

Dear Lillian Methodist Church family,

"He knows my name." Last Sunday, the choir sang it. I quietly sang along. The thought is at once awe-inspiring and humbling. The mayor of Pensacola doesn't know my name, nor does he care to. But the God of the universe does.

Psalm 8 is a psalm of David. His thoughts were no doubt formed by nights in the field, watching his father's sheep. He had the entire night sky, unpolluted by our modern streetlights or air traffic. David's unaided eye saw only a tiny fraction of God's creative genius displayed in the heavens. That was enough to convince David of God's unfathomable power and majesty. He knew God as Creator and himself as awe struck creature. It humbled him to consider the same Creator would think about him.

"When I look at Your heavens, the work of Your fingers, the moon and the stars, which You have set in place, what is man that You are mindful of him, and the son of man, that You care for him?"

That is the unanswerable question. Why does He even notice us? Why does He care for us? Why does He love us? Why does He love me? I do not know.

This I do know. For those of us who have knelt before Him, convicted of sin, humbly believing the faithful promise of His gospel invitation, we say "Thank you, Father." We gratefully receive His undeserved mercy and our newfound adoption as children of God. We know that He loves us because He demonstrated His love for us. He knows our names because He has written them down in Heaven.

Take comfort knowing that Jesus Christ knows your name. To those who love and obey Him, He extends love and friendship. Friends with God. A true friend who knows my name. Like David, I am humbled at the thought.

See ya'll Sunday,

Perry Cunningham
Lay Leader LMC