

# Funeral Service—Bobbie Jean Moubray (Meema)

Let's pray...

(Romans 8:31-39) <sup>31</sup> If God is for us, who can be against us? <sup>32</sup> He who did not spare his own Son but gave him up for us all, how will he not also with him graciously give us all things? <sup>33</sup> Who shall bring any charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies. <sup>34</sup> Who is to condemn? Christ Jesus is the one who died—more than that, who was raised—who is at the right hand of God, who indeed is interceding for us. <sup>35</sup> Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or sword...[or Dementia]? <sup>36</sup> As it is written, "For your sake we are being killed all the day long; we are regarded as sheep to be slaughtered." <sup>37</sup> No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. <sup>38</sup> For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels nor rulers, nor things present nor things to come, nor powers, <sup>39</sup> nor height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

That song we just sang has had several different titles throughout the years— "I will Arise and Go to Jesus" or "Come, Ye Sinner, Poor and Needy." Both are lines from the song and both are appropriate titles. It was written in the 18th century by Joseph Hart (1712–1768), an English pastor and hymn writer. This hymn was published in 1759. Hart's story matters. He lived for years in spiritual confusion and moral struggle. In his mid-40s, he experienced a profound awakening to the free grace of Christ. After that, he wrote hundreds of hymns, many of which stress:

- The helplessness of the sinner
- The freeness of grace
- The sufficiency of Christ
- The necessity of coming just as you are

It is deeply influenced by the parable of the prodigal son in Gospel of Luke 15 — especially the line:

"I will arise and go to my father."

Hart takes the prodigal's resolve and puts it on the lips of every needy sinner. In other words, we are all prodigals who have rejected God's amazing grace but God brings us to our end that we might arise and go to him and receive his free grace.

This is a fitting song because my grandmother—Meema—loved this song. She loved it because of the hope that it's grounded in. It's not merely sentimental because her daddy used to sing it but rather it level us all and calls us to come to Jesus for the only hope of salvation. Death is a clear sign that something is very wrong in this world. It's not meant to be like this. Jesus wept over the brokenness of the world. Indeed, we are here to grieve the loss of one of the dearest and sweetest ladies the world has ever known but we do not grieve without hope.

You will hear Meema described as sweet, gentle, good, thoughtful, tender, and kind. You might even say, Bobbie Jean was a very charming lady. She, indeed, was a lady! She was the best grandmother and I cannot imagine how she could have been better to me. She was 92 years and like most people who grew up in Latham in the 1930s, 8th grade was the extent of her education. And yet, she and my Pappa were the successful business owners of Vaughan Bros Hardware for 25 years.

That store was perfect for them. They had so much to give and they needed a lot of people to help while making a living at the same time. They not only helped their customers solve their plumbing problems, they helped them in so many other ways too. I can still see Meema having a long conversation with someone who had come in the store even though the store was full of customers. She seemed to never feel rushed by anything. She was there to love and care for people and that's what she did. She was a great listener and a

great encourager. She might not know what to say sometimes but I can guarantee that she would be there for you. Meema was always present. The future had to wait on her because it didn't seem to bother her one bit.

She and my Pappa not only helped their customers, they helped us crazy goons that worked for them. They were not only my grandparents but they were grandparents to anyone who needed them. They taught us how to treat people—good people and difficult people. They always went above and beyond to help. They gave advice on all kinds of things but most of all they showed us in their actions how to handle things.

There are so many good things, lovely things I could say about her and most of you already know that. We all were better for having her in our lives. We have so much to be thankful for concerning her life. It was a life well-lived. She was content everywhere she went. Sometimes we would say her middle name was “go.” She loved to go places. See people. Enjoy long conversations with old friends or make new friends. You should have seen how many pictures she had. She loved to capture those memories.

And she also loved chocolate, especially a Snickers, or a bowl of ice cream. We always had an endless supply of those Turners one gallon buckets that was always in her freezer. And if you weren't in the mood for ice cream, there were always Little Debbie treats in that first cabinet door in her kitchen.

I could go on and on building up just how great she was but she wouldn't like that too much. In fact, she would want you to hear that song we sang and come to Jesus. I was thankful to have been there holding her hand as she crossed the finish line of this life into glory but the song presses these issues:

- “If you tarry till you're better, you will never come at all.”
- “All the fitness He requireth is to feel your need of Him.”

No self-improvement first. No moral clean-up beforehand. Come needy. Come ruined. Come empty.

She knew very well that no one enters glory because they reach a certain age or achieved a certain decency. She entered glory because she arose and went to Jesus just like the song said.

Everyone will rightly say how sweet Meema was. They'll talk about her work ethic, her grit, her kindness behind the counter at Vaughan Bros. Hardware. An 8th-grade education. Twenty-five years running a business. Working until she was 80. That's quiet strength. That's dignity. That's faithfulness in ordinary things.

But don't think that those things were her hope.

The hymn we sang levels the room.

“Come, ye sinners, poor and needy...”

Not come, ye successful business owners.  
Not come, ye morally impressive grandmothers.  
Not come, ye small-town pillars.

Sinners. Poor. Needy.

Everyone here could fill the air with stories about how sweet Meema was. And they would all be true. But the reason she is safe in the arms of Christ is not because she was sweet. It's because she knew she was needy.

Do you feel your need for Christ?

Does the guilt from the wrong things you have done, never go away?

The hymn says:

“If you tarry till you're better, you will never come at all.”

My grandmother did not wait until she was impressive enough. She came as a sinner to a Savior.

And that actually makes her life more beautiful, not less. Because her work ethic, her perseverance, her kindness — those were fruits of grace, not the currency that purchased heaven.

Have you ever considered what the phrase “ten thousand charms” means? “Charms” does not mean magic spells or enchantments in the modern sense. In 18th-century, “charms” meant attractions, beauties, excellencies, delights.

People will say, “She was so charming,” “She was so delightful,” “She was so warm.”

If we found her charming — how much more Christ?

If we saw beauty in her — how much more in Jesus?

If she drew us in with love — how much more the Savior who embraced her?

“In the arms of my dear Savior, oh, there are ten thousand charms.”

Not one charm. Not a few attractive traits.

Ten thousand — meaning inexhaustible beauty. Infinite mercy. Endless welcome.

So the phrase means:

There are infinite excellencies in Christ.

Endless beauty.

Boundless sweetness.

More loveliness than can be numbered.

To say there are “ten thousand charms” in Christ is to say:

- His mercy never runs dry.
- His embrace never grows cold.
- His person never loses glory.
- His salvation never disappoints.

If my Meema arose and went to Jesus, she has not lost anything. She has gained the One in whom there are ten thousand delights.

Her quiet, steady faith became clouded with dementia over the last few years. But it’s not a tragic footnote in her life.

Dementia can steal clarity,

It cannot steal Christ.

Did you notice what the song said?

“He will embrace me in his arms.”

Notice the direction of action. The hope is not, “I will hold on to Him tightly.” It is, “He will embrace me.”

In dementia, our grip weakens. But the gospel has always been about His grip.

For the last several years, many of us watched parts of Meema slowly fade. Memories blurred. Words became uncertain. Recognition sometimes flickered. But the good news of the gospel is this: even when she could not clearly hold onto her thoughts, Christ was holding onto her.

Salvation does not depend on sustained mental performance.

It depends on union with Christ.

There was a day in her life when she arose and went to Jesus. And from that moment on, whether her mind was sharp or clouded, whether her words were strong or confused, she was in His arms.

That makes “ten thousand charms” even richer.

Right now, whatever was dimmed is restored. Whatever was confused is clear. Whatever was broken is whole. She is not wandering in mental fog. She is beholding Christ in the beauties of his perfections.

Dementia is awful. It’s painful to watch.

But we did not let the final years define the ninety-two.

The truest thing about her today is not that she forgot things.

It’s that she is known.

Fully known. Fully restored. Fully embraced.

But how can this be so?

All of this can be so, because Christ came to this world to save us. Do not misunderstand the phrase—I will arise and go to Jesus. He came to us so that we could come to him. He took our penalty and guilt on himself on the cross that we might be forgiven by faith in him. Not only that, when he takes our sin he gives us his perfect righteousness. And we stand forgiven of our sin debt and we stand blameless in his righteousness. Perfect righteousness is required. You do not do what you can do and trust God for the rest. It’s completely the work of Christ that gives us a right legal standing before God.

Arise and come to Jesus. Repent and believe in the beautiful Savior that embraced my Meema to end.

### **I want to end with this:**

What is your only comfort in life and death?

Answer: That I with body and soul, both in life and death, am not my own, but belong to my faithful Savior Jesus Christ; who, with His precious blood, has fully satisfied for all my sins, and delivered me from all the power of the devil; and so preserves me that without the will of my heavenly Father, not a hair can fall from my head; indeed, that all things work together for my salvation, and wherefore, by His Holy Spirit, He also assures me of eternal life, and makes me sincerely willing and ready, from now on, to live for Him.

Death doesn’t get the last word if you are in union with Christ by faith!

(1 Cor. 15:55-57) <sup>55</sup> "O death, where is your victory? O death, where is your sting?" <sup>56</sup> The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. <sup>57</sup> But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Pray...