

Bermudian Church of the Brethren

WEDNESDAY'S WORD – a midweek thought from Pastor Larry M. Dentler
to share a word of inspiration ... encouragement ... challenge ... a smile ... in the middle of your week
October 14, in the year of our Lord 2020 – #857

Annie's Song

On a cold Christmas Eve in 1866 in Vineland, NJ, a baby was born to Eldon & Jean Johnson. They named the Christmas Present Annie. While Annie was still a baby, and just after giving birth to a second child, Annie's mother died at the age of 29. Annie's father placed the girls in the home of a widow of a Civil War buddy of his. But they were unwanted and unloved and the ensuing years were very hard.

A single school teacher in Annie & her sister's school fell in love with these poor uncared-for little girls. Forever known to them as "Aunt Susie," the young woman spoke of the girls all the time to the couple with which she boarded, that eventually Mr. & Mrs. Flint adopted the girls and brought them into their home to love and raise them along with "Aunt Susie." The Flints were wonderful Christian folks and raised Annie to love the Lord.

Annie grew in grace and faith. She was a loving and caring person so sensitive to the needs of others. At an early age she found that she loved writing poetry. After high school and a year of college she began teaching school which she dearly loved. But she developed a very severe form of arthritis which quickly left her very crippled. While still a young girl, and just starting teaching, her adoptive parents, the Flints, both died and Annie found she and her sister homeless again, with Annie no longer able to teach. Once again "Aunt Susie" came to their rescue. Susie was in a sanatorium in Clifton Springs, NY because of her own health problems and made arrangements for Annie to come there.

Twice orphaned, and now with arthritis so bad that she was unable to walk or even to turn her head, Annie turned back to her beloved poetry. Writing out of her own pain, loss and faith, Annie's poems developed a following and she was published in some of the leading Christian publications of the day. In her words people found hope and comfort in the love of God. And from the proceeds she received Annie was able to pay for her care.

At the end of a 66-year journey Annie's body was twisted and rigid, filled with cancer, covered with boils. Unable to hold a pencil she would recite her poetic creations to another who would write down her words. Those who cared for her remember her gentle, caring, faith-filled spirit. Never complaining. Always appreciative of any act of caring. Always wanting to share the hope and grace of the Lord.

Now knowing Annie's story, hear with new ears her words that were set to music and became the beautiful hymn, "*He Giveth More Grace.*"

He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater; He sendeth more strength when the labors increase. To added affliction, He addeth His mercy; To multiplied trials His multiplied peace. His love has no limit; His grace has no measure. His power has no

boundary known unto men. For out of His infinite riches in Jesus, He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance, When our strength has failed ere the day is half done, When we reach the end of our hoarded resources, Our Father's full giving is only begun. His love has no limit; His grace has no measure. His power has no boundary known unto men. For out of His infinite riches in Jesus, He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again.

Words by Annie Johnson Flint / Music by Hubert Mitchell © 1941, renewed 1969 by Lillenas Publishing Co. All rights reserved. Used by permission. CCLI #402157.

Remember God's reassurance to the Apostle Paul in the midst of trial and suffering; ***"My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness."*** 2 Corinthians 12:9 NIV

Dear one, are you facing some trial today? Some suffering? Some uncertainty? Have you been hurt? Abandoned? Betrayed? Have you suffered some heart-breaking loss? Are you feeling lost, alone, or scared? Please know that you are loved and cared for as a beloved child by the One whose *"...love has no limit; His grace has no measure. His power has no boundary known unto men."* And that out of His infinite, unending love for you, *"He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again!"*

His grace is sufficient ... for me! Pastor Larry <><