting rifles (the right-handed one for Billy, the left-handed one for Dr. Corbitt). Billy knew I admired their craftsmanship. One deer season during my seminary years, when I was going hunting with Chuck Slemenda in Pennsylvania, Billy loaned me his rifle. Chuck still likes to tell about it: "We were all up there in Cumberland County with our little .30-30's and Henderson shows up with an African elephant gun!"

When I was a teenager, the Methodist Men's groups in our conference undertook a novel missionary project: to ship a top-quality bird dog to Billy Davis in the Congo. Mitch and Rosie Mitchell from Sesser, Illinois, (and regular attendees at Beulah Camp Meeting) raised field champion English setters. It was an incredible feat to cut through all the red tape and logistics to get this dog to Billy Davis, but the satisfaction of hearing Billy's stories about hunting with that Southern Illinois dog on the savannah of Congo was worth all the effort.

The Davises had four kids: Steve, Mark, Susan, and Lindy. I enjoyed just being around them. I still do. They're a wholesome, happy bunch, with a great love for Africa, for their African buddies, and for each other. Long before I had children of my own, I knew I wanted them to grow up like the Davis kids. And they did.

Martha and I get back to Africa several times a year now, sometimes to Congo. I can't possibly thank all the people who have helped shape our ministry, but I can acknowledge one couple who planted a love for Africa in my heart: Billy and Doris Davis.

**The African leaders
were partners with them
in an enterprise which
was far larger than
any of them:
the Kingdom of God.**



D. Michael Henderson is the founder and executive director of Heart of Africa, as well as a noted writer and conference speaker.

More and More, or In a Moment

The following is taken from *The Philosophy of Christian Experience* (1890) by Bishop Randolph S. Foster.

All along through the Christian ages there have been men and women of such saintliness as to give sanction to the most extreme views as to the possibilities of grace. Thomas á Kempis, Fenelon, Fletcher, Madame Guyon, and others dead, and some still living, might be added to the list. For more than a hundred years it has been a subject of deep interest among Christians of mystical tendencies, and especially among the Methodist family of Churches. It has undoubtedly given rise to fanaticisms and delusions in an alarming degree.

All the same, there is a great truth that must be conserved, and as far as possible rescued from the abuses to which it has become subjected. The odium that gathers about it by evil association is no excuse for its desertion. Christ, if on the gibbet, is still Christ. A jewel is still a jewel, however incrustated with base alloys. The alloys may hide the precious gem or disfigure its beauty, but cannot destroy its value. It is the task of Christian patience to remove the debasing incrustations and set it in position.

The truth to be preserved is that there is a higher experience possible to Christians than that which is attained in, and at the time of, regeneration. And this must be taught so as not to reflect discredit on regeneration on the one hand or excite fanaticism on the other, and so as to inspire aspiration after it as duty and privilege.

The possibility of enlargement is beyond question. The desire is felt by every truly regenerate soul. It may and ought to be by growth in grace day by day. It may be by sudden and overwhelming manifestations in the soul at any moment when earnestly sought. It is God more and more or in a moment completely filling the regenerate soul with his presence and his love, so that it effloresces in all the graces of righteousness; its love is perfect, and its peace is undisturbed.

There is such an enlargement possible, and we must believe it possible at any moment. There is no limit to the possibilities of grace short of perfect love which

keeps perpetual sunshine of God's favor. The limits are in ourselves. God wills that his people should be a holy people; that every facet of the saved soul should reflect his image; that the seed of life implanted in it should grow to a tree of righteousness, every bough of which should come to perfect fruitage. For this he would have each soul filled with the glory and joy of his presence—a sacred temple, all of whose recesses are undefiled. We are sure that this is so. There is no Christian soul that does not feel that it is so. It is the ringing cry resounding through all the corridors of every Christian soul: "Be ye holy that bear the vessels of the Lord."

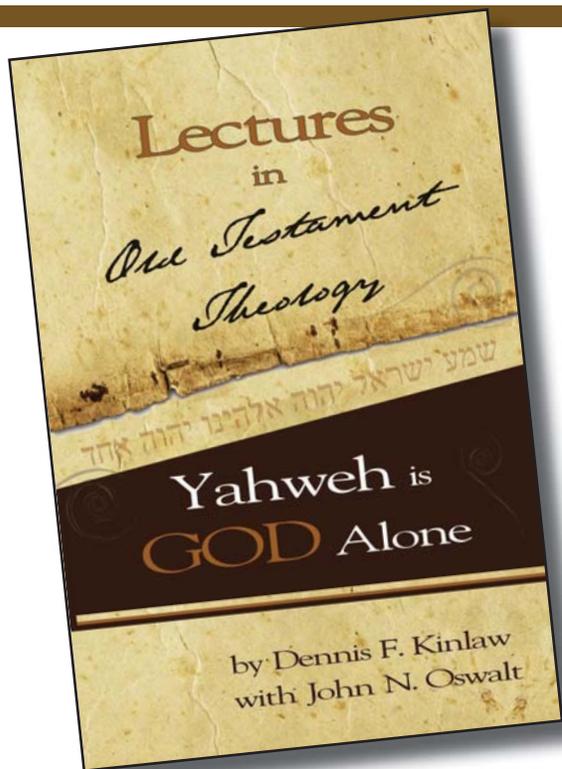
What is this higher grace? Some call it holiness; some, purity; some, sanctification; some, perfection; some, maturity. There has been much unseemly disputation over the name as well as much fanatical profession concerning the experience, and much crude and unsound teaching as to what it includes and how it is to be attained, and much ill-tempered criticism.

It answers all the ends of description to say, it is perfecting of the soul in love. Love is not simply the queen of the graces, but the mother of them all—the all-embracing. Love is the fulfilling of the law; love made perfect excludes envy, jealousy, pride, and all violent and hurtful tempers and acts; love is reverent, meek, humble, docile, patient, obedient, worketh no ill, fulfilleth all righteousness. Perfect love inspires perfect faith, courage, heroism, self-denial, casteth out all fear. God fills the soul with his love to overflowing. It thrills with gladness; it expels impurity. While it reigns, there is no place for evil thoughts, evil desires, or evil feelings. Heaven has already come.

Can it be permanent at its highest pitch? We think we are safe in saying no, as an emotion. The thrill of love and joy must be intermittent in a life like ours on earth. Other feelings must come, and for the time obscure and replace these. But as principle governing the life, we are bold to say love may and should abide moment by moment and without alloy.

R.S. Foster was born in southern Ohio in 1820. He attended Augusta College, the world's first Methodist college, but left to become a preacher at the age of seventeen. After a number of years itinerating he was sent to pastor Mulberry Street Methodist Episcopal Church in New York City. There he met Daniel Drew, whose financial backing underwrote the founding of Drew Theological Seminary. Foster served as president of Northwestern University and later taught Systematic Theology at Drew, prior to becoming Bishop in 1872. He died in 1903.

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