

“I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown (victory wreath) of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing (presence)” (II Timothy 4:7-8)

Dear friends,

My father, David Morsey, finished his course on Thursday, January 18, 1996. These words of the Apostle Paul also describe the comforting assurance from God which we saw in my father especially in the last few months of his life. He was always teaching. Throughout his life, he was teaching us all what it means to live in the grace and peace of Christ. And as he was approaching death, he was teaching us what it means to die in that same grace and peace of Christ.

Week by week, month by month, my father's strength was eroding; but his spirit could not be touched. After all, the Spirit of God was there. The bastion of faith was built not by human confidence and commitment, but by that same Spirit who spoke the heavens and earth into existence. My father knew that Christ was beside him in the midst of it all. In his characteristic indomitable way, David Morsey pursued his work up to his very last waking moments. He would have wanted it no other way.

One of Dad's many expressions was “reach for the real.” That also characterized his life. An undergraduate degree in Bible; graduate studies at Simpson, Princeton, Fuller, USC; two advanced degrees, a relentless study of Biblical languages; various pastorates; investigations into numerous denominations and movements—he would not rest until he found the reality of a simple and natural relationship with the Comforter, the Spirit of Christ. And then he didn't want to rest. He needed to share that peace and encouragement which heals the lives and hearts of human beings broken by the cruelties of Satan's assaults. His final 30 years were spent doing just that: reaching out to the injured with the balm of Christ's love. It brings to mind the assurance Jesus gave to an imprisoned and doubting John the Baptist: *“the blind receive sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them”* (Matthew 11:5). The work of the Holy Spirit has always been shown through ministry to hurting people.

My father didn't depend on grand visions and goals. They were too likely to be man's ideas, not God's. He wanted only to be an agent for the work of Christ. Humbled by the awesome reality of this service, he wrote many years ago:

*I go not grandly to the grave,
But meekly meet the Master of the Universe.
With broken heart and head bowed low,
I stand in tattered rags of my own righteousness;
And contemplate the meager service rendered on the earth below;
And beg from Him His cloak of linen, pure and clean.
I know not how He views my life, but this I know—I shall not give the victory shout,
Until He bids me lift my head,*

And gives, Himself, the welcome accolade—Until I know, at last, that He is satisfied.

In his last few years, my father's peaceful heart gave ample evidence that "the welcome accolade" had been extended early. God's "good and faithful servant" could join with Paul as the Spirit of God assured him that he had ". . . fought the good fight . . . finished the course,. . . kept the faith." God was satisfied. The victory crown was ready.

We want you to know that we consider it a privilege, as long as the Lord makes it possible, to continue the publishing at the Harvester Mission. This is to continue to make teaching from God's word freely available to all who ask. This includes my father's written works and cassette and video tapes. Please feel free to request any of our publications to give to anyone who needs it. There is no greater joy for us than to help lift the eyes of human beings to the peace and grace of Christ.

We have included a list of publications available. Just published is a work from my father's last days, "Bedrock." This work is an attempt to guide the honest seeker through the journey that starts with the question, "Who is God?"

I do want to take a moment to thank you all for the prayers, letters, and encouraging comments in the last few weeks. Our sorrow was more than covered by the love of Christ expressed through you.

In Christ,
Ed Morsey
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