

# ROY J. HEARN, A FRIEND

*Keith A. Mosher, Sr.*

The first time I met Brother Hearn, he had just completed a full day of preaching and teaching at the Nesbit, Mississippi, congregation and had to travel to the Knight Arnold building that Sunday evening to talk to me about the Memphis School of Preaching. He acted as if such were a normal thing to do and that he was most interested (as he was) in my desire to attend the School and to learn to preach. Brother Hearn took the time to show me the school building and to inform me as to living expenses and ways to raise support. From that day to now, I have considered him my friend.

While I was a student at the School, brother Hearn had open-heart surgery and was incapacitated for a time. My sons and I mowed his grass, and he insisted that we use his boat to go fishing, which we did. He went with us on two occasions, but both times to a pond, and, as I recall it, he taught me and the boys to fish, which sport seems to be a requisite to preaching. Brother Hearn never did forget those favors and trips, but I owed him so much for his guidance that I could never quite understand how he seemed to be so thankful.

The first time I ever taught a class at MSOP it was by chance. I had come to get something from the School bookstore, and brother Hearn saw me standing in the hall. After clearing his throat he said, "Friend, have you ever taught personal work?" I mumbled something about having done so, and brother Hearn said. "Good, go upstairs and fill in for brother E. L. (Whitaker) who is sick today." Brother Hearn used me for about five years in such a capacity and even gave me my treasured set of the Theological Dictionary of the New Testament as a reward. For brother Hearn and the School, I would gladly have filled in for nothing. He had taken my calls and question at all times and at all hours and was always willing (in his very stern way) to help me. He was a true friend, for he would not just tell me what he thought I wanted to hear, but what he knew I needed. One time he and brother John Renshaw and I traveled to Dallas, Texas, together to attend a symposium of schools of preaching. We stopped at some type of buffet restaurant to eat, and brother Hearn got a plateful of fried livers which he said he would share with us. Brother Renshaw and I proceeded to eat them all! Brother Hearn never would let us forget what we had done, and he also gave us a very good sermon outline on gluttony which, of course, we needed to hear.

Over the years brother Hearn gave me (and any number of other of his students) books, outlines, and materials collected from over four decades of faithfully proclaiming the gospel and teaching others how to preach. His home was always open to me because he and his beloved Sadie made it so. When he moved away from Memphis, I got to see him only on a few occasions at his home in east Tennessee and at lectureships here and around. It seems that the Father was getting me ready for the time my friend would move to his "long home," and I would once again have to wait to see him. It is rare, indeed, to have a good teacher. It is rarer still when that teacher turns out to be a good friend. May God bless Sadie and the family as they prepare here to meet brother Hearn in paradise [Taken from the Yokefellow, Vol. 27, No. 12, December 14,2000].