

# In Memory of Ethan Hardin

On January 7th, 2011, Ethan Hardin, Sgt. US Army, was killed in action in Afghanistan. Today, January 22nd, his body was laid to rest in Round Mountain Cemetery with full military honors. By all accounts, Ethan is a brother in Christ. He also was a member of Mission Boulevard Baptist Church, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

I know Ethan as I was at one time a member of Mission Boulevard, and studied under his father, Tom Hardin, who is a missionary of Mission Boulevard. I know it is never the desire of a father (or of any parent) to bury their child, so Ethan's passing is a particular grief.

There are perhaps many things which could be explored as to why Ethan has passed on, but they are for a different time, and perhaps a different post. Most importantly, those things are for his family and his church to examine and seek the face of the LORD for answers. They do not belong to me.

We know, or should know, that the LORD never takes anyone before their time. Thus, knowing the LORD took Ethan at the young age of 25 should make us consider where we stand before the LORD, and seriously consider what He has called us to do. Nonetheless, should we falter in that, if we are the LORD's we ought to know there is mercy and forgiveness with the LORD.

To remind us of that, and that we may remember Ethan Hardin (for I am certain Ethan now knows of the mercy, grace and forgiveness of the LORD firsthand), the following hymn is given. ((No, it is not Baptists singing it. I could not find any recording done by Baptists))

In Christ,  
Paul W. Davis

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# Here is Love

I really don't know what to say. It's Welsh, very Baptist, and very beautiful. It is known as the "Love song of the Welsh Revival."

You can listen to the midi file by clicking on the player below or the hymn title below the player.

[Here is Love](#)

Here is love, vast as the ocean,  
Lovingkindness as the flood,  
When the Prince of Life, our Ransom,  
Shed for us His precious blood.  
Who His love will not remember?  
Who can cease to sing His praise?  
He can never be forgotten,  
Throughout Heav'n's eternal days.

On the mount of crucifixion,  
Fountains opened deep and wide;  
Through the floodgates of God's mercy  
Flowed a vast and gracious tide.  
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,  
Poured incessant from above,  
And Heav'n's peace and perfect justice  
Kissed a guilty world in love.

Let me all Thy love accepting,  
Love Thee, ever all my days;  
Let me seek Thy kingdom only  
And my life be to Thy praise;  
Thou alone shalt be my glory,

Nothing in the world I see.  
Thou hast cleansed and sanctified me,  
Thou Thyself hast set me free.

In Thy truth Thou dost direct me  
By Thy Spirit through Thy Word;  
And Thy grace my need is meeting,  
As I trust in Thee, my Lord.  
Of Thy fullness Thou art pouring  
Thy great love and power on me,  
Without measure, full and boundless,  
Drawing out my heart to Thee.