

A WORD ON WORSHIP

REVIEW OF MESSAGE FROM JULY 5, 2015

BY ELDER THOM RACHFORD, SUNRISE COMMUNITY CHURCH

Hear Sunday Sermons at www.SunriseTC.org

America, Where Are You?



America has a history of Christian heritage. From the beginning of the nation, true Christian men guided the country and wrote the constitution. They set up the best ever series of checks and balances to insure peace and the opportunity for prosperity. The government was structured to provide individual liberty and fairness under the law.

The laws were based on God's laws from the Bible and society's moral conduct followed Biblical principles. Sure, there have always been those who did not follow the principles, but the principles were publicly held up as an example of how one should behave in the eyes of God and before and with their fellow man.

However, as men do, they rebelled against these principles when they felt deprived of something they wanted. The rebellion continued throughout the years. But the principles held firm. Slowly however, other more modern men pressed for a new interpretation of what principles should govern legal and social activities. The new principles of law and morality claim to be the best for men, better than God intended, or even more insidiously, they gave God's principles a "new and better" interpretation.

The new interpretation presented man's view as the highest, most moral and most right view. Man's decision must be the highest and best decision since there is no God involved with men, they reasoned. The theory of evolution was held up as scientific evidence that man and his ideas evolved not from a creator God, but from crystals (yes, crystals as the modern evolutionists claim - but cannot explain how it happened) and developed over the centuries into the highest thought and judgment. Included in this view is the idea that man's ideas continue to evolve. Therefore, since ideas evolve, new ideas must be better than the previous ideas. And the plunge into rebellion deepens.

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

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JULY 2015						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
28	29	30	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Fairest Lord Jesus

<http://www.hymntime.com/tch/htm/f/all/faljesus.htm>

http://www.hymntime.com/tch/mid/c/r/u/crusaders_hymn.mid

“Who is this...fair as the moon, bright as the sun, majestic as the stars?”

Song of Solomon 6:10

Words: *Written by German Jesuits as Schönster Herr Jesu, 17th Century. Published in the Münster Gesangbuch, 1677, & translated from German to English by Joseph A. Seiss, 1873.*

Music: *Crusader's Hymn Silesian folk tune from Schlesische Volkslieder, 1842; arranged by Richard S. Willis, 1850*



Richard S. Willis (1819-1900)



Joseph A. Seiss (1823-1904)

Fairest Lord Jesus, ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.

Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host; _
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels Heav'n can boast.

All fairest beauty, heavenly and earthly,
Wondrously, Jesus, is found in Thee;
None can be nearer, fairer or dearer,
Than Thou, my Savior, art to me.

Beautiful Savior! Lord of all the nations!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
Now and forever more be Thine.

The Hymns We Sing

COURTESY OF THE CYBER HYMNAL™

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

How Great Thou Art

http://www.hymntime.com/tch/htm/h/o/w/how_great_Thou_art.htm

http://www.hymntime.com/tch/mid/h/o/w/how_great_Thou_art.mid

“O Lord, how great are Thy works!”

Psalm 9



Carl G. Boberg
1859-1940

Words: *Stuart K. Hine, based on poem by Carl G. Boberg.*

Music: *How Great Thou Art, Swedish folk melody melody, adapted by Stuart K. Hine.*



Stuart H. Hine
1899-1989

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the *worlds thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the *rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

Refrain

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:
How great thou art! How great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:
How great thou art! How great thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:

Refrain

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Refrain

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then *I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, “My God, how great thou art!”

Author's original words are “works,” “mighty” and “shall I bow” (Word changes approved for use in North America only.)

In 1885, at age 26. Swedish preacher Carl G. Boberg wrote the words only of a poem entitled O Store Gud. Several years later, Boberg attended a meeting and was surprised to hear his poem being sung to the tune of an old Swedish melody.

In the early 1920s, English missionaries, Stuart K. Hine and his wife, ministered in Poland. It was there they learned the Russian version of Boberg's poem, O Store Gud, coupled with the original Swedish melody. Later, Hine wrote original English words and made his own arrangement of the Swedish melody, which became popular and is now known as the hymn, How Great Thou Art.

The first three verses were inspired, line upon line, amidst unforgettable experiences in the Carpathian Mountains. In a village to which he had climbed, Mr. Hine stood in the street singing a Gospel Hymn and reading aloud, “John, Chapter Three.” Among the sympathetic listeners was a local village schoolmaster. A storm was gathering, and when it was evident that no further travel could be made that night, the friendly schoolmaster offered his hospitality. Awe-inspiring was the mighty thunder echoing through the mountains, and it was this impression that was to bring about the birth of the first verse.

Pushing on, Hine crossed the mountain frontier into Romania and into Bukovina. Together with some young people, through the woods and forest glades he wandered, and heard the birds sing sweetly in the trees. Thus, the second verse came into being. Verse three was inspired by the conversion of many Carpathian mountain-dwellers. The fourth verse did not come about until Hine's return to Britain.