

My Faith Looks Up To Thee

1 My faith looks up to thee,
thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
strength to my fainting heart,
my zeal inspire;
as thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
pure, warm and changeless be,
a living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
and griefs around me spread,
be thou my guide;
bid darkness turn to day;
wipe sorrow's tears away,
nor let me ever stray
from thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient
dream,
when death's cold sullen stream
shall o'er me roll;
blest Saviour, then in love
fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
a ransomed soul.

Words: Dr Ray Palmer, 1808 - 1887

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Enquiries about the Christian faith are always welcome.

A Message from Mark!

God's Mysterious Moves

Pentecost Season - 15 June 2010

Scripture: Psalm 103: 1,4

*Bless the LORD, O my soul, and all that is within
me, bless his holy name . . . who redeems your
life from the pit. Psalm 103: 1,4*

Most of them sat in silence as I told the story. One dear lady, a victim of Alzheimer's disease, kept mumbling a language no one understood. It was a strange Sunday afternoon congregation, interrupted from time to time by nurses giving residents their medication.

I told the story of William Cowper's hymn. His mother died when he was six years old and he had a troubled childhood. Subject to recurring bouts of depression, he later moved to Olney to be near John Newton, a warm and constant friend. They began to write hymns.

On one occasion, William Cowper asked a driver to take him to the River Ouse. He fully intended to end his life. But a thick fog developed and when the fog lifted Cowper was in front of his own home. Assured that this was God's providence and mercy, he sat down and wrote the words of the hymn:

*O God, in a mysterious way
Great wonders You perform;
You plant Your footsteps in the sea
And ride upon the storm.*

*O fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.*

I told the story of Joseph, who had been sold into slavery by his own brothers and abandoned in a strange land. Yet God's providence was at work in his life. I told those dear people of how Paul wanted to go to Asia, but never got there; and yet God's plan was for Paul to bring the gospel to Europe.

I told of how Land Mine clearance work in Cambodia is supported by our giving to The Christmas Bowl, and how I met a young man, a land mine victim with just one leg who advocates peace and reconciliation in their community. I told of how we'd gone to breakfast on our first morning in China and because of an English newspaper I gave away, we met up with a missionary couple from America and with whom we enjoyed great fellowship in Kunming for those days.

I told them other stories of how God had worked through mysterious ways including sorrow and troubles to bring good in people's lives. But I wondered if anyone really heard. Most of them sat with glazed looks and blank stares.

Then, Mrs. B., who came to every service carrying her teddy bear and who usually muttered words only she understood, motioned to me. She looked at me and spoke clearly these words, *“God does move in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform. I know.”*

Then she slipped back into her mumbled language. But for a moment, she understood. God does move in mysterious ways in my life and in yours.

Amen!! Thanks be to God!!

*Prayer: Amazing God, you have broken through the worst barriers of old age, and you have helped one, elderly woman know your mercy. Incredible!
May that be our experience this day as we share the mystery of your wonderful presence. Amen.*

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Ray Palmer authored this song upon receiving a vision of Christ shortly after his graduation from Yale University. He was all fired up when he wrote it, although he carried it for more than a year in his pocket, doubting that it was worth sharing. One day a Mr. Masson met him and said: *“Mr. Palmer, you write verses. I want a new hymn for a new collection. Won't you write one for me?”* Dr. Palmer took the hymn from his pocket, and said: *“If this will do, you can have it!”* A few days after, Mr. Mason said to him: *“Doctor, you may live to write a great many hymns, but you will never write the equal of the one you gave me the other day.”* And Mr. Mason was right.