

University Heights Church
of Christ
445 Columbia Ave.,
Lexington, KY 40508
(859) 255-6257
www.uheightschurch.com

WORSHIP SERVICES

Sunday

Bible Study: 9:45 AM

Worship: 10:45 AM; 6:00 PM

Wednesday

Bible Study: 7:30 PM (This is
immediately followed by a
short worship period)

First Friday of Each Month

Singing: 7:30 PM

LEADERSHIP

Elders

David Collins

John Thompson

Troy Antle

Evangelist

Adam Litmer

Deacons

Richard Brundige

Matt Thompson

Adam Litmer

Bill Morelan

Jim Parsons

Pat Seabolt

Adam Daniels

Jamie Powell

In need of prayers

Janice and Elizabeth, Gary Brown,
Jackie Litmer, Rick Small, Bobbie
Atkisson, Edith Huffman, Diane
Thompson, Karen Spivey, Jeff
Howerton (also his aunt), Rhonda
Boyd (and her sister, Dorothy), Paul
Atkisson, Lois Weatherholt, Cassie
Neel, Keia Burton, Robert Brundige,
Valerie and Barry Boyd, Erlene
Young, Larry Sells, Evelyn Damron,
John Blessing, William Roberts, Paul
Lyda, Annie Allen, Elijah Ossege,
Chassey and Paisley Seabolt, Tammy
Goble, Veronica Bowman, Cindi
Bradbury, Jennifer Strutz, Steve
Stewart, Linda Humphrey, Karen
Eifler and Chery Botts (aunts of
James' Weatherholt), Roy Daniel
(Adam's uncle)

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Well Done, Dear Brother

Adam Litmer

Brother Jim has gone on to his reward. Jim's body had been failing him for some time. Indeed, the last several years were quite difficult for him physically. The last time I saw Jim was in a hospital room. He did not know I was there. Even were he conscious I am not sure he would have known who I was. Upon leaving his room I thought of a statement from Paul *So we do not lose heart. Though our outer self is wasting away, our inner self is being renewed day by day.* (2 Corinthians 4:16)

I got the impression from Jim, particularly as time went on, that he didn't really believe the treatments would heal him. He often stated that God could heal him should that be His will, yet he seemed to understand as time went on that healing would require an act of God. The last time I was able to have a real conversation with him he told me he thought he was ready to meet the Lord. Though he knew God could heal him, he wasn't really praying for it any longer. Through the pain and discomfort came an eagerness, not just for an end but a beginning. That beginning came Tuesday evening when angels entered the Parsons' house to carry our brother to Paradise.

There are passages that I believe mean a little more to people depending on where they are in their life. For the faithful saint whose body is betraying them, how the words of 2 Corinthians 5:1-8 must encourage and inspire! *For we know that if the tent that is our earthly home is destroyed, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this tent we groan, longing to put*

on our heavenly dwelling, if indeed by putting it on we may not be found naked. For while we are still in this tent, we groan, being burdened—not that we would be unclothed, but that we would be further clothed, so that what is mortal may be swallowed up by life. He who has prepared us for this very thing is God, who has given us the Spirit as a guarantee. So we are always of good courage. We know that while we are at home in the body we are away from the Lord, for we walk by faith, not by sight. Yes, we are of good courage, and we would rather be away from the body and at home with the Lord.

Not everyone experiencing a failing body is able to endure it with hope for what comes next. Verse 9 shows us who can. *So whether we are at home or away, we make it our aim to please Him.* That's the life that Jim lived. As 4:16 shows us, God's man is known from the inside out. Jim's heart was full of love for God and his brethren. You couldn't be around him long before what filled his heart came out in his words and deeds. He loved to talk about God and often spoke of his own unworthiness to be loved by Him. Indeed, I'm not sure I've known a humbler man than Jim.

Jim was kind. He did so many things for so many people. He rarely talked about it but several of the recipients of his kindness were glad to share the stories. He'd wave compliments away almost before they were out of your mouth and immediately talk about how someone else was such an encouragement to him. Jim embodied Romans 12:10. *Love one another with brotherly affection. Outdo one another in showing honor.*

Jim was compassionate. He often teared up during his Wednesday night talks when reflecting on the difficulties of others. He did not like to see his brethren suffering in any way and was extraordinarily skilled at cheering us up with his "down home" conversation and loving sincerity. There was not a disingenuous bone in his body. If we needed someone to weep with us, Jim could be counted on to do it before wiping those tears and replacing them with smiles.

Jim was dependable. Until his body prevented it, Jim was so active in the Lord's kingdom. He could be counted on by everyone who had any interaction with him. "My word is my bond" is true far less in our world today than it used to be, but it was characteristic of Jim. If he said he would do it you could count on it being done. God stated His confidence in Abraham in Genesis 18:19. He knew the type of man Abraham was and knew He could depend on him. Jim vowed faithfulness to God upon becoming a Christian and walked in accordance with that vow. As solid as a rock, brother Jim could be counted on.

Jim loved his family. For almost ten years he would stop by the building on Friday's to drop off the bulletin. I'd hear the front door open and a few moments later, "High, buddy" from my office door. We'd chat for a few minutes and rarely did one of those chats conclude without Jim mentioning Janice, Elizabeth, "Momma", or some combination. He loved them, prayed for them, cared for them, and was so proud of them.

Jim loved this church. If our conversation did not revolve around our physical family, it did our spiritual one. He prayed for every member of this church and we were constantly on His mind. Jim was a Barnabas. How blessed we were to have our very own "son of encouragement" for all those years! He observed us, reading our faces and eyes, to see if we seemed down. If he thought we were you could count on him walking over for a chat. He prayed that we would be faithful, bold, and true servants. Then he modeled it for us.

People move in and out of our lives all the time. Yet every once in a while, someone special touches our hearts in a unique way. We've not been strangers to such extraordinary brethren at University Heights. I'm sure we would all agree that brother Jim was one. I sure will miss him.

Well done, dear brother. Rest now.

