

My brother, your brother, your father, your grandfather, your husband - we all are part of Bill and will be forever. Part of the Thompson family. Five years has gone so quickly, and yet, it feels as if no time has elapsed. It was yesterday that we lost him, right? No, the sting of losing him is today. It is every day. We think about and swear we can still see his face, hear his voice.

When I retired on July 31, my colleague and friend Jane, whose office is next door to my office at Pepperdine, gave me a book. Jane, is a physical chemist, an accomplished organist/pianist, and she loves hymns as do I, as did Bill. It is a book about hymns (*A Song in My Heart* - Robert J. Morgan). There are 366 entries in the text, making it a kind of daily journal of hymns.

Today's hymn, September 10, is *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*, written by Joseph Scriven, who was born in Ireland on 09.10.1819. He wrote it for his ailing mother when he found he didn't have enough money to return home to comfort her in person as her life slipped away. He called the hymn "*Pray Without Ceasing*." (I Thessalonians 5:17), and here are the lyrics. These are words we can sing and live by, reminding us that our BEST friend is Jesus himself:

What a Friend We Have In Jesus

**What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!**

**Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.**

**Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.**

**Blessed Savior, Thou hast promised
Thou wilt all our burdens bear;
May we ever, Lord, be bringing
All to Thee in earnest prayer.
Soon in glory bright, unclouded,
There will be no need for prayer—
Rapture, praise, and endless worship
Will be our sweet portion there.**