



John Wesley 1703 - 1791
Charles Wesley 1707 - 1788

The Thoughts of God

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,
A point of coolness and repose
Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell
Unharmèd and unconsumèd, as in a luminous shell,
Which the bright walls of fire enclose
In breachless splendour, barrier that no foes
Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source;--
A little child might slumber undistressed,
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,
Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire,--
As we fall o'erawed
Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher
Than unredeemèd angels, till we stand
Even in the hollow of His hand,
Nay, more! we lean upon His breast--
There, there we find a point of perfect rest
And glorious safety. There we see
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace
That stoop in tenderest love; that still increase
With increase of our need; that never change,
That never fail, or falter, or forget
O pity infinite!
O royal mercy free!
O gentle climax of the depth and height
Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful,
most strange!
'For I am poor and needy, yet
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, _thinketh upon me_!'

-- Frances Ridley Havergal

JOSHUA 23:14b

And ye know in all
your hearts and in all
your souls, that not one
thing hath failed of all
the good things which
the Lord your God spake
concerning you; all are
come to pass unto you,
and not one thing hath
failed thereof.

PSALM 68:11 The Lord
gave the Word: great
was the company of
those that published it.

PSALM 102:18 This
shall be written for the
generation to come: and
the people which shall be
created shall praise the
Lord.

PSALM 119:42 So
shall I have wherewith to
answer him that
reproacheth me: for I
trust in Thy Word.

Charles & John Wesley:

The wind and rain, sleet, and hail at times was hard and shivered me to the bones, but onward I rode—rode to the next preaching session; rode on in my journey of gathering sheaves in for the King, fruit for His Kingdom.

Have you ever tried to do something that others perhaps didn't say couldn't be done, but shouldn't be done, and just wasn't the respectable thing to do? Perhaps they said you weren't called and cut out for a job as such; you weren't trained well enough and didn't have the right degrees of honour that would give you the right approval in the eyes of those looking forward to your money check for surrendering to their form of education?

Well, I had to buck many a tide in my day, and pursue the calling that God had for me. Maybe it didn't get huge rewards in financial gains, but it gained good reward in Heaven. I can't tell you how happy I am now for going through all that I did in order to win the prize—the prizes I was winning to give to Jesus: the faith of people who choose to trust in the Lord Jesus.

He told me, "I'm with you John. Just lean on Me. Do the work, and don't worry about the rest. I'll make it all turn out just fine."

And so I did. I painted pictures for Him. Now I am no fancy artist, but I painted a mighty fine picture, I changed the view of the country, when the Lord God looked down on the little part of the world that I lived in and tried to change for the better. I wanted it to look good as gold for Him.

So with the paint of God's Word I splashed it around, I spread it all over, I painted the black hearts filled with sin all nice and white with the truth and love of God.

Then I'd add a bit of colour too, the colour of my personality, and the way I would express things. I'd add colourful stories and touches of moods and picture things for people so that they could grasp just what it was that God wanted them to understand.

When that was over, I would ride off and let the picture I'd painted dry. I'd look up and see if it pleased the good Lord. Did He like the work that I created? Did it beautify the world more?

I would then take out my tablet—the Good Old Book that I wanted written on the tables of my heart. I would take the pen of God's Word and write a new scripture or passage on the pages of my heart, and let God do some painting and work of art there.

He would give me ideas and thoughts and bring the Words to life, in picture form in my mind and let me see and understand just what He was trying to show me.

Then I would rest and sleep, knowing I'd done my very best that day, and had a new picture idea ready for the next day's town painting, making lovely art for the King.

One day you will understand what I mean, but maybe you can already get an idea of this now as you sit down to work on your tablet and paint pictures electronically to make the town, and your part of the world a better one.

Just remember to let the Lord do the painting in your own heart, before you try to change and convert things in other's lives for the better. It only works if you have let Him paint His ideas and thoughts and colours in your heart first of all.

When He's been able to write His words in your heart and give you beauty, and erase and delete whatever shouldn't be in the files of your heart and mind, then you can give a clear picture to others.

Painting the world for Him, is what we artists do. The colour, the design, must come from the Creator of all beauty, and the One that alone has the big eraser to change and make things all nice again. Just like that saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword" or in your case you might say, "The stylus is sharper than the swords of Satan's sickening system." Instead, stay on the Heavenly scroll and sketch those scenes that will show the supernatural!

PRAISE

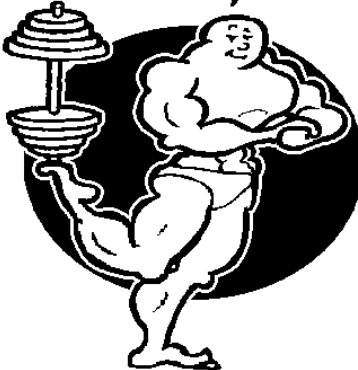


I praise You, my sweet Lord, for Your unconditional love. Where else could I ever find such love?--Love that is always, love never ending, love without measure.

I can't always understand with my finite mind or begin to fathom how You can love me so, but I know You do. I thank You that I don't need to understand. I only have to reach out my hand and receive from You. You make everything so easy.

Sometimes when I feel so weak, so low, so muddled and lacking for words, not knowing how to express the innermost secrets of my heart, I stand in silent wonder, resting in the quiet assurance that only You can give, and I know You understand. You lift my worries and fears, and You kiss away my tears with Your gentle care.


between Heaven & Cell

**INNER PEACE
DOES NOT COME FROM ANY PHYSICAL SOURCE!**


<p style="text-align: center;">--NOT YOUR BODY,</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">--NOT YOUR THINGS,</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">--NOT YOUR LIFESTYLE!</p> 
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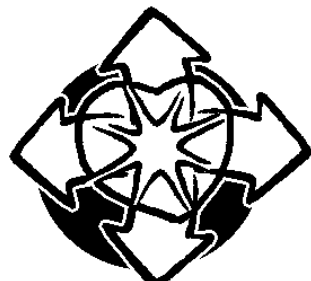
**THEY CANNOT CREATE HAPPINESS.
(--BUT THEY DO SOMETIMES RUIN OR DESTROY IT!)**

**HOWEVER, I CAN PROVIDE
THE SOLID FOUNDATION FOR
TRUE PEACE OF MIND,
HEART, AND SOUL!
AND IT ALL
BEGINS WITH
THE SOUL!**

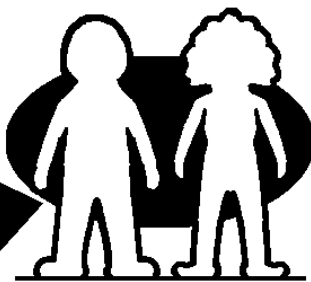


**A SOUL
THAT IS
ASSURED OF
ETERNAL LIFE
AND LOVE,**





**AND THAT ALLOWS
THE MIND TO FIND
FREEDOM FROM FEAR!**



**--TRUE
INNER
PEACE!**

**ALLOWS THE HEART
TO LOVE WITHOUT
FEAR OF LOSS.**

"PERFECT LOVE CASTS OUT ALL FEAR"

From Jesus With Love

When you feel weak, I will be strong for you. When you feel confusion, I will give you peace. When you feel fearful, I will comfort your heart. When you are doubting, I will give you faith. When you feel strain, I will bring relief. When you feel lost, I am right here with you.

When you feel useless, I will give you a purpose. When you feel anguish, I will give you joy. When you lack confidence, I will be your assurance. When you feel muddled and cloudy, I will give you clarity of thought. When all seems dark and stormy, I will be your shining light.

Master's Arts

Humility—Resist Pride

—God Alone is the Judge, No self-righteousness—

The Master says:

Having a spirit of humility is like putting on the finest and most royal, kingly, queenly, garments. That is the dress code of Heaven. When you are wearing the covering of heavenly humility, then you look royal and like you belong to the clan of Heaven, part of the ruling class—part of God's team. So put on humility, take off pride, and you'll be looking awesome and shining.

When pride is your reaction, otherwise known as your covering, it dulls the light that you could be shining with. Let Me shine through, by walking in humility and letting Me be your leader, shepherd and guide; and showing love through making others feel they are better than you—for in many ways they are, if you are honest; and in many ways you are better than them too, if they are honest.

You each shine in your unique and special ways. It's pride to feel bad just because someone is better in something. Humility rejoices that I can shine through others. This world needs all the light it can get. Be glad for all the light that shines through others, and let your own light shine brightly too—through humility.

LAMBIBITS

(Lessons, anecdotes, messages, Bible-based beliefs, inspirational talks, and sayings.)

What if they had said to Jesus, "Well now, Jesus, we're not quite ready for Lazarus' resurrection! We haven't got his room ready yet, and we've got to get his clothes back from the people we gave them to, Lord. Wait 'till tomorrow and we'll roll away the stone. You come back tomorrow, Lord, and raise him from the dead." Jesus would probably have been far gone from there by that time, and it would have been too late!

God help us to obey instantly when God lays something on our heart.--Do it now! Right now!

[Not say:] "We haven't got time to go your way, God! We've got to go our way because of these certain practical conditions and circumstances, Lord. We've got to do our own thing in our own way and have it our way, Lord, because we don't understand Your way. We don't understand the way You're going.--We can't comprehend. We can't see any future in what You're going to do, Lord!"

When we followed our own plans instead of God's plans, everything went astray! We just made a mess! Nothing went the way it should have and we really didn't accomplish anything for the Lord.--Not much at least. He'll still use you, and He'll still use you for a little witnessing, and He'll still use you somehow, but it won't be His highest and His best! It won't be the main thing He had planned for you.

For God's sake, follow God now! For if you won't follow God obediently and willingly and promptly, He'll have to put the pressure on you to get you to follow Him!--Don't wait till then, as that can sometimes hurt! How much better to follow Him here and now before it's too late! "Trust and obey, for there's no other way to be happy in Jesus!--follow God now!--Tomorrow may be too late!

--Pastor David (1919-1994)

Inspiring True Stories from History: John Wesley Journey's

Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. (Proverbs 3:5-6)

(From *The Journal of John Wesley* by John Wesley--1703-1791)

In the afternoon, the magistrates published an order, requiring all the officers and sentinels to prevent my going out of the province and forbidding any person to assist me so to do. Being now only a prisoner at large, in a place where I know by experience that every day would give fresh opportunity to procure evidence of words I never said and actions I never did; I saw clearly the hour was come for leaving this place: and as soon as evening prayers were over, about eight o'clock, the tide then serving, I shook off the dust of my feet and left Georgia, after having preached the gospel there (not as I ought, but as I was able) one year and nearly nine months.

Saturday, 3.—We came to Purrysburg early in the morning and endeavoured to procure a guide to Port Royal. But none being to be had, we set out without one, an hour before sunrise. After walking two or three hours, we met with an old man who led us into a small path, near which was a line of blazed trees (that is, marked by cutting off part of the bark), by following which, he said, we might easily come to Port Royal in five or six hours.

Lost in the Woods

We were four in all; one intended to go to England with me, the other two to settle in Carolina. About eleven we came into a large swamp, where we wandered about till near two. We then found another blaze and pursued it till it divided into two; one of these we followed through an almost impassable thicket, a mile beyond which it ended. We made through the thicket again, and traced the other blaze till that ended too. It now grew toward sunset; so we sat down, faint and weary, having had no food all day, except a gingerbread cake, which I had taken in my pocket. A third of this we had divided among us at noon; another third we took now; the rest we reserved for the morning; but we had met with no water all the day.

Thrusting a stick into the ground, and finding the end of it moist, two of our company fell a-digging with their hands, and, at about three feet depth, found water. We thanked God, drank, and were refreshed. The night was sharp; however, there was no complaining among us; but after having commended ourselves to God, we lay down close together and (I at least) slept till near six in the morning.

Sunday, 4.—God renewed our strength, we arose neither faint nor weary, and resolved to make one trial more, to find out a path to Port Royal. We steered due east; but finding neither path nor blaze, and the woods growing thicker and thicker, we judged it would be our best course to return, if we could, by the way we came. The day before, in the thickest part of the wood, I had broken many young trees, I knew not why, as we walked along; these we found a great help in several places where no path was to be seen; and between one and two God brought us safe to Benjamin Arieu's house, the old man we left the day before.

In the evening I read French prayers to a numerous family, a mile from Arieu's; one of whom undertook to guide us to Port Royal. In the morning we set out. About sunset, we asked our guide if he knew where he was; who frankly answered, "No." However, we pushed on till, about seven, we came to a plantation; and the next evening, after many difficulties and delays, we landed on Port Royal island.

Farewell to America

Thursday, 22.--I took my leave of America (though, if it please God, not forever), going on board the "Samuel," Captain Percy, with a young gentleman who had been a few months in Carolina, one of my parishioners of Savannah, and a Frenchman, late of Purrysburg.

Saturday, 24--We sailed over Charleston bar, and about noon lost sight of land. The next day the wind was fair, but high, as it was on Sunday 25, when the sea affected me more than it had done in the sixteen weeks of our passage to America. I was obliged to lie down the greatest part of the day, being easy only in that posture.

Monday, 26.--I began instructing a Negro lad in the principles of Christianity. The next day I resolved to break off living delicately and return to my old simplicity of diet; and after I did so, neither my stomach nor my head much complained of the motion of the ship.

1738. Sunday, January 1.--All in the ship, except the captain and steersman, were present both at the morning and evening service and appeared as deeply attentive as even the poor people of Frederica did, while the Word of God was new to their ears. And it may be, one or two among these likewise may "bring forth fruit with patience."

Monday, 2.--Being sorrowful and very heavy (though I could give no particular reason for it), and utterly unwilling to speak close to any of my little flock (about twenty persons), I was in doubt whether my neglect of them was not one cause of my own heaviness. In the evening, therefore, I began instructing the cabin boy; after which I was much easier.

I went several times the following days, with a design to speak to the sailors, but could not. I mean, I was quite averse to speaking; I could not see how to make an occasion, and it seemed quite absurd to speak without. Is not this what men commonly mean by, "I could not speak"? And is this a sufficient cause of silence, or no? Is it a prohibition from the Good Spirit? Or a temptation from nature, or the evil one?

Saturday, 7.--I began to read and explain some passages of the Bible to the young Negro. The next morning, another Negro who was on board desired to be a hearer too. From them I went to the poor Frenchman, who, understanding no English, had none else in the ship with whom he could converse. And from this time, I read and explained to him a chapter in the Testament every morning.

In London Again

Wednesday, February 1.—After reading prayers and explaining a portion of Scripture to a large company at the inn, I left Deal and came in the evening to Feversham. I here read prayers and explained the second lesson to a few of those who were called Christians, but were indeed more savage in their behavior than the wildest Indians I have yet met with.

Friday, 3.—I came to Mr. Delamotte's, at Blendon, where I expected a cold reception. But God had prepared the way before me; and I no sooner mentioned my name than I was welcomed in such a manner as constrained me to say: "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not! Blessed be ye of the Lord! Ye have shown more kindness in the latter end than in the beginning."

In the evening I came once more to London, whence I had been absent two years and nearly four months. Many reasons I have to bless God, though the design I went upon did not take effect, for my having been carried into that strange land, contrary to all my preceding resolutions. Hereby I trust He hath in some measure "humbled me and proved me, and shown me what was in my heart"

[Deut. 8:2]. Hereby I have been taught to "beware of men." Hereby I am come to know assuredly that if "in all our ways we acknowledge God, he will," where reason fails, "direct our path" by lot or by the other means which He knoweth. Hereby I am delivered from the fear of the sea, which I had both dreaded and abhorred from my youth.

**IF YOU DON'T TAKE GOD'S ADVICE,
YOU ARE FREE TO FOLLOW YOUR OWN ADVICE,
AND ACCEPT THOSE RESULTS!**



**THERE IS A LOT OF "ADVICE" FLOATING AROUND
THE WORLD TODAY. EVERYWHERE YOU TURN TO
LOOK OR LISTEN,
SOMEONE IS
TRYING TO TELL
YOU WHAT TO DO,
OR HOW TO THINK,
OR HOW TO ACT!**



**NOTE!: INFORMATION IS NOT THE SAME THING AS ADVICE!
GOOD ADVICE TELLS YOU CORRECTLY WHAT TO DO WITH
WHICH BIT OF INFORMATION, FOR YOUR SPECIFIC SITUATION.**

BUT CONSIDER THIS:

<p>ECONOMIC SLAVERY IS GROWING.</p>	<p>WEAR THIS FOR 20 YEARS! </p>	<p>DISEASE AND PESTILENCE ARE INCREASING.</p>	
<p>SOCIAL UN-REST IS SPREADING</p>		<p>SELF-CENTERED PHILOSOPHIES ARE REPLACING "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR!"</p>	

**IF ALL THAT ADVICE WAS GOOD, THEN THE
WORLD WOULDN'T BE IN SUCH SAD SHAPE!**

Thoughts and True Stories

Beware of singing as if you were dead or half asleep! Lift up your voices with strength. Be no more afraid of your voice now, or more ashamed of its being heard, than when you sang the songs of Satan.

--John Wesley

Life is not a solo but a chorus. We live in relationships from cradle to grave.

No one can whistle a symphony. It takes an orchestra to play it.

The vine clings to the oak during the fiercest of storms. Although the violence of nature may uproot the oak, twining tendrils still cling to it. If the vine is on the side of the tree opposite the wind, the great oak is its protection; if it is on the exposed side, the tempest only presses it closer to the trunk.

In some of the storms of life, God intervenes and shelters us; while in others He allows us to be exposed, so that we will be pressed more closely to Him.

John Wesley had a terrible wife. She tormented him beyond measure. But he said that he attributed most of his success to his wife--that she kept him on his knees and because he was kept on his knees, he had the victory.

Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer (Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

The following touching incident, which drew tears from eyes, was related to me a short time since, by a dear friend who had it from an eye-witness of the same. It occurred in the great city of New York, on one of the coldest days in February.

A little boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe-store in Broadway, barefooted, peering through the window, and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed in silk, alighted from her carriage, went quickly to the boy, and said:

"My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the reply. The lady took him by the hand and went into the store, and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy half a dozen pair of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked him if he could give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied:

"Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed those little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings, gave them to him, and patting him on the head said: "I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words: "Are you God's wife?" --Parish Register.

