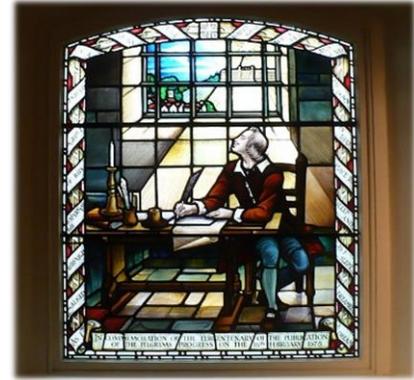


June 16, 2020

Good morning, Everybody.

How's the weather where you are this morning? We have a little thermometer perched above our kitchen sink that registers the temperature, both inside and outside. It's the external temperature that I go looking for when I go out to make coffee every morning. Here's what I saw that gave my heart a lift. The middle number is the temperature outside.



When it's like this, I lift the window on the end of the study a few inches and open the side door behind my desk just a crack. It freshens up the whole room, lowers the temperature a few degrees, and makes me wish that it could always be just like this; just right. But that would be something like the age to come (Isaiah 11) before it comes.

Have you ever noticed that those in Heaven who serve before the Throne never experience heat? I'll let you see if you can find the reference (smile).

I have a friend in the ministry who says that he *loves to sweat*. He deliberately, with forethought, does things to try to make it happen. I don't understand that really, since sweating is due to the Curse (Genesis 3:19). I don't like thorns and thistles in our garden or out around on the lawn, and I don't like to sweat. We've talked about this issue several times, from every possible angle, but it's one of those things that we've had to agree to disagree about. He runs to sweat. I try to walk and stay out of it. I guess we'll find out more about who was on the right track in the Millennium. Meanwhile, I really like the look of the thermometer this morning.

I have to show you another picture. This is Lydia Messer (Manta, Ecuador) last Friday. It was her birthday. I'd mentioned Pastor Boyd's love for chicken in one of the pastoral letters, and it turns out that Lydia is a kindred spirit. What I'm going to tell you now is the truth. It came straight from the Messers themselves.

Friday was Lydia's birthday, and what she asked for as a present was an ENTIRE rotisserie chicken all to herself. And then (!), hot wings for supper! Pastor Boyd would be smiling.

Lydia, we're all smiling with you. Happy Birthday!

But we've got a question? How long did the chicken last? Surely a couple of days? If not, you don't have to say (smile).

I should tell you a story that Joe and Joanne Barnett sent. (Just a minute—this is really happening—I'm getting a little chilly. I'm going to get up and shut the window and the door. That's better.)

The Barnetts read the same letter that the Messers did, and it reminded them of an experience that they had with Pastor Boyd and chickens (plural). I'm going to let them tell it in their own words.

Around 1985 our family had the opportunity to have Sunday lunch in the dining common with Pastor & Mrs. Boyd. We had a very enjoyable lunch but only remember one remark. All our plates were clean except Pastor Boyd's. He looked down observing the entire circumference of his plate that was literally covered with chicken bones and chuckled loudly as he shook, "Looks like a chicken graveyard!" To this day every time you tell a Pastor Boyd story, we look at each other & repeat his delightful phrase!

That's great. Thanks so much to the Barnetts for adding another memory to our store of Pastor and Mrs. Boyd lore.



Oh, and while we're on that subject, I've got to add one more thing. Mary Beth Hiller shot me a note after that same letter to remind me that Pastor Boyd always called salad, *rabbit's food*. I'd forgotten that. But that's exactly what he called it.

Important Meeting Today

Today is the annual board meeting of Foundations Baptist Fellowship International (formerly called Fundamental Baptist Fellowship). You may know the FBFI best for its magazine, *Frontline*, which a good many of you have contributed articles to through the years.

The board usually gathers at the annual national meeting, which had been scheduled to be held at Colonial Hills Baptist Church in Indianapolis this June. Pastor Vincent and I would have been at the meeting; partly because our church was scheduled to host the annual meeting next summer (2021), and we were wanting to pick up helpful ideas for planning it. But, of course, the virus crisis made the meeting this summer impossible.

But the board still needs to meet, and we can do so over Zoom. Today's meeting will be important for several reasons, one of which is that it provides the opportunity for men from all over the country to share the challenges their churches are facing in dealing with the current situation; not just the virus crisis, but also the civil unrest and the momentous Supreme Court decision yesterday.

If you would please remember us in prayer as we meet today, I would be grateful. We truly do need the Lord's wisdom as we share thoughts about how best to minister in these tumultuous times.

Habit of Mind

I want to close today with some thoughts from a book that I've been reading off and on for over a month. Last week the Whetstone Fellowship decided to make it our read between now and our next meeting in August.

It is our folly that we allow ourselves to look at life's problems as if they were somehow isolated from God. As soon as we see our problems in the light of God's Being and perfection, we are

emancipated from alarm and terror. It therefore remains a principle of universal application that we can cope with our afflictions just so long as we *look not at the things which are seen* [2 Cor. 4:18]. It is this habit of mind which the Scriptures call “faith,” and which they praise in Moses when they inform us that ‘he endured as seeing him who is invisible,’ that is, God [Heb. 11:27]. –Maurice Roberts, *The Thought of God*

If you’ll read that once or twice more (slowly), I think it will be pretty much what we all need today and every day in the future; a certain *habit of mind, which the Scriptures call “faith.”*

Already Prayed for You Today,

Pastor Minnick