

June 12, 2020

Good morning, Everybody.

Wednesday night we sang *Happy Birthday* to Pastor Tipton. Turns out that earlier in the day some of the men took him out for lunch. Below is a nice picture. The only thing I can't figure out is why brother Malcolm is the only one eating the salad. But then a lot of guys aren't much on salad. They like to wait for the *meat*. There's a way that a guy says, *I like "meat,"* that I can't quite capture in prose. But you've probably heard how it goes.



Pastor Boyd was like that. Maaaayyybe he ate salads? I can't remember. And

he and I ate together several times a week for years, so I think I'd recall it if he did.

Actually, he didn't seem to care for most vegetables that were colored green. I'm not going to get this sequence right, but the general order of his decided view was that broccoli was the first weed to spring up in the garden, spinach was the second, some other green thing was the third, and so on. . .

What Pastor Boyd liked was chicken; in reasonably large quantities. When we had church picnics, he wanted to do the announcing. Without fail He would specify that if each family would bring one chicken for themselves and one for him, there'd probably be enough to go around. That actually wasn't far off the mark.

I had a friend who taught at the University of Georgia. He had season tickets to the football games and would invite me down occasionally. When he found out that Pastor Boyd liked college football, he generously suggested that I bring him along for a game sometime. So when the next year came around I asked Mr. Boyd if he'd like to go. Well, he'd studied at LSU and wasn't much of a Georgia fan. But perhaps *for my sake, and Jack's, he'd make an exception just this one time and joined us in the stands at a Georgia game—just to sort of keep us company.* You know.

On the way down I stopped at a Kentucky Fried Chicken and picked up a twelve-piece bucket of chicken to eat before the game. Jack's idea of tailgating was stretching out on an old blanket underneath a tree on the campus. So after the three of us had plopped down, Pastor Boyd kind of leaned over to one side and actually did lie down on an elbow. Then we got going on the chicken and the sides. I don't recall whether it was Jack or I who had 3 pieces, but what I do remember clearly (because Jack and I tallied it up at the time) is that between the two of us, the total was just 5 when we got up to leave for the stands. But somehow that bucket had completely emptied out.

Every once in awhile I come across a picture that I took of Pastor Boyd that day; ball cap on, stretched out, his hand in the chicken bucket. He enjoyed himself. And we enjoyed him. I hardly remember the game.

Some of you have asked about the garden; specifically the beans that I was a little embarrassed about a few weeks ago. Would you believe that Linda went out yesterday and found all these?



We ate half of them last night, the other half is in the fridge (or freezer, I don't know which), and there are more to pick tomorrow. So even the beans are evidently doing fine. And they were good. Tender, full-bodied flavor, and still bright green when cooked. I don't mind vegetables that are colored green. I'm with Malcolm on that. I like salad (smile).

The Lord's Day Coming Up

Several weeks ago I came across a sermon on the Lord's Day that contains many precious things. The preacher (Thomas Case) remarked quaintly that week days *are (as it were) the back parts of the week, made to carry burdens. . . . The sabbath is the face, the seat of majesty, which God hath made to look upward, and to contemplate the glory of the heavens and of the Maker thereof.*

Even with the limitations of our current situation the Lord's Day is like that; *the face, the seat of majesty, which God hath made to look upward.* Case encouraged his listeners.

If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, "Call my sabbath a delight," he would make his day unto thee a spring of sweetness, that shall always be flowing out to eternal life. A day well-spent with God will fill the soul with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Why don't we all set our hearts on that this week? And ask the Lord to make it so; *a day of joy unspeakable and full of glory.*

In less than forty-eight hours now it will be the morning of the Lord's Day. We can rise, get alone in the quiet with our Bibles and the Lord, prepare our hearts, and later in the morning present ourselves for Divine worship, already well and happily filled with the Spirit. *I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day* (Revelation 1:10).

*And I heard behind me a loud voice like the sound of a trumpet. . .
Then I turned to see the voice that was speaking with me. . .
and in the middle of the lampstands I saw one like a son of man. . .
When I saw Him, I fell at His feet like a dead man. And He placed
His right hand on me, saying, "Do not be afraid."*

Praying for You Today,

Pastor Minnick