

(From the book of sermons, compiled and edited by Agnes Robinson, entitled *Heaven's Quest for a Man Like God* by Rev. H. P. Robinson, copyright 1969 by LifeSprings Resources, formerly Advocate Press. Reprinted by permission.)

## MEET PADGETT ROBINSON

*By Ages Bradley Robinson*

Padgett Robinson was quite a person! Of course, you might say I'm biased, and I'm sure you're right. For from our very first date, I was convinced he was the world's greatest!

A strong and muscular outdoorsman, he was a man of action, a man of tremendous drive. Whether he was hunting, fishing, praying or preaching, he seemed to pour every ounce of effort into what he was doing.

As a husband, he was generous to a fault. He was thoughtful and understanding. It was my pleasure to work long hours at his side, typing his correspondence, copying his sermons, or helping him plan his promotion of various phases of the church program. In assisting him I found great fulfillment in my desire to work for God.

As a father, he was tender and loving, yet ruled his household with a positive hand. He had a great desire for a son, but when God gave us three little girls, he loved them deeply. As soon as they were old enough, he promptly adopted them as his buddies and taught them to fish and hunt.

Our family went on periodic camping trips, taking to the wilds for a little respite from the incessant ringing of the telephone and the continual demands upon his energies. He enjoyed camping in the most primitive manner—sleeping in a tent or under the stars, cooking on an open campfire, and hiking through the dense swamps of South Carolina.

He enthusiastically enjoyed getting with a group of the fellows—ministers or friends from his home community—to camp out, hunt and fish. He delighted in displaying his skill in the culinary

arts by cooking a squirrel per lieu or a fish stew for which he was famous. His laughter would ring through the woods as he watched the fellows, ravenously hungry, drinking great quantities of water to cool the generous amount of pepper he always added to the food.

He had a keen sense of humor. Our girls often had such fun with him around the breakfast table that it was difficult to get them off to school.

During the years he served as a pastor, he demonstrated a deep concern and compassion for his members and for the spiritual welfare of the church. Many nights I could hear him in the church, across the street from the parsonage, praying for hours at a time. Early in life he cultivated the practice of praying at the top of his voice. He began this as a farmer boy of 17 when he was first saved and called to preach. He would steal away from his family and friends and go to the woods to talk to his God. When he went to college and seminary, his prayer life suffered until he found that he could pray in the boiler room without disturbing the other students.

As a Conference Superintendent, he identified closely with the pastors under his supervision. Many of the ministers told me after his death how they would go to his office defeated by the problems they had encountered and after a talk and prayer with him, they would leave with buoyant step, feeling that with God's help they were more than a match for any situation.

His dedication to the cause of Christ was a compelling force within him, driving him continuously in its promotion. No sacrifice was too great to make, no personal desire was heeded when the Cause was involved. He seemed to have a feeling of urgency as though in a race with time, and he crowded every moment with action.

So often, as he stood in the pulpit, he stated in vibrant tone freighted with feeling: "I was born to preach!" This was his greatest delight,

to stand in the pulpit, and under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, bring God's message to man.

From the time he first started preaching, he followed the practice of writing his thoughts down on paper as he prepared his sermons. During these times of deep meditation, with his soul tuned to that heavenly world, flashes of inspiration were transferred from his heart to paper. As a result, I have many hundreds of his sermons in my possession.

Immediately after the first shock of his death lifted, my heart was filled with a determination to further extend his ministry by preparing his sermons for publication. This book is the fruits of my first efforts. I hope to follow it with many more.

In working on his notes, it was impossible for me to determine which thoughts were original with him and which should be attributed to another author since he studied widely. So to those who may be quoted, I express sincere thanks for that source material. However, since most of the thoughts are couched in his own style of writing, I am persuaded to believe that the thoughts he may have borrowed from others were adapted into his own thinking as he penned these words.

To Bishop Joseph A. Synan, who was greatly admired by my husband, I express deep appreciation for the Foreword to this book. To Rev. A. M. Long and Rev. John W. Swails, I feel a debt of gratitude for their help in preparing the sermons for publication.

As I typed and retyped these sermons, I relived experiences of bygone days when I had that precious privilege of sitting under his ministry. For nearly nineteen years, he was my preacher and I was his most avid listener. His sermons always seemed to be a direct message to my heart.

As you read this book, it is my desire that the Holy Spirit will bless it to your heart and give you a greater desire to become "a man or woman like God."