

I will not sit quietly while the world aches for redemption.
I belong to a Christ who sets hearts on fire and sends them out to burn.

I AM A TRUE WESLEYAN.

I believe there is more than forgiveness.
*The Holy Spirit does not merely pardon me. He makes me new.
 He calls me to be holy, not as a burden to bear but as the very freedom
 for which I was made. Grace is not permission to remain as I am, but the
 power to become who God created me to be.*

I AM A TRUE WESLEYAN.

I come from a people who took that freedom
*and rode on horseback into the wilderness frontier, who packed their
 belongings in coffins knowing they were never turning back. They preached
 in barns, schoolhouses, and open fields. They were beaten, imprisoned, and
 exiled to the margins. They chose to shelter the hunted as they were fleeing
 and opened pulpits to women when no one else would. They crossed to the
 other side of the tracks to minister to prostitutes, alcoholics and everyone
 the “respectable” church had written off. This is the Christ-haunted,
 kingdom-building lineage I carry.*

I AM A TRUE WESLEYAN.

I am not my own. Whatever God asks of me,
*whether it costs me comfort, reputation or safety, I give it freely. No parish
 is too far, no people beyond reach. I will exhaust every means and every
 moment doing all the good I can for everyone I can. I will carry this
 message of hope across borders and barriers, into classrooms and clinics,
 offices and shop floors, city streets, and forgotten corners. I will be a living
 witness of the good news in the ordinary spaces and places of my world.*

I AM A TRUE WESLEYAN.

Not because I love the name of John Wesley,
*but because I love the Christ whose fire Wesley carried. I will be a folk
 theologian in the thick of culture, a circuit rider in frontier places, a
 freedom fighter wherever people are enslaved or marginalized in body or
 spirit. I will preach for a decision and live as proof of one.*

I AM A TRUE WESLEYAN.

