

A WORD ON WORSHIP

REVIEW OF MESSAGE FROM OCTOBER 20, 2013

BY PASTOR ANDREW KIKKERT, SUNRISE COMMUNITY CHURCH

Hear Sunday Sermons at www.SunriseTC.org

Judges 1:1

“Now it came about after the death of Joshua that the sons of Israel inquired of the Lord, saying, “Who shall go up first for us against the Canaanites, to fight against them?”

Considering everything going on, or not going on in Washington these days, leadership is a hot topic. Everyone agrees that no one agrees but still someone must lead. Does the Scripture offer us any instruction about leadership and how that should look in a divided nation? Yes it does, but you have to dig in the dirty book of Judges to find those answers. Just as it is today, in the days of the judges, leadership was still the issue.

I believe the issue of leadership is the key to the book of Judges. Now that the children of Israel are in the land and seeking to control it, leaders must emerge to achieve what God has stated will happen. The successes Israel will have will be found in its leadership and its failures will be highlighted by a lack of leadership. Whenever you go to war someone needs to lead, and God says Judah will lead. And Judah asks Simeon to come along. But is this a Deborah and Barak moment, where one requires the other to join them or they are not going to press the initiative? Are we afraid to take the initiative in a ministry because we need someone else to come along with us?

As we read the beginning of Judges it is easy to assume the victories of the Book of Joshua will simply continue, but that is not the case. The first chapter of Judges begins with Judah defeating the Canaanites and it ends with the Canaanites overrunning Judah's lines. Without diving into the details here, God had already told Israel not to worry about the size of the army or the potency of their arsenal. God is not impressed with new technology, whether it is iron chariots or ICBM missiles. God is looking for opportunities to demonstrate His power and might.

It is possible that in present times we have placed our trust in systems and technology rather than in God— and that is not a good thing. When our trust has been placed in feasibility studies rather than the power of God, our plans will all fail. If you could do church the way a business functions, where would God's fingerprints be? How many times have you said “I would have entered that area of service,” but you did not think you had the right personality? Did you not have enough money? Did you not have the right platform to speak from? Have you ever wondered about the excuses we all have offered up for our own failure to engage in the business to which God has called us? You have been called to a Godly task. And He has promised that if you do His will, the task will be accomplished. So what excuse do you have that will trump the will of God for your life?



Sunrise Community Church
Come acknowledge the Lord in our midst
EVERY SUNDAY BEGINNING AT 8:45 A.M.

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OCTOBER 2013									
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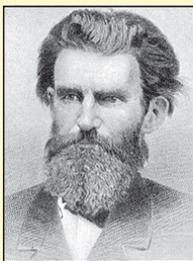
The Hymns We Sing

COURTESY OF THE CYBER HYMNAL™

<http://www.hymntime.com/>



Anna B. Warner, 1827-1915



William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

Jesus Loves Me

“I pray that you...may have power...to grasp how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Christ.”

Ephesians 3:17-18

Words: Anna B. Warner, 1860; refrain by William Bradbury. This hymn first appeared in the novel *Say and Seal*, by Warner's sister Susan (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: J. B. Lippincott & Company, 1860), volume II, pages 115-6. She wanted a song for a Sunday School teacher to sing to a dying boy, and asked Anna to write it.

Music: William B. Bradbury, 1862

Jesus loves me — this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong —
They are weak, but He is strong.

Refrain

Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me — He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

Refrain

Jesus loves me — loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie.

Refrain

Jesus loves me — He will stay
Close beside me all the way,
Then His little child will take
Up to Heaven for His dear sake.

Refrain

SEE YOU SUNDAY AT SUNRISE

October 2013

- Oct. 20 8:45 a.m. Judges 1:1-2:5 Living with the Enemy
10:30 a.m. Second Hour
- Oct. 22 7:00 p.m. Bible Study: Book of Ephesians
at the Kikkert's
- Oct. 25 6:30 p.m. Friday Night Fellowship
- Oct. 27 8:45 a.m. Series on Judges continues
- Oct. 31 6:30 p.m. Trunk or Treat by Westminster Presby. Church
*Front parking area of church campus.
Runs through 8:30 p.m.*

Stories about Jesus Loves Me

<http://www.hymntime.com/tch/htm/j/e/s/jesuslme.htm>

The Rev. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, who for many years has been working among the Hindus, writes as follows regarding this hymn, long one of the most popular children's songs in the world:

“Many years ago I translated into Telegu the children's hymn, ‘Jesus loves me’ and taught it to the children of our day-school. Scarcely a week later, as I was going through the narrow streets of the native town on horseback, I heard singing that sounded natural, down a side street. I stopped to listen, cautiously drawing up to the corner, where unobserved I could look down the street and see and hear. And there was a little heathen boy, with heathen men and women standing around him, singing away at the top of his voice: ‘Jesus loves me this I know...’

As he completed the verse some one asked the question: ‘Sonny, where did you learn that song?’ ‘Over at the Missionary School,’ was the answer. ‘Who is that Jesus, and what is the Bible?’ ‘Oh! the Bible is the book from God, they say, to teach us how to get to heaven, and Jesus is the name of the divine Redeemer that came into the world to save us from our sins; that is what the missionaries say.’

‘Well, the song is a nice one. Come, sing us some more.’ And so the little boy went on — a heathen himself, and singing to the heathen — about Jesus and his love. ‘That is preaching the Gospel by proxy,’ I said to myself, as I turned my pony and rode away, well satisfied to leave my little proxy to tell his interested audience all he himself knew, and sing to them over and over that sweet song of salvation.” — *Ira Sankey, 1840-1908*

In 1891, when my grandfather, Rev. Harutune S. Jenanyan, took his wife and little daughter on a perilous and dangerous missionary journey from Tarsus, Asia Minor, the city of St. Paul, to Sivas in Armenia [now Turkey], they travelled on horse-back through robber-infested country for fourteen days.

Two of the leading robber chiefs on that territory were Chollo, whose “name cast terror on every side” since he had successfully evaded pursuing Government forces for many months, and Kara Agha, a famous Koorish chief, whose name caused even the fearsome Chollo to tremble. Harutune took his small party directly into the heart of Kara Agha's country, telling those he met enroute that he was going to be Agha's guest in his own village. When they reached the brigand's head-quarters, the missionary asked that they be received as guests for the night.

The surprised robber chief gave them accommodations, entertaining Harutune in his own spacious tent while his wife, Helene, and their little daughter, Grace were cared for in another tent by the women of the village. The next morning, before taking their leave, the missionary asked for permission to read a portion of the Holy Scripture, and then offered a prayer.

Seeing that the chief was somewhat affected, he then said, “Do you wish to have the little child sing for you?” The chief replied, “Oh yes; can she?” Then little Grace, only three-and-a-half years old, came forward and stood before the tall old man and sang two songs she had recently learned in the Sunday School in Tarsus, singing them in the native tongue, “Jesus loves me, this I know” and “I want to be an angel”.

The chief was so deeply touched, that he sent his own son, Bekkeer Agha, mounted on a handsome Arabian steed, to lead the small missionary party through the rest of his territory. — *Ernest Krikor Emurian (1912-*