

# Daily View

*"But exhort one another every day, as long as it is called 'today'" Hebrews 3:13*

August 27, 2020

## Floyd Thompson

[I should call this the "Sort of Daily View" since I'm no longer sending it out every day. I'm aware that a few of you read it every day, and I appreciate that, but most of you probably do not have the time or the inclination to do that and that is, of course, perfectly fine. As I've mentioned before, I do not read everything that comes my way, not by a long shot. I'm working on some other projects so my schedule has forced me to write these less frequently although I'll probably keep doing it for the foreseeable future. If getting them bugs you, feel free to trash or let me know and I'll take you off the mailing list. Meanwhile, thank you for allowing me to invade your inbox almost every day.]

**W**e lived on Costa Mesa street in a house my dad built around 1953. Coincidentally, four members of churches of Christ lived next door to each other at that time. Two were elders and two were preachers. I remember that partly because when young Mormons would come by, they were exhausted by the time they got to the fourth house. They stopped coming down that street.

I remember our next-door neighbor to the south best, a young preacher named Tom Baker. He had two sons, one about my age and one who was 5 years old. The younger son, David, was funny. I remember he was sitting in a tree one time and all of a sudden he starts sniffing and says, "I think I smell a Ford."

Tom and my dad were young. Floyd Thompson was the "old" preacher in Orange County, although probably only in his mid to late 30's. He sort of looked like C.S. Lewis. I thought he was kind of cool for an "old" preacher. I remember in the 60s, when he was even older, he drove a Plymouth Barracuda with a decal on the back window that said, "*Powered by Plymouth.*"

But Floyd was powered by Jesus. He was a remarkable man who did some wonderful work in the Orange County area for 40-plus years, primarily working with the Fairview church in Garden Grove.

Some of you who are reading this remember that church. Floyd was almost single-handedly responsible for teaching many younger preachers the truth during the the ultra-divisive 50s and early 60s.

His approach is interesting and instructive. Tom and my dad were flirting with some of these unbiblical doctrines but, two or three times a week, Floyd would come by in the evening and talk to them. He never argued with them or even told them they were wrong. But, after exchanging a few pleasantries, he would ask them a question. Then, not waiting for the answer, he would get in his car and drive off, leaving Tom and my dad to wrestle with the question. It was a brilliant tactic.

My dad told me they began to dread to see Floyd drive up because they could never answer his questions. Eventually, they had to agree with Floyd and made a change that, in my dad's case, caused a lot of trouble in our extended family. Dad and Tom were close friends for many years after that and Floyd was a great influence in my dad's life for several years.

Floyd was a special man and did a lot of good for many years. If I had my say, he would have lived until he was 90 or older so I could have experienced his wisdom up close and personal. Yet, cancer took him at the relatively young age of 72. His wonderful wife, Ruth Thompson, told me that he said, on the eve of his death, "I had hoped to live to teach at least another 10 years." That's what he lived for and teaching the gospel is what he cared about most. What was good for Floyd was not so good for the rest of us. Meanwhile, Hebrews 13:7 comes to mind:

*"Remember your leaders, those who spoke to you the word of God. Consider the outcome of their way of life, and imitate their faith."*

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