

# The High Calling

A Publication of the Francis Asbury Society

## From the President's Desk

*Bear one another's burdens, and in this way you will fulfill the law of Christ.*  
(Gal. 6:12 NRSV)

Several years ago, Mary and I were walking to the grocery store on a cold, windy (30-40 mph), rainy day in Scotland. We spotted an elderly lady who was obviously struggling to walk while carrying several heavy bags of groceries. She was using a cane and could barely stand up, but she needed to get to the bus stop to go home. Mary approached her first and started helping her; as she held her up on one side, I held her on the other side and took the grocery bags. They were indeed heavy, and she surely would not have made the two hundred yards to the bus stop on her own power.

It was not until afterwards that we realized the deeper significance of our actions. This is similar to what Christ does for us. He makes an exchange where He gets our burdens and we get Him. The exchange for us was that we took her external burdens (the heavy bags). We held her up so she could walk, and she had no load to carry. We literally became the burden bearers—substituting our energy and strength for her frailty—for a few minutes, while she got the benefit of a lighter walk. I think for a few minutes, all three of us co-inherited as one, in and with each other.

This is one small example of the way we all help each other in prayer and through physical actions. As we carry one another in our hearts and in our bodies in many simple instances, we become living analogues, fulfilling the law of Christ in every moment.

Thank you for the many ways you carry the ministries of FAS.

*Paul Blain*

## A Note from Ron

In the early twentieth century a missionary by the name of Paget Wilkes left record that God could do a work in a human heart to help us wholly love Christ and one another as Christ loved us. He testified that the Spirit of God made this possible for him in answer to his prayers. His testimony has been out of print for some time, but I thought it was choice enough to pass on to our FAS family.

*Ron*  
—Ron Smith  
Executive Director

## By the Spirit

*"Through sanctification of the Spirit" (1 Peter 1:2).*

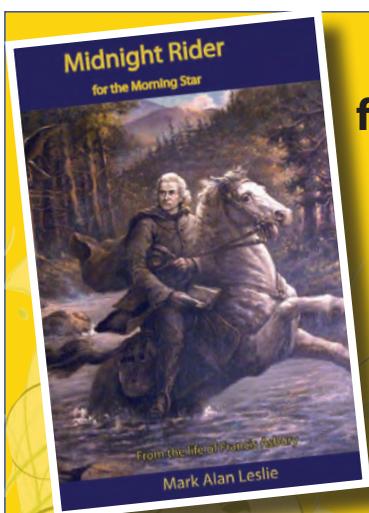
God the Father, by His calling, chastening, promising love does the work. The Lord Jesus, by His death and blood-shedding procured, provided and forever secured the "boon divine"; and yet, without the agency of the Holy Ghost—may we say it in all reverence—all this would have been in vain.

"It is expedient," said the Saviour, "that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, I will send Him unto you" (John 16:7).

Blessed, indeed, for us that it should be so; if the Saviour had remained on earth, how few of us would have seen Him; every train and ship and caravan would have been crowded with pilgrims the world over to see Jesus. How few, comparatively, of the poor would ever have gotten a glimpse of His face. But the Comforter has come that all may see the Lord. It is He that takes the things of Christ and shows them to us.

Do you say you cannot understand, you cannot grasp the meaning? How can the blood of Jesus, shed two milleniums ago cleanse my heart? How can my selfish nature be crucified with a Christ nailed to the Cross so long since? How can my diseased memory, mind and will be made whole by the lacerated body of the Christ of Calvary? To your "how," dear soul, the Lord replies, "I will send the Comforter and He shall teach you all these things." It is He who applies the blood. Listen to these exquisite lines from Charles Wesley, written one hundred and fifty years ago (many more now!):

*continued on back...*



**Midnight Rider  
for the Morning Star**  
*from the life and times  
of Francis Asbury*  
by Mark Alan Leslie  
paperback, 258 pages  
**\$14.95 SPECIAL \$10.00**  
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The great ship yawning, sounding like rope being pulled through a tight hole, helped put Francis to sleep that night. Despite

only a blanket separating him from the wooden floor beneath, he slept well, dreaming of riding a big bay horse over a hilltop. From the sky above, he saw a large hand as big as a house envelop him in protection. He felt exhilaration.

Over the next several days out to sea, Francis, Richard Wright, and the other passengers onboard ran to the railing time after time to get sick over the side of the ship. It took a while for land legs to become sea legs, and choppy seas did not help the matter. Nevertheless, Francis and Wright had made the rounds of the passengers, officers and crew of North Star, learning their stories, sharing the gospel and discovering that toughest of all were some of the crew.

Hard life? They lived it. Rough language? They spoke it. Fear of God? Few had it, regardless of the constant knowledge that, any day, disaster could sweep them twenty leagues under the sea. The first mate, Gord, in particular wanted little to do with the two churchmen. A broad, hairy-chested man with a short, salt-and-pepper beard, he scowled at Francis when Francis first offered his hand. “Keep yer God to yerself when you’s with me and we’ll git along jus fine, mate,” he declared between clenched teeth.

“My God is always on my lips, sir, so that will not happen,” Francis shot back, then smiled. “But you can plug your ears, if you like.”

Gord simply growled and walked off, shouting orders to a deck hand.

Then came Sunday morning, and it arrived with a fury. Gusting winds billowed the huge sails and whipped salt-water spray across the ship’s deck. The ocean churned great swelling waves. Captain John Turner—a good man by any reasoning, Francis felt—approached him and said, “Mister Asbury, can’t you preach another day?”

“Aye, and every day,” Francis replied. “But today, especially. It’s the Lord’s day, John. I can’t put it off.”

Turner shook his head, knowing he would make no headway with this young man. He pulled his hat down to his ears to keep it from blowing away and asked, “And you insist on standing—up here on deck?”

Francis nodded.

Turner, at least twenty years his senior, shrugged and offered, “Then I insist that we strap you to the mainmast, so’s we don’t lose you overboard.”

“Strap me in then, John, but I’m preaching today!”

Several minutes later, despite the wind, waves and the sea spray, a goodly crowd sat about the deck bundled up against the cold winds, holding onto whatever they could, including the

## Ocean Storms

by Mark Alan Leslie

Excerpt from *Midnight Rider for the Morning Star*, pp. 30-35

foremast. Francis, with Richard at his side, led them all in the singing of *Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah*.

Then, broadening his stance to steady himself, he

opened his Bible to the second chapter of Hebrews and, so as to be heard, loudly read the first three verses: “*Therefore we must give the more earnest heed to the things we have heard, lest we drift away. For if the word spoken through angels proved steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just reward, how shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation, which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed to us by those who heard Him?*”

He looked up just in time to catch a thin film of sea spray across his face. He heard scattered snickering from the ship’s crew behind him, but in the faces of the passengers gathered around, there was simply a look of puzzlement—about the scripture he had read.

“If you don’t read and meditate on the Word of God,” he declared, “you will fall away. Away from His teachings, away from His direction, away from His grace and His protection. If a tinsmith were to disregard his work for years, if a librarian were to walk away from his profession for a period of time, if a ship’s mate,” he glanced at Gord who stood at quarterdeck, “were to ignore his captain’s orders, what would happen to him?”

“He’d be made to walk the gangplank!” hollered a crewman from the rear of the gathering. Laughter erupted.

Francis laughed with them, then looked toward Captain Thomas and called out over the sound of the wind, “Is that true, Captain?”

“Maybe so,” Thomas responded, with a crooked smile.

“As with the Lord God,” Francis said, “if you ignore His teachings and if you refuse to accept Him as Lord of your life, when you die you will walk the gangplank to hell!”

“But that need not be the case. It need not be, my friends. This great salvation that you are neglecting is a free gift from God, and He will continue to extend it, freely, to you. But once you perish...”

Francis allowed that statement to have its effect on the hearts around him. A few moments later, he scanned the people and added, “For those of you who know Him, continue in Him. Unpack your Bibles. Think deeply on its parables. Read diligently its Psalms and Proverbs. Let it increase your faith. Who knows whether you will need to draw on that wisdom at a moment’s notice? Who knows when a storm will overtake your life? Do not neglect so great a gift!”

The response seemed lifeless to Francis. He saw no fruit.

Later, Francis and Richard sat on their blankets below deck. “A tough crowd, eh?” Richard said.

Francis smiled dolefully and shrugged. “I’ll preach as long as they’ll listen, Richard. God is my judge. I simply need to do my duty and leave the harvest to Him.”

He kept busy, praying, reading the Bible and other books including *Wesley’s Sermons* and Sellon’s *The Answer to Elisha Cole on the Sovereignty of God* dispelling the Calvinist argument. A week later, he



## Kinlaw's Corner

Excerpts of classic sermons by  
FAS Founder, Dennis Kinlaw

I've come to believe that the greatest theological institution in human history is the family. You can teach things in the family that can neither be taught in theological school nor in college. You see, the greatest part of the learning that ever takes place in a person's life comes before he's six. What does that say about daycare centers? I'm not saying that there shouldn't be daycare centers—there are many things you have to do in life—but you need to know what you're doing when you send your children to daycare so that you don't let a good thing damage something better than the good thing.

Now, as I've said, I'm convinced the family is the greatest educational institute. Do you know the one thing that you can learn in the family that you probably aren't going to learn anywhere else? It's that a firm, vigorous "No," with a solidly heavy authoritative hand, is not antithetical to love. Did you know that you could love somebody and say, "No"?

If a kid does not have a father and a mother who can give a firm, inexorable "No," and do it with great love, that child is going to have problems with God all his life. If he doesn't see that meeting of law and love within the family, he'll never meet it anywhere else. There's nowhere else in our society where you can get the two from the same source.

Excerpted from DK-219, *The Church as the Body of Christ*, Part 4

had an opportunity to again preach on Sunday morning.

It was a calmer sea this day. He didn't have to be strapped in, but instead fixed his back against the mizzen mast. He had discovered through his conversations with them that his listeners were ignorant of God and some were very wicked indeed. Why even come to listen to him? Entertainment? Was that his purpose here? No! It was to speak God's Word and believe that, as the Lord promised, it would "not return void."

He had merely to sow the seed in the morning and in the evening not withhold his hand; and, most importantly, trust the Lord to draw hearts to Himself.

Quoting from Second Corinthians, Francis declared, "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be reconciled to God."

Hoping instead to reach those before him, Francis indeed felt the power of truth on his own soul. An ambassador for Christ! Be reconciled to God! As an ambassador for the Lord of heavens, he was walking on foreign lands here on earth. And his job was to represent God, share His knowledge, His views, His vision for mankind, and to try to lead the citizens of this world into a new land, a heavenly country, an eternal resting place. As different countries shared treaties with one another, his job as an ambassador of Christ was to reason with men and women to sign on to a covenant with the Lord. A covenant of grace by which they need not give at all, but simply receive—receive the free gift of salvation. He wanted to show them the utter joy that that salvation brings into the heart of a sinner. But at the same time, if and when they became saved, then they were to live as ambassadors of the Holy One and, as such, whatever they said and did was a reflection on His own holiness.

"Do you utter words unworthy of Him Who created you?" Francis asked.

"Do you gossip about your fellow man?"

"Do you lurk in the dark shadows of desire for another's goods, another's houses and lands, another's spouse?"

Francis looked up and saw uneasiness stirring among some of the men. He continued on:

"Do you hold something, anything more dearly than knowing your God?"

"Do you steal from others or demand usury?"

"Do you worship at the altar of money?"

"Do you honor your mother and your father?"

"Do you ever entertain the thought of murder of a person who has been an enemy—or even desire it in your heart? For even considering such a thing is sin.

"I plead unto you this day, bow your knees to God, bow your heart to Him, come to His throne room in repentance for your sins. The blood of Christ will wash you clean and God's Holy Spirit will come upon you and create within you a new person. A person worthy to be His ambassador here on Earth. A person able to walk as He walked on this Earth."

Francis asked them all to bow their heads and repeat a prayer of repentance. After he had finished, his own spirit mourned within him, and he hungered and thirsted after entire devotion, feeling himself wanting. He himself felt ashamed of many things, which he spoke and did before God and man.

Within his spirit, he cried, "Lord, pardon my manifold defects and failures in duty!"

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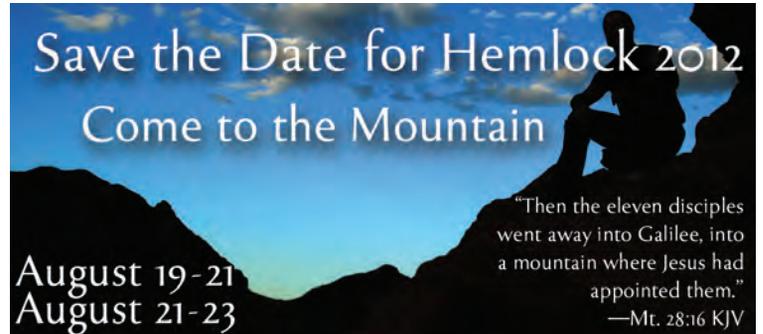
Come thou everlasting Spirit,  
 Bring to every thankful mind  
 All the Saviour's dying merit,  
 All his Sufferings for mankind.  
 True Recorder of His passion,  
 Now the living faith impart,  
 Now reveal His great salvation  
 Unto every faithful heart.  
 Come thou Witness of His dying,  
 Come Remembrance divine,  
 Let us feel thy power applying  
 Christ to every soul and mine.

What exquisite designation of His office. "True Recorder of His Passion," "Witness of His dying," "Remembrance Divine."

Yes, we are all dependent on Him. What need there is to wait upon Him—alone in our rooms! Beware of the greatest of all dangers, seeking to enter through the operation of our own understandings or struggles of our own wills—or by both; some try one way, some the other and some both. They are all equally futile. Only the Holy Ghost can show us the way and only the Holy Ghost can bring us in. If the Lord Jesus had to offer Himself through the eternal Spirit, how much more are we dependent upon His constraining,

compelling, enlightening, enabling power. As we wait upon God pleading the promises, knowing our impotence, idolatry and infidelity, let us remember He is there to help us believe, and bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

Excerpted from *Sanctification*, A. Paget Wilkes, eighth edition, 1931



### The High Calling—March/April 2012

The High Calling is a 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.

**The Francis Asbury Society**

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