DON'T FORGET ME

My late, great friend Foy L. Smith, spent his life preaching the gospel, giving his first sermon at Crowder, Oklahoma, his home church at age 15. I first met Foy in the late 50’s. Although we grew up in the same county, it was in his mid life that I was acquainted with him. We became fast friends and spent a great deal of time together through the years. Every place I preached from the early 60's until his death, we had Foy for a gospel meeting.

One time in the late 80’s he was traveling from California to some place in Arkansas to conduct a meeting. We met at a McDonalds in Muskogee, Ok. and had a good visit. When we walked to his car and he was about to get in to leave, he turned to me, took my hand in his and said, “Don’t forget me boy.”

I thought it was odd at the time, but as I thought about it through time, I began to understand. The memory of human beings is short. Remember the lapses of Israel when they forgot and violated his law. He had promised great blessings, but they forgot.

Jesus knew of that frailty in humans and he established the Lord’s Supper to remind us. Paul’s account reads “and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, This is my body, which is for you: this do in remembrance of me. In like manner also the cup, after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood: this do, as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. (1Cor. 11:24-25)

So we come together on the first day of the week so we won’t forget that He died for us.

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