

A LETTER FROM DR. SEAN LUCAS

November 1, 2018

My dear Friends:

I missed you this past weekend when I was away. For those who didn't know, I was preaching at Tenth Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for their Reformation Day services. Back in 1994, when Sara and I were newly married and newly moved to Philly to go to seminary at Westminster Seminary, Dr. James Boice graciously gave us an hour of his time to answer our questions and to give us a tour of Tenth. Now that I'm a pastor, I recognize what a gift that was for him to give us his time—because we were nobodies, early twenty-somethings who were Baptists (!) and exploring this weird world of Presbyterianism. He was so gracious to us—and so, going back to Tenth, twenty-five years later, was a bit of paying a debt that I owe for that kindness. It was a good time being there and seeing what God is doing through their present pastor, Dr. Liam Goligher, and their leadership.

But I'm glad to be back and glad that this Sunday morning, we have both the ministry of the Word and the Lord's Supper. And we also have an extra hour of sleep: remember that this Sunday is the day we "fall back" to standard time. Of course, now most of us rely on phones and watches that automatically set themselves—but be sure to change the other clocks in your home so that you won't get confused as you get up for church.

I know for myself that I'm glad for the extra hour this weekend, or any extra hour of sleep I get. I don't know about you, but I love to sleep. I love climbing into bed, reading a book, getting that delicious feeling of struggling to keep my eyes open, turning off the light, rolling over, and immediately conking out. And as I fall asleep, I'm often mindful of the Psalms: "I lay down and slept; I woke again, for the Lord sustained me" (Psa 3:5); "In peace I will both lie down and sleep; for you alone, O Lord, make me dwell in safety" (Psa 4:8); "It is vain that you rise up early and go late to rest, eating the bread of anxious toil; for he gives to his beloved sleep" (Psa 127:2). Sleep is a good gift from God—I'm grateful that we get another hour of it this weekend.

And yet, I'm often reminded that sometimes I and others don't sleep well. I feel the sorrow of those who for a variety of reasons are unable to sleep, who experience insomnia or who wake up regularly for no apparent reason in the middle of the night. And yet, to rest, to be at peace, to sleep—how we long for it! How we seek it! What a great promise it is that we can rest and will rest and be refreshed, if not now, then in the resurrection of the blessed. What is that we say of those who die in the Lord? Their bodies rest in peace, but there is coming a day when they will wake again for the Lord sustains us, the Lord makes us dwell in safety, the Lord is building us a new heaven and new earth that will last forever.

Think about that as you get that extra hour of sleep on Saturday night with the time change. And then come ready and refreshed to worship the Lord this Lord's Day around pulpit and table.

In the grip of God's grace,



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