

Rethinking Calling

John Grindle, the son of officers, is an active Salvationist at the Seattle Temple Corps in Washington. He is a flight test engineer at Boeing. He is married to Amy and has two teenage daughters, Katie and Emily.

Not called you say?

Growing up in the Army I was often exposed to The call to officership – youth councils, congress & commissioning, corps cadets, and youth retreats to name a few. People I respected *encouraged* me to consider officership and others *told* me one day I would indeed become an officer. God told them, but not me.

In High School I had the desire to be “called” by God, called to anything. I wanted the same experience as the heros of my faith: Moses, Gideon, Paul and John. As the decision time in High School approached to choose a college and vocational direction, the degree of confliction increased as did my prayer life. I never was “called” to a specific vocation in the manner for which I hoped, but was indeed called by God to a purpose driven life lived for His glory.

My strengths in math and science coincided with my interests and opportunity. I applied to a handful of Universities and was declined by some and accepted by others. I picked the best opportunity available to me and arrived at the West Lafayette campus of Purdue University Fall of 1987. I found myself cared for by loving corps officers, provisioned with housing and equipped to succeed beyond my innate abilities in my engineering studies.

I recall in my Junior year Capt Royce preaching on a Sunday morning and hearing the Lord call me to complete devotion to Him. Christ my Savior was now the Lord of my life.

It's Tuesday morning and I'm studying the epistle of Corinthians. I'm reading a familiar theme that I've observed these past 19 years since college; that I'm called to be blameless, sanctified, a member of the body, filled by the Holy Spirit and uniquely gifted for ministry. I am called to be in fellowship with the risen Jesus Christ!

I live and work in the secular world where the only worthy life ambition seems to be self fulfillment. My friends in this world weigh heavier on my heart the more I'm with them outside of work. Last night was our holiday work party. We talked about some best selling books, the disappointing Seahawk season and the upcoming challenges we face flight testing this new 787. Between the laughs, I catch a glimpse of a familiar restlessness; a desire for a “calling” to something greater. I believe they too want to be called, called to a purpose commensurate with the eternity placed into their hearts. And so, accompanied by thumping rock-n-roll, crowd noise, laughter, and drinking, I told Dave about how Psalm 23 means more to me today than ever since meeting the Lord in the mountains just north of St. Helens a few weeks back. I explained to Shawn why I wasn't interested in going to a burlesque show tonight because that would feed “the bad dog” in my life of which I've worked hard to starve for a number of years. These are good people in a lost world. They are as reluctant as I to accept the foolishness of God and reject the wisdom of this world. I can't help, but give thanks to God for my calling and his provision through the years. With His grace I'll continue living for His glory and pursuing this call to holiness and full time service in hopes these friends will one day answer the call.