

Notes:

Enter to Worship. Depart to Serve.

Sermon Text

I love the lines Lewis Carroll wrote in *Alice in Wonderland*:
"The horror of that moment," the King went on, "I shall never, never forget!"

"You will, though," the Queen said, "if you don't make a memorandum of it."

That's true. Someone quipped, "The stubbiest pencil has a better memory than the most brilliant mind." I have thought, *I'll never forget this great idea!* and the next day—or even five minutes later—it can have completely evaporated.

The old-timers had a saying, "**Fear the passing of Jesus.**" The Living Word passes by, giving us glimpses of truth and fresh insights. We can allow the ideas we find when we read scripture to be fleeting, or we can latch on to the truth, write it down, and make it a part of our thinking and living.

Failing to record insights and going away and forgetting them is like the man who finds a pearl, admires it, tosses it down, and continues on his way. Our insights are like jewels we find. Are we going to pick them up, admire them, then toss them down or put them in a treasure chest so we can go back later and admire them?

When we "fear the passing of Truth," we invest in notebooks to store our treasures. These notebooks filled with reflections of Christ become as priceless as a family photo album. God intends for us to guard His teachings in the same way He guards His people. He keeps those He loves "as the apple of his eye" (Deuteronomy 32:10).

Then in Proverbs we're instructed, "Guard my teachings as the apple of your eye" (7:2). The apple is the pupil or the center of the eye. In some versions the phrase is translated "most precious possession." While we love to know God carefully guards us, we can remember that He has asked us to also give that careful consideration to what He gives us in His Word.

Dear Jesus, I want You to be pleased with the way I receive and store up what You give me when I read Your Word.

"Wise men lay up knowledge" (Proverbs 10:14).

—Aletha Hinthorn, 6-11-2020. *Used by permission.*

Subject

Spiritual "To Do List"
(things God has shown me today)

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HE IS THE ONE
WHO RULES
OVER ALL THINGS,
WHO IS GOD,
AND WHO IS BLESSED
FOREVER.
ROMANS 9:5

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

LAUDA ANIMA. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Based on Psalm 103
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834

JOHN GOSS, 1867

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To his feet thy
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers
3. Fa - ther - like, he tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore him Ye be - hold him

trib - ute bring; Ran - sored, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
in dis - tress; Praise him, still the same To for - ev - er,
frame he knows, In his hands he gen - tly bears us,
face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him;

Who, like me, his praise should sing? Praise him! praise him!
Slow to chide, and swift to bless. Praise him! praise him!
Res - cues us from all our foes. Praise him! praise him!
Dwell - ers all in time and space, Praise him! praise him!

Praise him! praise him! Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King!
Praise him! praise him! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness!
Praise him! praise him! Wide - ly as his mer - cy flows!
Praise him! praise him! Praise with us the God of grace!

Arise, My Soul, Arise

LENOX. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742

LEWIS KIDSON, c. 1782

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
3. Five bleed - ing wounds he bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. The Fa - ther hears him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I hear;

The bleed - ing sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears;
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead;
They pour ef - fect - ual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me;
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of his son;
He owns me for his child, I can no long - er fear;

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for
"For - give him, O for - give," they cry, "For - give him, O for -
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I

Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands,
all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - sored sin - ner die!"
to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.