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PRESENTS

My Personal Notes . . .

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3218 Timberland Trail, Euless Texas 76040-7727 – 817.247.6630
Ed Smithson, Editor

“IN GOD WE TRUST”

We have heard a good deal about this phrase lately because some people, for their own reasons most of us do not understand, want to remove it from our coins.

I have listened to a great many, public and private, decry the idea and insist we keep the phrase. However I wonder if any of those people who are shouting so loudly, have any idea what it means.

Most don't have a clue of what it means to trust in God. Most think they do not have to have a relationship with God before they get into a situation where they need His help. Then some calamity arises they say, “O God help me,” when they have never done anything to suggest God would help. The thing that gets me is those who say “I prayed to God” when they have done nothing to show Him they trust Him.

David knew what it was to trust in God. “**I trust in Jehovah.**” (Psalms 31:6) “**...put your trust in Jehovah.**” (Psalms 4:5) “**Commit thy way unto Jehovah; Trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass.**” (Psalms 37:5) “**I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and my fortress; My God, in whom I trust.**” (Psalms 91:2) Of course, David had a good relationship with God and was called “a man after his (God's) own heart.” (1 Samuel 13:14)

(For those who have heard me preach this sermon on David's prayer will remember this.)

My daughter died January 8, 2003. It was a shock to me for she was only 47 years of age. Prior to that date about two years her estranged husband

died. She was my only daughter and I loved her dearly, as I do my two sons. When she called, I told her I was on my way. Because of the way he died, an autopsy had to be performed to determine how he died. If you have had anything to do with the process you know it can take some time.

We had to wait over the weekend to have the burial.

Sunday evening after church services the family had decided to gather at the local Braum's Ice Cream Store for a bite to eat. I was one of the first to arrive and I sat on the end of a circular booth. Paula and her boys came in a few minutes later. She walked through the restaurant and up to where I was sitting. Without a word she dropped down on her knees, put her arms around me and laid her head on my chest. We were there motionless for at least two minutes and not a word was said. She was hurting and she trusted her daddy. She knew she was safe in my arms because of the relationship and trust we had developed through the years.

I just hope that my relationship is good enough that when I see my heavenly Father after this life is over, that I can, in a figurative way, wrap my arms around Him and lay my head on His chest, trusting Him and know I am safe.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Ed Smithson". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline.

Ed Smithson

ed@oldpathspulpit.org

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