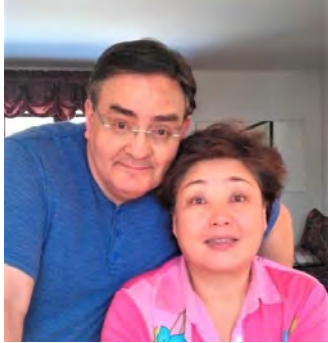


In Memoriam - Mr. Henry Masters

Philip Soai Van
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When searching into the new FamilyFed website, I was clicking on all the links and landed on the "In Memoriam" button. As I scrolled down the one and only page, I was invited to "click here" to see the list of more members from the old website.

I looked at and read many profiles. Sometimes you can catch a glimpse of a person's personality by reading the synopsis of their life of faith and achievements. Surprisingly, this section is a source of inspiration. It gives me the will to do more. As I continued to scroll down the list, I stumbled upon the name Mr. Henry Masters. He ascended last year. He was 93 years old.

I was reading his life and path of faith and clicked on the link (see below).

There was a video made by our movement in the UK that was posted on their website. I thought it to be worth watching even before clicking on the video. After all, how many times does someone get to be validated in this way for his contribution to doing God's will and God's work?

What was most relevant to finding him online was the fact that he was a member of our NJ community for a long while. A very quiet fellow, he and his wife would fellowship after service and people would gather around their table. I never paid attention to him, though I had some admiration for him because of his ingenious ability. Today, I regret not having taken the time to interact with him.

You'll never know when the last time will be the last. We are so focused on "firsts" and anything life demands in the moment that, somehow, we overlook or are oftentimes unaware of the "lasts". We never realize that our last is our last. I don't remember the last time I lifted up my children - something I have done a thousand times. Suddenly I never did it again. Helping to tie a shoe, brushing tiny teeth, reading a bedtime story, or giving a kiss goodnight. Each of these had a last. So, tomorrow I'll quit early, I'll walk away from "firsts" and focus on my every daily treasure as if it were a "last," because one day the last may come too soon. No more lift-ups, or brushing teeth, but today my "lasts" will become my first.

[The eyes of a needle - Henry Masters](#)

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