

May 18, 2020

Good Afternoon, Everyone.

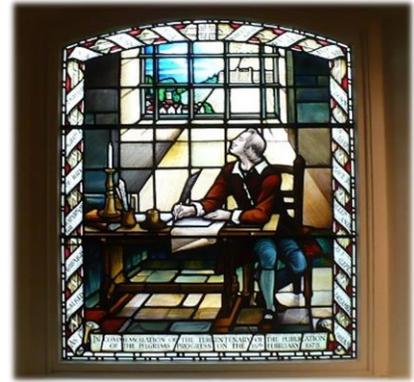
Last night after the service our family finished a documentary on the life of the English pastor and commentator, Matthew Henry. Technology (Zoom, in our case) enabled several of our family's households to watch it together and then to fellowship over it afterwards.

The documentary is lengthy, so it took us several installments to get all the way through. But it's worth it; well done cinematographically and very inspirational spiritually. So good, in fact, that I may break it up into four or five segments and include it in some Wednesday night services in the future. Our church would profit immensely. We need role models for ourselves and for our children, and some of the better ones are from those eras in the past when it was much more difficult to weather life in general, and to live a consecrated life for Christ in particular.

Personal Religion

Quite a few years ago I spent an entire day in a library in London which holds many of the Henry family papers; letters, journals, sermons, etc. This was before smart phone technology, but I did have a small digital camera, and the library graciously allowed me to photograph whatever I wished. Much of the day was occupied with taking digital images of an entire diary of one of Matthew's sisters, Mrs. Sarah Savage. Someday I'd like to transcribe it all for our ladies.

There are many bright passages in Sarah's journal. One comes after a hard, dark time; the loss of her first child, a little boy. She recorded that she couldn't keep her feelings *in bounds*, but that she didn't have a single *repining thought against God, as if he dealt hardly with me*.



Two days before the baby died, Sarah's mother (Mrs. Philip Henry) visited and read I Timothy 1 while Sarah was still in bed and recovering from the delivery. The pronoun, *our*, in the very first verse became a comfort as she waited anxiously upon the Lord regarding the child. The verse speaks of, *Christ Jesus, who is our hope*. Sarah wrote,

Oh! how did my soul catch at that passage in the beginning, "The Lord Jesus Christ, who is our hope." Who is my hope. As one said, "This me, and my, and mine is the life of religion."

Was it that way for you yesterday on the Lord's Day? Is it ever? Are you able to **personalize** Lord's Day "religion?" So that the day isn't **what** you do (*do church*, is the current, mechanical expression), but **Who** you find?

I remarked last night that genuine relationship to Christ isn't merely principal. It must be **personal** for it to have any value an inch beyond our heads. To be **personal** religion and **personal** relationship you have to actually **know Him**. Not just know what He has done for sinners in general, but what He is doing, right now (!), for **you**. Do you have heart acquaintance with **Him** right now; today? As your Savior, your Lord, and your very best Friend?

I am His, and He is mine.

Repeatedly the Shunamite speaks of her young husband as *him whom my soul loveth*. And what did she do when she found him? ***I held him, and would not let him go*** (Song of Solomon 3:4).

We better be sure that we know all about that before we slip out into eternity.

Praying for You Today,

Pastor Minnick