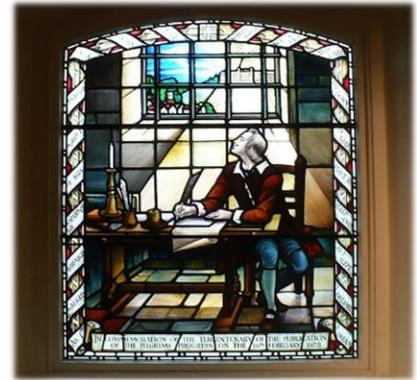


May 16, 2020

Good Morning, Everybody.

Tomorrow is the Lord's Day, the *best* day of the week.

It's been soooo heartwarming to get the pictures of your arrangements for the livestreaming. We're all really enjoying them. Thank you!



This is one of our faithful families, Daniel and Sarah Muller and their five wonderful little people. I don't know which part of the service they were watching, but whatever it was, this is just about the most delightful portrayal of *This is the day which the LORD has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it*, that you'd ever hope to see. It *is* going to be like this when we finally *all* get to Heaven.

Here's a really cute one of Juliette Murphy, Justin and Caitlyn's delightful little girl. She's up on tiptoe to see the service!

Just one thing bothers me a tiny bit: *Hey, Justin, don't you have a chair that she could use? Does she have to stand like that the whole time?*

(Justin's a good sport. He can take a joke (smile). I HOPE!)

But seriously, Justin, . . .





Here are Jeremiah, Eliya, Micah, Josiah, Elena and Aria Kan, David and Amy's "arrows."

And look at all those Bibles!

Wednesday night they were trying to come to grips with what phasing is going to be like.

Pastor Rush may have to nuance this a little bit, but their general impression was something like . . .



I'm just so relieved that they're not thinking that I need to be wearing that helmet. Can you imagine?!

Heart Treasures

Yesterday I promised you that I'd share one of Oliver Heywood's personal "treasures," which is how he referred to spiritual experiences or impressions which we store up in our hearts for future needs.

For Heywood, these included anecdotes and even gravestone epitaphs concerning various branches of his family tree. I'm slowly reading Heywood's life and journals, and a few weeks ago I came across an epitaph that puts our troubles into a little sharper perspective.

*John Okey, the servant of God, was born in London 1608.
Came into this town (Bolton in Lane) 1629. Married Mary,
the daughter of James Crompton of Breighmet 1631, with
whom he lived comfortably 20 years, and begot 4 sons and
6 daughters. Since then he lived sole [by himself] till the day
of his death.*

*In his time were many great changes and terrible alterations.
18 years of civil wars in England, besides many dreadful
sea-fights, the crown or command of England changed 8
times, Episcopacy laid aside 14 years, London burned by
papists, and more stately built again. Germany wasted 300
miles. 200,000 protestants murdered by papists in Ireland.
This town thrice stormed, once taken and plundered.*

*He went through many troubles and divers conditions, found
rest, joy and happiness only in holiness, the faith, fear and love
of God in Jesus Christ.*

He died the 29 of April, and lyeth here buried 1684.

Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

Well, we have our share of troubles. The present ones unprecedented. But many of the Lord's people have been tested nearly beyond measure repeatedly and

fearfully. Epitaphs like this are worth storing away in our “heart treasures,” to be brought out to feed faith in the future.

We’ve talked at church about the old custom of keeping commonplace books. Heywood would urge us to label one, *Heart Treasure*, and to begin to store away some of the richer spiritual impressions, answers to prayer, and merciful providences that we’re experiencing during these uncertain times. We’re likely to need to be able to draw out their memory in years to come.

A Good Wish

Well, I’ll bring this to a close with another line or two from George Swinnock’s *Good Wish for the Lord’s Day*. I hope that you’re making some of these your own from week to week.

I wish that I may watch over my thoughts, words, and actions all the day long. In special, that as when the holy things belonging to the sanctuary were to be removed, they were covered all over lest any dust should soil them, so I may cover my heart with such circumspection that no dust of sin may cleave to it.

How about if we all pray for each other in that regard tomorrow? *My heart . . . that no dust of sin may cleave to it.*

Praying for You Today,

Pastor Minnick