

# Thought for the Day

Monday 27<sup>th</sup> April 2020

Annie Johnson Flint, was born in New Jersey, USA in 1866. At the age of 3 her mother died giving birth to Annie's sister. Her father, unable to cope had the 2 girls fostered to a family where they were unwelcome and unwanted. At the age of 5 she was adopted by Mr and Mrs Flint who brought the girls up in a loving and godly home. At age 8 Annie became a Christian at a revival meeting in the town where they lived. She was an avid reader and in her teens she developed a love of both reading and writing poetry, On completing High School she eventually began teaching at the local primary school where she grew up. But after just three years in her early 20's she was forced to give up her job because of severe arthritis. The death of both adoptive parents within a few months of each other left the 2 girls alone again. It was a black time for her as she was forced to accept she would be a helpless invalid and her one sister was also very frail.

With a pen pushed through bent fingers and held by swollen joints she wrote her poetry. Her verses provided a solace for her in the long hours of suffering. But her poems also appreciated by others and soon her writings were being published in cards and magazines, allowing her to earn a little to support herself and pay for the daily care she needed. She lived from hand to mouth, income was inconsistent and sometimes her care needs increased. No one but God and she knew what suffering she endured as the disease became worse with the passing of the years, and new complications developed. But through it all her faith in the goodness and mercy of God never wavered. She died in 1932, aged 66. For more than forty years there had been scarcely a day when she did not suffer pain. For thirty-seven years she had been increasingly helpless. Her joints had become rigid, although she was able to turn her head, and in great pain write a few lines on paper.

Hers was a difficult life, full of pain and sadness. Yet out of her experience flowed amazing verses of faith and confidence in God and His promises, which greatly encouraged others. I discovered this lady through finding her hymn 'He giveth more grace'. I've never sung it but the words stand in their own right as a great testimony to God's amazing grace. As you read it, keep in the forefront of your mind that these words were borne out of hardship and suffering and all through that time Annie found God's grace was sufficient.

He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater,  
He sendeth more strength when the labours increase;  
To added affliction He addeth His mercy,  
To multiplied trials His multiplied peace.

His love has no limit, His grace has no measure,  
His pow'r has no boundary known unto men;  
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus,  
He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,  
When our strength has failed ere the day is half done;  
When we reach the end of our hoarded resources,  
Our Father's full giving is only begun.

His love has no limit, His grace has no measure,  
His pow'r has no boundary known unto men;  
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus,  
He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again.

May we each find true in our own experience, what was clearly true for Annie Johnson Flint throughout all her troubles. In the words Paul to the Corinthians ..

**My Grace is sufficient for you** 2 Cor 12:9

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*John Langridge*