

In the time that we have I want to discuss with you a subject that came vividly to my mind yesterday. As a title I'm going to give for this, ~~A Guess~~ ^{"Death"}, and I'm going to give 8 points, now I will get through 8 points or not in 20 minutes is questionable, but I'll at least mention them. Now the first of these is that Death is a reality. 1 Cor.15.21, we read, by man came death. Yesterday ~~afternoon~~ I took part in a funeral downtown, it was the funeral of a man whom I had known rather intimately in recent years, whom I have seen occasionally over a long period of time. I remember when I first met John Lane, 30 years ago, a friend of mine told me of some ~~interesting~~ (1 3/4) up in the Appalachian mountains, and he took me up to the Sunday School Times Office me to a young man there who was writing the devotionals for young people, and I talked with John Lane and heard something about some mountain sections I had never been in, and it impressed me, this active energetic young fellow who enjoyed taking folks younger than himself on trips into the mountains. Then I didn't see him again much until more recent years, but recently I had many talks with him ~~at his office~~ and we often attended the same church services, I talked with him about the things of the Lord, I felt him as an intimate friend, a kind Christian man, I had a vivid feeling of his personality, and then yesterday I stepped into his room, there was a table, and there on the table lay his body which I looked at and could hardly recognize. He looked better looking than he had in life. The undertaker had done a good job, but not from my viewpoint, because it didn't look like him. The wrinkles were gone from his face, the face was a little broader down at the bottom. I looked and thought can that be John Lane? Can that be the man with whom I had such wonderful discussions of the things of the Lord? Can that be the man who so enjoyed hiking in the mountains and the other things that I myself had enjoyed. I couldn't believe it. That bit of clay there, that bit of flesh that the features do not assume an expression, they don't convey joy, sorrow, they just lie there. You can talk about him but there's nothing ^{to} you can say. You ~~can~~ touch him but there is no response. That there was my friend. That there was the man with whom