

Remembering

Written by The Light

It will soon be ten years since our dear brother Larry Robertson passed from this life (July 20, 2002). We should be ashamed if we fail to at least occasionally recall the influence of good men in the church as was our brother, a good man, a beacon, a bastion of truth-as dedicated to the church, and as concerned for her direction as any brother I have ever known. He was a pillar in the church-a solid, unwavering, unshakable, honorable pillar. I think of other pillars I have known in the church who have passed on- Paul Cobbs, Woodard Clouse, Paul Carroll, Felix Camp, Delton Cogburn, Melvin Garrison, CO. Etheredge, Robert Reed, and so many more. Larry was one of a number. Over the years, I've heard Larry's sister, Lois, say many times, "Larry is my rock." She could say that because Larry's foundation was Jesus Christ, and provided the tangible, solid, unwavering pillar this good woman needed-sort of a "follow him as he follows Christ" relationship. And I suppose it is a proper thought to remind ourselves from time to time that, as unworthy as we are, we may be somebody's "rock." Thus, how immensely important it is to have Jesus Christ as the very heart and core of our lives. For our own sake, yes, but also for the sake of good people who occasionally need a leanin' post.

Some weeks after we had chronicled the passing of brother Larry, a dear sister in a western state wrote: "I wept also." Her note was especially meaningful at her age of 90 years. She said: "For several years I have had the pleasure of receiving

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and enjoyed reading the paper very much, but so sad to hear of things like this. But the small verse at the end makes you see the light: '

Weeping may endure for a night, but

joy cometh in the morning. ☐

So pass on all my love and prayers." And we did, and reprinting it here once more because it is so frank and sweet.