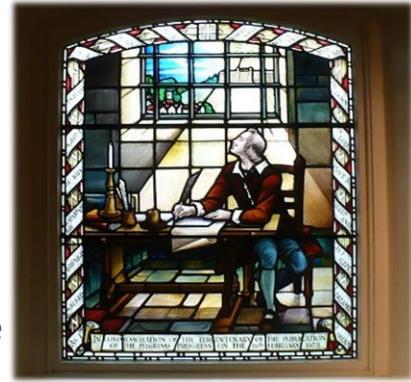


April 11, 2020

Good morning, Everybody.

Today is the anniversary of the homegoing of our former pastor, Jesse L. Boyd. On this day, twenty-nine years ago (1991), he died in the early morning after raising his hands in a last gesture. Only Mrs. Boyd was there, bending over the bed attempting to ease whatever had so suddenly stricken him. Though he'd grown increasingly weaker for months, he'd persisted in teaching his classes. So his homegoing was unexpected.



Many of you never knew Mr. Boyd, though you undoubtedly have an appreciation for him due to your often hearing of the affection and respect which the rest of us had for him. He used to say of certain distinctive people, *When God made him He threw the mold away*. Well, when God made Mr. Boyd, He must have **thrown the mold away**. He was deep-dyed southern, thoroughly human (who can ever forget his returning from Denver one summer with that robin's egg blue **cowboy suit?**), a little on the gruff side (*did not suffer fools gladly*) but generally good-humored once he trusted you, loved classical music to a level that can only be called *passionate*, refused to be addressed as, *Reverend* (it was always, *Mr. Boyd*), and was bulldogged about churches needing to hold weekly prayer meetings and about what he believed the Scripture teaches.

A year or so before he died, Mr. Boyd gave me his three-volume set of Philip Schaff's, *Creeds of Christendom*. On the fly leaf of each volume he wrote my name and the words, *my son and successor in the ministry with affection and esteem, Jesse L. Boyd, Jr., II Timothy 2:15*. It was characteristic of his discipline and routine that he inscribed not just the first, but all three volumes, and that he wrote the exact same thing in each.

Those of us who knew Mr. Boyd both feared him and loved him. Jim Roach once told me that after Mr. Boyd was wheelchair bound and no longer able to bend over, he (Jim) had been able to go over one morning and help Mr. Boyd on with his socks. He related it to me tenderly. We're not likely ever again to enjoy the rare privilege of having such an older Christian friend and brother. I wanted this morning to honor his memory. I'm glad that he's with the Lord and with his dear

wife, Edith Haldon Long Boyd (as he called out to her when he was a little perturbed with her dallying too long when he was bent on getting to lunch!).

He'd have been 75 if he'd lived until June. His favorite verse was Psalm 16:11, *Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore.* His favorite hymn, which he'd requested to be sung at his funeral, was "Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned." He said several times in the last year of his life that he was tired of sin and tired of sinning.

He saw me plunged in deep distress, He flew to my relief.
For me He bore the shameful cross, He carried all my grief.
He carried all my grief.

To heav'n, the place of His abode, He brings my weary feet.
Shows me the glories of my God, and makes my joys complete.
And makes my joys complete.

Easter Sunday

Tomorrow will be a blessed, blessed day for those who know the Lord and the power of His resurrection. Pastor Rush, Jeremy Moffitt, and Peter Davis have given hours of extra time this week to editing the recording of the 2016 Easter Sunday program for live-streaming tomorrow. I'm mentioning this, because after watching it yesterday I was seized with the conviction that it's very likely that people will be saved if they will watch this program. The music, and especially the testimonies (Chris Baker, Jacob Brazeal, Gina Broere, Kevin Calvino, Dan Dahlhausen, and Ann Dykstra) are powerful.

Please do your best to urge lost family members and friends to watch the service tomorrow. We'll be abbreviating the opening elements of our normal morning service so that for the sake of lost people we can move into the program fairly quickly.

On Thursday Pastor Rush sent you an announcement about this, including a pdf of an attractive invitation that you can hand out. I intend to take one to our neighbors this afternoon. Let's try to see to it that many lost people join with us

in watching this program. And let's all pray that lost people will be persuaded of their need for Christ to be their savior and that they will come to Him tomorrow! It's supposed to rain; *hard*. If so, it'll be a providence that keeps people inside and perhaps makes it more likely that they'll watch with us.

Good wish for the Lord's Day

Finally, here's another line from George Swinnock's "Good wish about the Lord's Day."

Oh that my care in fitting my soul for it, my holy carriage [way of moving, standing, sitting, etc.], and my suitable conversation after it may testify that I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness; and that I esteem one day in his courts better than a thousand elsewhere.

Thank you for your kind notes and for your many assurances of prayer. I cannot express in any suitable words how much those of us on the staff love you, miss you, and long for this time apart from one another to do all of us a life-changing good.

Praying for You,

Pastor Minnick