

Q.N. July 16, 78 AM -

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O WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

Psalm 30

INTRODUCTION:

We discover here the public thanksgiving on the recovery from sickness. David had experienced a dangerous illness. And he had been mercifully spared. David complains that he has been mistreated so many times. And seems that not anything in his life has gone well. David was very much like Christie Mathewson - one of the greatest baseball pitchers in history. Many people today do not remember this man - but he pitched for the old New York Giants. Long before they moved to San Francisco. And he worked under John McGraw. It is no wonder that Christie was a fine pitcher. He studied every man who ever stood up against him in the batter's box. He seldom, if ever, repeated a mistake. He knew the batting habits and the weaknesses of every opposing player. From the pinch hitters to the clean-up man. It is said that his memory was as sharp as his curve ball.

A young rookie came up from the minor league and was put into the game against the Giants. When he came up to bat the first time, he took a healthy cut at one of the fast balls, and sliced it into center field. The last time up, the rookie smashed another double off of the left field fence. Though the old master pitcher had ever been touched for two extra base hits, by the same man, this young smart aleck had done it twice. He was highly elated, and as he walked off the field, "I'm the greatest, I'm the prettiest" - old John McGraw the manager of the Giants stepped up behind him and said - you did a good job today son, getting two doubles off of Christy. Do you remember what pitches you hit? The rookie said, awe don't worry about that. I just up and hit them - he's not that great. Well, I'll tell you one thing, McGraw said, Christy knew which balls he threw you - and he knows just what you can hit. And what you can't hit. And he'll never give you another good pitch.

And Christy never did give that man another opportunity to hit a ball.

Now this is something of David's feeling ^(Nothing good) - he has stumbled so many times, had so many mistakes made in his life. He has had so many problems. So many times has he been sick. That even there were feelings that he was hiding from the face of God. And God was never nearer to him, and God's love was never more tender, and God's love was never more present than in his distress and in his suffering.

4. It is like a person who said, they were (seriously ill) "I am too weak, I cannot think. I cannot even pray." And then a friend said to that one, well, your little child was very ill sometime ago - was she not? Yes, very much. Was she too ill to speak to you. Yes. "Did you love her less because she could not speak to you?" No. I loved her more if there was any difference. Just so, said the friend, your (Heavenly Father) acts as a father pitieth his children. So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

Now we must never associate our troubles and our sicknesses with the fact that (God is hiding his face) from us.

Daniel Poland was once asked what he knew about God? And he answered, "I don't know much, but what I do know has changed my life." Actually, none of us knows very much about God. For He has wrapped himself in mystery. But the little we do know, will change our lives, or else it is not worth our knowing it in the first place.

Robert said

"Isn't it marvelous that from my window, I saw God today - and it made life leap

into my eyes. I saw him in the golden shaft of light that shot its beams through my window. And I thought that he beckoned to me to smile again. He was there in the purple morning glory. I saw him in the singing bird that perched upon my window sill and sang as though his throat would burst. I saw him in the park at noon day, moving in and out among the happy children. Above the noisy flow of traffic. He smiled at me from the faces of friends that came by my bedside during the afternoon. At evening time, I beheld him in the glorious colors of the sunset. And at last, in the palm of my prayer hour, while most of the world slept, I felt his presence near. Oh, dear friend, I saw God today!

Those words from Mary Cranford, From My Window, speak loads about how David felt. There was many things in this Psalm that we need to see. Which are pointed out for us.

V. 1 - He says that God had helped him on his feet.

V. 2 - He had prayed unto God, and you have helped me, and you have cured me. And the cure which he speaks of in V. 3, he says, Lord, you have brought me back from the grave. You revived me from the very brink of the grave.

V. 5 - He has a great text - why your favor is enough for a lifetime. In the evening, he says, we have a spell of fears. But at daybreak, and the beautiful morning, we have shouts of joy.

V. 6 - When things were going well, I used to say, nothing can ever shake me. And yet remember on one occasion, the prophet came unto David, and offered him 3 things.

Either three years (~~famine~~) three months to be destroyed before thy foes, while the sword of thine enemies over-take thee. Or else three days, the sword of the Lord, even the Testament in the land - and the angel of the Lord destroying throughout all the coast of Israel.

Now, therefore, advise thyself what word I shall bring again to him that sent me. And David said unto Gad, I am in a great straight - let me fall now into the hands of the Lord. A very great are his mercies, but let me not fall into the hands of man.

This had been part of David's whole life. He had had so many sorrows. He had been like a wanderer going close to death. And right to the very brim of it, he says.

V. 6 - When things were going well, I used to say - nothing can ever shake me.

V. 7 - By your favor Lord, I stood on a strong mountain. And now Lord, I call you, I beg my God to have pity on me.

He began to think about death in V. 9 and going down into the grave - that great shaft. He says, can a corpse praise you. There is no way that I can praise God in the grave.

Yet you have turned my morning into dancing. And my sack cloth they had removed from me. I will never stop singing your praises. I shall thank thee forever.

How great and how marvelous are these words. It was a beautiful morning because he had made a great recovery. And there is indeed, thanksgiving - and his vow is that he is going to give God the praise forever.

What is the faith of the Psalmist - he is daring to tell the world that his heart has so often been broken.

He tells that his face has been wet with tears. That his joys have come in the midst of his sorrows. Now God does not promise exemption from sorrow. Weeping may come. David said, just as a guest to spend the night. And our tears come. And in the morning, like dew drops, he kisses it away.

Byran says - It is not on youth's smoothe cheek alone
The blush that fades so fast
But the tender bloom of heart is gone
Er youth itself is past.

Here is the joy of courtship between a man and a maid. It grows into a love, a romance, a honeymoon, and then the making of a home. But all of these joys are fleeting. And the romance soon passes. And we discover that even our dreams are turned into sorrows.

How did David come by this conviction. Was it that his faith was stubborn. Was it that he refused to face the ugly facts of life. He does not believe that weeping is going to stay or disappear because he shuts his eyes. He does not deny even that the

final calamity of death. Nor does David say that one is going to live on the sunny side of the street. And that everything is going to come right-side up for him.

David speaks out of his own experience - and that is why this is a glorious Psalm. These lines were lived before they were written. Weeping may terry for a night. Joy will come with the morning.

David traces for us the road that he had traveled. For years, life had dealt most gently with him. And then sickness and sorrow came. And the hearse drew up to the front of his house. And the tears were free. This is something we see day by day. The reports of the tragedies that take place day by day. And we try, after a fashion, to enter into sympathy with these people. But sometimes, we can't. The stories of their sorrows seem to come from a distant world.

At last, somehow, that bolt out of the blue hits us. What has happened.

Well, here we are, we have gone on for years without an ache or a pain - and suddenly we find ourselves the prey of some disease.

U You go to a physician he looks you over, and there is a grave look on his face. What is wrong? He shakes his head, and you demand to know. And then the Doctor says the death sentence is upon this one. You must suffer - there is no remedy but death.

And at last, in our bewilderment, we weep.

And this was David's experience. Disease and sickness came as an unwelcomed guest. And set down with him to every meal. The nights were long. The agony was full of suffering.

David says when all earthly hope was gone - he decided to make one last effort. Maybe the God who seemed to have forsaken him would help him yet. Certainly he felt like there ought to be a God. The Psalmist decided to make a last effort, and as a troubled man, he threw himself in his weakness into the ever lasting arms of God. God did not fail him. He has turned me, from me, my morning into dancing - he sings proudly. He declared like a wise and a tender helper, God has removed all of this and brought gladness. He looks and the unwelcomed guest that he thought would never leave - he found is gone. What has God done for me - he declares with assurance. He will do for you. Weeping may terry for a night - but joy cometh in the morning.

You might say what is the good of this faith. ?

First it keeps alive our hope Keeping alive our hope enables us to carry on with courage. To manage every difficult situation.

Sometime ago, I faced and looked into the face of a situation that was pathetic. It was the face of a suicide, one that had lost hope. The day was full of trouble and perplexity. Out ahead, all that could be seen tomorrow was as hopeless as today.

And he lost heart and he gave up the fight. And he surrendered.

If one thing our faith does, it keeps hope alive. Not only will faith do this, but faith will be the light to us during the night of our weeping. All during David's suffering and sickness, what is it that makes our sorrow so bitter. It is our conviction that it is something that we cannot remedy. If we could only feel that there is a cure - it would not be so hard.

Somehow the blows fall, and we look upon the ruins, and we say - this will never be changed.

Think of the mother whose son has gone from home. How still that house is. How desperately lonely it is. And there is a knock, and a telegram comes and is placed in her hands. "Will be home tomorrow, it reads." And the name is signed - and it is that of her son. In a moment, that house that was just as empty as it could be, before the message came - but inspite of that, the loneliness had gone from the mother's heart. And a great joy has come in its place.

Let me say to you who are passing through a long night of weeping, David brings you a message. Hear it, and your heart will sing. A guest is coming to you. He is on his way. He soon will turn the knob of the door, and joy is coming in the morning.

2 - Now last of all, is such a faith possible for us today, in these perplexing days.

David suffered some deadly disease. It so closed in on him, the gates of death was right

there and I was reckoned among the dead. In his desperate plight, he cried to God, and God heard and God healed.

Can we today believe that God will heal us. When sickness and suffering come, if we cry to him.

Can we believe that God will somehow come down to us in all the suffering and torturing we have.

Let me say, God does not always see fit to give us physically healing in answer to our prayers. He does sometimes, give us something that is better. He gives to the one who really prays, an inner strength, and a courage that enables him - whatever the load is, to bear it.

And to become really more in assurance for that soul.

Is it possible today that most of you who have vigorous bodies, yet someday may be weak or sickly.

Paul says, his grace is sufficient. And since that distant day when Christ came with the light of the Gospel, you shall be sorrowful - but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. We believe this is the true way now. Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's House are many mansions, if it were

not so, I would have told you.

Out of the pain and stress of life, the peace of God pours down. Out of the nails, the sphere, the cross - redemption and a crown. These are cruel days for many people in which we are living.

Let me close with a story of John Patton. Who was a missionary to New Hebrides. He was there translating the Scripture into the language of the Southern Seas. The people of that territory. And he had great difficulty in finding a word for faith. That would suit their language. He made it a special effort of prayer. One day, one of his workers came to him after a hard day's work, and leaning back on a chair said - "Oh, I am so tired. I feel I must lean my whole weight on this chair."

"Praise God," said Patton. "I've got my word. God so loved the word, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever leaneth his whole weight on him - shall not perish, but have ever lasting life."

How strong is your faith in God. Are you willing to lean upon him in all circumstances. Do you have as much faith as the Father who brought his afflicted son to Jesus. Do you have as much faith as David. This wonderful old man of God. Who said, my weeping has been turned into a daybreak. It has turned to be a beautiful morning.

When that Father brought his son, he said, this dumb spirit often takes in and terrifies him. And he foameth and masheth his teeth. And expect that the Disciples could not cast the dervon out. Jesus said, oh, faithless generation, how long shall I be with you. And he asked his Father, how long is it ago, since this came upon his son. He said, of a child. Jesus said, of him, if thou canst believeth, all things are possible to him that believe. And straightway, the father of the child cried out, and said with his tears "Lord I believe. Help thou my unbelief." And when Jesus saw the people coming, he rebuked the fowl spirit, and charged the dumb spirit to come out of him.

Mark 9:17-27.

Are we not daily going through life on a journey, trusting ourselves to bridges, to roads. And to other things.

How much do you lean upon God when discouragement, disappointment, and disease, or when everything has gone wrong. Remember, Jesus said, he that believeth on me, the works that I shall do - he shall do also. And greater works than these. Because I go unto my Father. John 14:12.

How many of you with David, will go all the way with God! Ready to suffer the grief or pain. Ready to stand the test. Ready to stay at home and send others if he sees best. Ready, my place to fill. Ready my service, lowly or great, ready to do his will.

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Christie ~~Everyone needs a good character story every now and then to challenge them.~~ ~~Well, right here is one I read in the Texas Baptist state paper.~~

What does one do when life falls in around you? Mrs. Lila Powers lost her husband to a heart attack in 1956 after 23 years of marriage. What should she do with her life?

Her first step was to return to school. She enrolled as a student at the University of Miami and earned her bachelor's and master's degrees in music.

She was in Miami in the early 1960's when Cuban refugees came her way. She took an intensive Spanish language course and began teaching English to Cubans. This experience whetted her appetite for missions and she dedicated the rest of her life to missions. At the age of 62 she volunteered to the Foreign Mission Board for service, and Mrs. Powers was sent to Jordan where she taught English at the Baptist Hospital in Ajloun for 15 months.

She returned to the states after that period of service. The Foreign Mission Board urgently requested her to teach English at the Baptist school in Sanyati, Rhodesia, for six months, which she eagerly did.

Well, what does a 65-year-old widow do then? She feels a need for more training, so she enrolls in summer school at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, where she is currently taking seven hours of theology classes.

Her plans after July? You might have guessed. She will be going to Kenya August 1st. to teach English in Baptist schools. And when she returns, it will be "back to the books." She says: "There are enough courses here that I could take some for the rest of my life. I love Southwestern. There is such a mission zeal here."

How old must one be for God to call into full-time service? How old can one be before he is too old for foreign mission service? Is life over when you lose your dearest loved one? Does one have to be knocked down by life, or can God take life's tragedies and "work together for good to those who love Him?"

I like this story! God bless Lila Powers!

Great or pain. Ready to stand the test. Ready to stay at home and send others if he sees best. Ready, my place to fill. Ready my service, lowly or great, ready to do his will.