

A CALL TO
HOLINESS

Joy Haney

A Call to Holiness

by Joy Haney

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CONTENTS



Foreword 7

Preface 8

Acknowledgments 9

Introduction 11

In Earthen Vessels 15

ONE

A Call to Holiness 17

TWO

Holy in Heart 39

THREE

Holy in Separation 53

FOUR

Holy in Spirit and Attitudes 71

FIVE

Holy in Love 81

SIX

Holy in Speech 99

SEVEN

Holy in Dress 119

EIGHT

Holy in Body 143

NINE

Holy Hair 157

Epilogue 171

Notes 173

About the Author 175



A CALL TO HOLINESS

A door opened and a man slipped quietly out into the dark streets of Boston. The streets were filled with red-coated British soldiers. There were sounds of shouted orders and the clank of muskets. In the confusion, none of the soldiers stopped the man who walked with a dog at his heels. He made his way safely through town toward the waterfront to the house of his friend, Joshua.

“Joshua,” he said when his friend greeted him at the door, “I need your help. The British soldiers are getting ready to attack. They’re all over town already. I’ve warned our friends across the river to be ready, but I must get word to Sam Adams and John Hancock who are hiding in Lexington.”

Joshua whistled softly in surprise. “Paul,” he said, “if Adams and Hancock are captured by the British, they will

be sent back to England and hanged as traitors.”

Paul replied, “That’s right. You’ve got to row me across the river. I’ll get a horse there and ride to Lexington to warn them.”

“I’ll row you across,” said Joshua. “But we’d better hurry before the moon rises. There is a British ship blocking the river, and if they see us, we’ll be done for.”

When they were ready to go, Paul remembered that he did not have his spurs. He knew that he could not take the risk to go back through town and was in a quandary as to what to do, when he felt two little paws push against his knee. Suddenly Paul had an idea. The dog could run faster than a man could walk and could get past the soldiers with no trouble. He scribbled a note and tied it to his collar.

“Go straight home, Spot. Give the family this message. And come right back here with my spurs. Mind now! No stopping along the way.”

By the time Joshua had the boat ready, Spot was back with the spurs. Paul untied the spurs and sent Spot back home to stay.

The small rowboat moved silently over the water. Paul and Joshua held their breath as the boat eased past the great black hull of the British ship. They reached the other side without being seen.

Minutes later, Paul was saddling a horse that had been given to him by one of his friends. He mounted the horse, waved goodbye, and was off.

Paul rode faster and faster as he and the small, strong

horse became used to each other. Each time he passed a farmhouse or a village he shouted the warning, "The Regulars are out! The British are coming!"

In these houses, muskets would be pulled from under mattresses, powder horns and shot pouches filled, and horses saddled in the barn. Soon there would be dozens, perhaps hundreds, of men on their way to Lexington.

Paul rode at full speed into the village of Medford. There were people to warn here. Paul raced through the town shouting to wake the people, "The Regulars are out! The British are coming!"

Without stopping, he left Medford and continued up the road. Now he was only a mile from the outskirts of Lexington. He would ride straight to the place where Adams and Hancock were hiding. He would warn them and go on to warn the people of Concord, when suddenly Paul saw two British officers, mounted and waiting in the shadow of an oak tree beside the road. He was so close he could see the pistols in their holsters.

They had already spotted him. One of the officers was turning his horse toward the oncoming rider. The other was starting the other way, to trap Paul if he escaped the first officer. Paul moved the reins across his horse's neck.

"Don't fail us now!" he whispered.

The horse turned without slowing, jumped a low stone fence, and raced out across the pasture on the other side. Paul bent low over its neck like an Indian, expecting at any moment to hear the sound of a pistol shot at his back.