

July 3, 2020

**Good afternoon, Everybody.**

Actually, I started writing this last evening. But since you're receiving it today, it still seems appropriate to say, *Good **afternoon*** (smile).



Dr. Lovegrove sent a picture Wednesday night that was labeled, *Somewhere in Texas, prayer meeting.*



Later, another picture came with more information. The Davises, and their caravan (the Lovegroves, Grace Daley, Jason Matthia, and Philip West) had stopped in Fort Worth, Texas, and joined our church prayer meeting virtually. It's been good to get regular updates on their progress. Dr. Davis sent me an e-mail today (Friday, now), sharing some precious thoughts that he'd had from Zechariah

while reading devotionally early this morning. He also related that they'd overnighted in New Mexico. So they should arrive in Phoenix today, where they'll reunite in ministry with Kristopher and Kimberley Endean, to whom also we've just recently said goodbye. Grace Daley will be staying out in Arizona also. She's accepted a teaching position in Glendale, about thirty minutes from where the Davises and Edeans will be. So we have a little colony of our folks whom the Lord has taken West. They've all been a **great** blessing to us and will be sorely missed. One way that we can continue to help the Davises is to pray for the sale of their home. And, of course, for the Lord's provision of just the right one out there in Chandler.

### **Memorial Service:**

Yesterday afternoon was the memorial service for brother Kermit Thompson, whom the Lord took to Himself last Friday. He was 92. In preparing for the service in my study beforehand I found myself reflecting upon the inspired record of the death of Isaac. Every phrase of it is instructive.

Isaac breathed his last and died and was gathered to his people, an old man of ripe age; and his sons Esau and Jacob buried him.

But it was the words, *an old man of ripe age*, that caught my attention. When a memorial service is for a believing brother who can be described like that, there's a comfort to it even beyond the norm. I read just yesterday evening of a Christian couple who lost two young children under the age of ten on the same day. The little girl, just seven, had asked if she was going to die, and the attendant looking after her replied that she didn't know, but that if she did, she would go to be with the Lord Jesus. *And you do love Him, don't you?* the woman asked. The little girl answered, *I've often wondered whether I did or not, but now I am sure I do.* And later, in the moment that the Lord took her, His name was one of the last things that she uttered.

Even in the agony of losing a child, there must be inexpressible comfort in having witnessed such assurance and faith. But if there's been true faith and love for the Lord like that, and then it's combined with *ripe, old* age, all seems to be just right. Nothing gives rise to questions. Nothing seems unnatural. No wonder that the

various things that the Lord says about His giving certain people long life are precious. Their blessing evidently proves to lie, not just in the fact that life was lengthy, but that when it concluded, all seemed to be comfortably complete. But either way, we may all say confidently, *My times are in Your hand* (Psalm 31:15), and rest our souls in the arms of His care. *Day by day, and with each passing moment . . . .*

Praying for You,

Pastor Minnick