

## **His Delight is in the Details**

The Sunday morning of June 9<sup>th</sup>, 2024, I caught a riveting sermon by Jentzen Franklin, a well known evangelist who was converted to Christianity from being a Jazz saxophone player many years ago. Now he is a major spokesman for Israel's recovery from that horrific attack on Oct. 7<sup>th</sup> by Hamas terrorists.

Franklin focused on the amazing way in which God follows up on even the most seemingly trivial details when it comes to fulfilling prophetic promises. He began by discussing Christ's last moments on the cross, where, with his last strength, he summons His mother saying, "Woman, behold your son," and then tells John, "Behold thy mother."

That Jesus would think of his mother's well-being with the very last of his strength, tells us that nothing God deals with escapes His attention to detail. I've noticed how often in Biblical accounts, seemingly unimportant things become big. Notice lines like "god sees even the fall of a sparrow," or lines like "the last shall be first." or "In as much as you have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me." (Mt. 25:40)

I've also noticed in photos taken through electron microscopes, that molecular structures invisible to the naked eye, often have amazing details vital to their function. Similarly, shots taken through the Hubble telescope from outer space reveal astonishing details in galaxies and nebulae. And the scriptures tell us that nothing in any of these wonders escapes God's attention. We are even told in the hymn "It is well with My Soul" that the heavens in the end will be "rolled up like a scroll." Then God will create "a new heaven and a new earth." (Rev. 21:1)

So in the world of human interaction, many wonder if God is aware of the trials we endure, the losses we suffer when family members or loved ones are

taken from us suddenly. I got a taste of that pain recently, when I heard that Max Reinke had passed away.

Max became an office mate of mine at NDSCS in my last years there. What I noticed about him was that even though both he and his son, Hunter were stars on Science's basketball teams, he was a very humble and quiet-spoken guy, and someone I found very easy to like. He didn't fit my stereotype of the super-jock at all.

But I had a previous connection with Max way back in my bass tournament days, when I suffered a bleeding ulcer that could have taken me out then and there. The beautiful native American RN. who drew my blood samples, was Doreen Reinke. She had an aura of gentle, loving kindness that eased my fears. At the funeral I learned that it was that angelic aura that attracted Max to Doreen when he first saw her. That really connected with me. I saw Doreen at the funeral. That aura of loving-kindness is still there, making her truly beautiful even in her 70's..

I reconnected with the Reinkes last fall at a yard sale they were having before moving across the street into one of those new micro-homes, and Mary Meyer was there, my old girl friend, recently widowed. She was also moving into one of those homes close to the Reinkes.'They had been just getting acquainted, and I thought they would make great neighbors.

Now comes the shocking news that Max has passed, and my heart goes out to Doreen, but at least, I thought, she has a good neighbor who has been through a similar ordeal.

So what can we take from all of this? Maybe this: I think God loves each of us unconditionally, and far more than any star or natural wonder. If he can speak peace to a tempest and "still the storm," I know He'll be faithful to cradle each of

us as we trust Him to see us safely home.. “For underneath are His everlasting arms.” (Deut. 33:18) Gene Pinkney 6/12/24 Daily News

A post script: This should have made it into the paper in time for the funeral, but, for some unknown reason it didn't. But that gave me the chance to correct some errors. At Max's funeral I learned you were moving to Fargo and not across the street. My hearing is so defective that I often think I hear something which turns out not to be the case. But I'm glad I got to the funeral and saw what a huge crowd of people were there to honor Max. And God did too, with a down-pour of heavenly tears that really baptized the church. At my house half a mile way we got only a trace. And those great old Methodist hymns, chosen for the service, really brought a tear to my eye, like they used to when I was growing up. I truly loved, “Till my ransomed soul shall find,/ Rest beyond the river.” God Bless! I didn't cry for Max; instead I felt joy for him, because, “to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.”

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