Of Death and Dying

Our culture would have us believe that death is a natural part of living. Death, however, is a violation of all that it means to be created in the image of God.

Our good friend and co-worker, Barbara (“Bobbie” to us Americans) Boggess, died yesterday. We have known her and Bill, her husband, since the late 70s. They served in France until their recent retirement; we served in Texas. We supported and participated in the church-planting endeavors in Paris many times over the years. Sara and Bobbie became close friends and had many things in common. Inexplicably, at the time of Bobbie’s death, Sara was overcome with weakness. She stayed home from work yesterday, unable to drive, and heard the news of her friend’s death in the afternoon.

Our roots in this world are complicated, but not very deep. God grew us to be in an eternal garden, nurtured by the radiance of His person. Our hearts long to be planted where we belong; yet the process of transplanting is a terrible trial. By God’s grace the trial is not an eternal one, but a valley of the shadow of death through which we walk. Our Savior, who walked that valley before us, protects and comforts us until we arrive safely in the house of the Lord and dwell there forever.

My love to you all,

*Dr. Marvin J. Effa*