

QUALITY  
OF  
LIFE  
BIBLE  
STUDY



*Music*®

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S.MCRAE

## **MUSIC**

### **Quality of Life Series**

**LEADER: (Leader can open singing a line from...any happy song)**

Who knows how to make a joyful noise?

**LEADER: “Sing Again” Our Daily Bread**

Source ~ <http://www.gospelcom.net/rbc/odb/odb-01-17-99.shtml> (Excerpt)

*Sing to the Lord, bless His name; proclaim the good news of His salvation from day to day.* --Psalm 96:2

As part of a campaign called “Get America Singing . . . Again,” a group of music educators has published a list of 42 songs that it believes Americans must continue singing to preserve an important part of the national culture. The list begins alphabetically with “Amazing Grace” and ends with “Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah.” The group’s president said, “We have a whole generation that has grown up without singing songs like these-- songs that are . . . part of who we are.”

Not only in the United States, but in every country and culture, music is an important part of who people are.

As Christians, we have a wonderful heritage of music. Psalm 96:2 encourages us to “sing to the Lord, bless His name; proclaim the good news of His salvation from day to day.”

(DCM)

**LEADER: “Do you think you have to have a beautiful voice to sing?”**

There are 7 scriptures in Psalms admonishing us to “make a joyful noise”

Psalm 95:1 (King James) says: *O come, let us sing unto the LORD: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.*

**LEADER: “MIT Address”**

A few of the many points of advise in Kurt Vonnegut’s address to the 1997 graduating class of MIT was:

- Do one thing every day that scares you.
- Sing (that may or may not be the scary thing)
- Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but your living room.

**READER: “Overflow with Joy” ((Excerpt))**

Source ~ [http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon4/overflow\\_with\\_joy.htm](http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon4/overflow_with_joy.htm)

We underestimate the effect we can have on the people around us. We underestimate the power and anointing that is on God’s word. We underestimate the power that is in joy-filled actions and words. And in a world where it’s completely acceptable to scream your lungs out while attending a football game, maybe we should feel the freedom to shout out “Thank You Lord!” next time we see a gorgeous rainbow or shimmering mountain stream. Because we may never know the profound affect that our adoration of God may have in the life of another. And several years ago, it happened just like that:

While I was skiing with the kindergarten class of Crowley Christian School, a man that I recognized as being a pharmacist in Bishop skied past me singing fairly loudly. Since he was skiing a whole lot faster than the group I was supervising, I only caught the words “Halleluiah” sung beautifully several times. And as I turned around to take a look, I noticed his face was smiling and joyful (I can still see it now in my minds eye). He was literally overflowing with the joy of the Lord and it greatly impacted me that day. I had been struggling along with a class of brand new skiers and it just seemed like a long, hard day. But then this man skied by, obviously lost in the beauty of God’s creation, and it was at that point that I started to enjoy the day. His contagious joy splashed on me as he sang to the Lord, uncaring of what others thought, and I caught his perspective.

**LEADER: “The Power and Evaluation of Music” By Wah Loc Ng**

Source ~ <http://www.sermoncentral.com/>

There should be no doubt about the fact that music is a power and can be a ministry either for good or evil over mankind. Music may have beneficial or harmful results. Under the influence of wholesome music, a person can be lifted to lofty heights and energized to spiritual activities and under the influence of corrupt

music, a person can be brought down to Satanically inspired, vicious and demoralizing activities.

• THE POWER OF MUSIC – POSITIVE EFFECTS

**READER: “The Power of Music”** (LEADER CALL OUT NUMBERS)

Source ~ <http://www.sermoncentral.com/>

1. Doctors find that music in hospitals has a positive effect IE: soothes nervous patients and prevents epilepsy. King Saul was eased of trouble from an evil spirit by David’s anointed music.
2. Industrialists find music improves productivity in factories and sales in stores.
3. Scientists find music helps cows give more and hen lays more eggs.
4. National leaders use songs to stir patriotism in every nation on the earth.

**LEADER: “The Power and Evaluation of Music”** Cont:

Source ~ <http://www.sermoncentral.com/>

- MUSIC AND EMOTION: Music is the shorthand of emotion.

**READER: “The Power of Music”** (LEADER CALL OUT NUMBERS)

Source ~ <http://www.sermoncentral.com/>

5 Music is vitally connected in its power to emotions. Music is basically an expression of human emotions. The basic laws of nature is that emotions seek expressions. God has provided two normal channels for this, rhythmic physical movements and vocal sounds.

6. Joy can be expressed by clapping, dancing, Pain by crouching, bending, Impatience – tapping foot or fingers

7. Vocal expressions - Groaning, shouting, laughter, songs etc. Physical expression of emotion is the foundation of rhythm and vocal expression of emotion is the foundation of music.

8. Music and emotional responses are vitally connected. All music whether vocal or instrument can be classified into 3 groups.

- a. Music that expresses emotions
- b. Music that incites emotions
- c. Music that is descriptive.

**LEADER: “The Power and Evaluation of Music”** Cont:

Source ~ <http://www.sermoncentral.com/>

• THE EVALUATION OF MUSIC

Music consists of 3 parts , namely the melody, harmony and rhythm. Someone’s got MELODY:

**READER: MELODY** from “The Power of Music”

Source ~ <http://www.sermoncentral.com/>

The fundamental part of music is its melody. This is the most creative part of music and therefore should be the strongest. Melody appeals to the spiritual or to the spirit of man. A good melody should be able to be sung without an instrument

**READER: Isaiah 23:16** - *Take a harp.... Make sweet melody , sing many songs.*

**READER: Isaiah 51:3** - *Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.*

**LEADER: Someone’s got HARMONY:**

**READER: HARMONY** from “The Power of Music”

Source ~ <http://www.sermoncentral.com/>

Harmony is simply the arrangement of chords which are meant to support the melody. To harmonize is to add chords to a melody to form the harmony. Harmony appeals to the psychological or to the mind or soul of man even as the melody appeals to the spirit of man.

**READER: RHYTHM** from “The Power of Music”

Source ~ <http://www.sermoncentral.com/>

The third part of music is the rhythm. It appeals to the body. Again, this part should be dominated by the melody. Melody naturally produces rhythm but rhythm should always be subservient to both melody and

harmony.

**LEADER: Some songs are instrumentals...no words...some have words or lyrics.** Do you listen to the lyrics....they can make or break a song for a Christian.

**READER: “Zulu Singing”**

Source ~ [http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon2d/zulu\\_singing.htm](http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon2d/zulu_singing.htm)

There was a woman who spent some months serving as a missionary in South Africa. On her final visit to a remote township she attended a medical clinic. As the Zulu women there began to sing together, she found herself deeply moved by their hauntingly beautiful harmonies.

She wanted to always remember this moment and try to share it with friends when she arrived home. With tears flowing down her cheeks, she turned to her friend and asked, “Can you please tell me the translation of the words to this song?”

Her friend looked at her and solemnly replied . . . “If you boil the water, you won’t get dysentery.”

How many times have we been guilty of the same? No, not of singing that particular song, but of singing (and perhaps even being moved emotionally) without being aware of the meaning of the words we were singing.

Paul said, *“I will pray with the spirit, and I will also pray with the understanding. I will sing with the spirit, and I will also sing with the understanding.”* 1 Corinthians 14:15

The melody may be beautiful, but it is the lyrics which give our songs meaning. Pay careful attention to what is being said.

**READER: Psalm 147:1-20**

(Praise for Jerusalem’s Restoration and Prosperity.)

Praise the LORD!

For it is good to sing praises to our God;

For it is pleasant and praise is becoming.

The LORD builds up Jerusalem; He gathers the outcasts of Israel.

He heals the brokenhearted And binds up their wounds.

He counts the number of the stars; He gives names to all of them.

Great is our Lord and abundant in strength;

His understanding is infinite.

The LORD supports the afflicted;

He brings down the wicked to the ground.

Sing to the LORD with thanksgiving;

Sing praises to our God on the lyre,

Who covers the heavens with clouds,

Who provides rain for the earth,

Who makes grass to grow on the mountains.

He gives to the beast its food,

And to the young ravens which cry.

He does not delight in the strength of the horse;

He (does not take pleasure in the legs of a man.

The LORD favors those who fear Him,

Those who wait for His lovingkindness.

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem!

Praise your God, O Zion!

For He has strengthened the bars of your gates;

He has blessed your sons within you.

He makes peace in your borders;

He satisfies you with the finest of the wheat.

He sends forth His command to the earth;

His word runs very swiftly. He gives snow like wool;

He scatters the frost like ashes.

He casts forth His ice as fragments;

Who can stand before His cold?  
He sends forth His word and melts them;  
He causes His wind to blow and the waters to flow.  
He declares His words to Jacob,  
His statutes and His ordinances to Israel.  
He has not dealt thus with any nation;  
And as for His ordinances, they have not known them.  
Praise the LORD!

**READER: “Something To Sing About”** (Excerpt) Our Daily Bread

Source ~ <http://www.gospelcom.net/rbc/odb/odb-10-19-94.shtml>

*Praise the Lord! For it is good to sing praises to our God.* – Psalm 147:1

I understand why I’ve never been asked to join a choir or sing a solo. Musical talent is not one of my gifts. I discovered this at 9 years of age when I was outside one day singing lustily. My mother opened the door and asked, “Is one of the calves sick? I think I just heard one.”

My mother’s words have never kept me from praising God in song, however. And when I preach somewhere, I enthusiastically join in congregational singing (making sure, of course, not to stand too close to the microphone).

God’s great salvation fills me with gratitude, and one way to express my joy is to sing about it. Reflect often and deeply on the riches you have in Christ. If you feel joyful, you will want to praise the Lord. And even if you are a poor singer like me, you’ll still say a hearty “Amen” to the psalmist’s words: “*It is good to sing praises to our God*” (Ps. 147:1). (HVL)

*I will sing of my Redeemer  
And His heavenly love to me;  
He from death to life hath brought me,  
Son of God, with Him to be. --Bliss*

A heart in tune with God will sing His praise.

**READER: “Music’s Power”** Our Daily Bread

Source ~ <http://www.gospelcom.net/rbc/odb/odb-04-18-94.shtml> (Excerpt)

A college student was troubled by sinful thoughts. Even though he regularly read his Bible and prayed, he continued to struggle, so he sought help from a Christian counselor.

“What kind of music do you listen to?” asked the counselor. The student said it was secular rock. The counselor then commented, “Think of your mind as a big sheet of paper. Each song you hear is a match burning the edges. You ask God to heal the burn, and He begins applying the salve of His Word. But you keep adding matches. Listen to Christian music and see what happens.” The student did, and the truth set to music began to heal his mind.

God combines music’s power with truth to draw His people closer to Himself. In Deuteronomy 32, Moses taught a new generation of Israelites a long song of 43 verses.

Scripture: *Moses wrote this song the same day, and taught it to the children of Israel.* --Deuteronomy 31:22

It proclaimed God’s faithfulness, but it would also become a witness against them when they settled in the Promised Land and forsook Him. The song’s purpose was twofold: It would show the Israelites that God had a right to their love, and it would call them back to Himself when they had come to the end of their own.

Never underestimate music’s power. It can either hinder the Spirit’s work or increase your love for Christ.  
--DJD

*There is a music from above  
That takes away our tears;  
It is God’s melody of love--  
It quiets all our fears. --DJD*

If there’s no harmony in your life, try changing your tune.

## **READER: "A Fortress is a Fortress"**

Source ~ [http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon2/fortress\\_is\\_a\\_fortress.htm](http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon2/fortress_is_a_fortress.htm)

"Pilot to bombardier, you have the plane." Jeff spoke with confidence.

He had been deep in prayer before this mission, that the Lord would help him find a way to witness to his crew. Many times before taking off on a mission he would pray for their safe passage and back. Of the ten men aboard his B-17F Flying Fortress, six were saved. Perhaps that was one of the reasons for so many successful missions without even one loss of life.

"Were over the target Captain....bombs away." came the static ridden voice of Lt. Don Martin.

Captain Jeff Lloyd, or Captain Preach as he was affectionately called, was a man of conviction. He prayed to the Lord before, during and after every mission. Back at home in Tampa Florida, he had two kids and a wonderful wife that he was praying to return to one day soon. They seemed so far away from this bombing run here in Germany.

The co-pilot Charles Wilson was also a devoted man of God that often prayed with Jeff right there in the cockpit. It was seldom these days anyone made fun of you praying since no one wanted to take a chance of making the Big Man upstairs mad. Not when you were flying a glorified paper plane with four 1200-horse power Cyclone engines on board.

Sergeant Paul Wilson, the top turret gunner, jokes a lot about not dropping a sharp pencil on the floor. The government would get pretty sore at us jabbing holes in their quarter of a million dollar toy.

Don yelled with excitement to Jeff "Captain, bandits at one o'clock high". The tail gunner continued the sentence in a shaky voice " Captain bandits at six o'clock low. My God there are too many sir."

Suddenly the fortress of fifty and thirty calibre guns came to life. Jeff spoke into the radio " Men I know that all of you do not trust in the Lord, but I am going to pray for us right now." The radio was silent for a moment then the words were heard. ""Captain pray in a hurry. Help us Jesus....bandits at three o'clock " yelled the waist gunner Sergeant John Carr.

Through out the aircraft the bullets could be heard leaving the guns as also the enemies bullets could be heard passing through the thin skin-tight structure. Three of the bomber group had already become balls of flaming streaks, bellowing through the bright blue skies. Wave after wave of Mitsubishi fighters seemed to keep coming with little relief.

By this time the fighters were taking their toll on the massive fortress of firepower. The starboard engine was beginning to smoke as Captain Lloyd pulled the fire extinguisher switch on number one engine and feathered the prop. The crew knew the loss of even one engine would slow them down and they would loose the safety of numbers, if there were such a thing. The plane began again to shake and started a slight roll to the left. "Captain we have lost some aileron and elevator authority." shouted Charles from the co-pilot seat.

The waist gunner called up and said there were big chunks of the aileron and elevator missing. Jeff began to whisper under his breath as he and Charles struggled to maintain control of the war ship. The second starboard engine now broke out in flames and still another fire extinguisher was engaged. Using the rudders to compensate the battle of keeping the plane in the air seemed almost an impossible feat as finally the fighters broke away.

Captain Lloyd spoke hesitantly into the radio microphone "fellows it will take a miracle of God to get us back home. We lost quite a bit of fuel when we took the hits to our starboard wing. I would say we need to all pray for God's protection until we get back to English waters."

With the aircraft shaking and moaning, Charles began to lead the crew in the Lord's prayer. "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name....."

Suddenly the Top Turret gunner broke through "Captain bandits at twelve o'clock high". This brought sweat to the brow of all the men on board. Of all the armament on board, the front of the aircraft was the most vulnerable. As Charles and Jeff gripped the steering yoke they prepared for the worst and continued to pray.

Sergeant Mark Parks, the radio operator began to sing "Amazing Grace how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me." As suddenly as the Mitsubishi's appeared they seem to be terrified and break off their attack. Jeff and Charles thanked the Lord for his protection as they continued toward the English coast. As

they lowered their landing gear and touched down, there was not a man on board not thanking God for his hand in their deliverance back home in one piece.

On the mission briefing Major Butler, walked up to Captain Lloyd and with a puzzled look ask “Captain we intercepted a transmission from enemy fighters. We have been checking codebooks but we are puzzled. This pilot said they were approaching an enemy B-17 to make the kill when they saw angels on the wings with fiery swords drawn. They immediately withdrew. Do you know what they were talking about?”

“Yes sir Major” Jeff said with a grin, “Those were just the angels God sent to protect us Major” and with a salute the young Captain walked over to where his men were sitting and sat down. The Major was still standing there scratching his head.

**READER: QUOTE #1**

Source ~ <http://www.gospelcom.net/rbc/odb/odb-01-17-99.shtml>

“The devil dreads a singing Christian.” - Martin Luther 1483-1546 German leader of the Protestant Reformation

**READER: QUOTE #2**

Source ~ <http://www.bible.org/illus/m/m-74.htm#TopOfPageBach Gave God the Glory>

“All music should have no other end and aim than the glory of God and the soul’s refreshment.” - Johann Sebastian Bach 1685-1750 famous composer

**LEADER: “Bach”**

Source ~ <http://www.bible.org/illus/m/m-74.htm#TopOfPageBach Gave God the Glory>

Bach headed his compositions: “J. J.” “Jesus Juva” which means “Jesus help me.” He ended them “S.D.G.” “Soli Dei gloria” which means “To God alone the praise.”

**READER: “What a friend we have in Jesus” from Rubel Shelly**

Source ~ [http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon3b/what\\_a\\_friend\\_we\\_have\\_in\\_jesus.htm](http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon3b/what_a_friend_we_have_in_jesus.htm)

Syndicated columnist Deborah Mathis recently wrote about a day in her life in our nation’s capital. She told about passing through busy Union Station.

The first thing stamped on her memory was the noisy hubbub of sounds. The public address announcer calling out arrivals and departures. Scores of pagers, walkie-talkies, and cell phones crying out for someone’s attention. You could hear horns honking, machines clinking out change, and babies crying.

There were voices from every direction. A nervous security guard yelled at a man about to enter a forbidden area. Three women stood up from their bench in order to press the points of their squabble with more emphasis. The man in line in front of her was pacing in tiny, agitated steps. Then she heard someone singing.

“What a friend we have in Jesus, / All our sins and griefs to bear; / What a privilege to carry / Everything to God in prayer.” And a perceptible change came to the cacophonous crowd. “O what peace we often forfeit, / O what needless pain we bear, / All because we do not carry / Everything to God in prayer.”

The quarreling women closed down their spat and quietly took their seats. Tense shoulders seemed to relax. As the lone voice sang the remaining verses of Joseph Scriven’s lyrics from 150 years ago, Ms. Mathis realized she was singing along now. So were the three women who had been bickering. And several more.

“Nice, huh?” offered the man who had been pacing his tiny, tight circle in front of her. “I don’t even believe in Jesus, but that’s nice.”

If your life has gotten too cluttered, remember that Jesus has invited you to his peace. In our world’s stresses and fears, he says, “*My peace I give to you. ... Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid*” (John 14:27).

**READER: “Your Heart’s Music”**

Source ~ [http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon2d/your\\_heart's\\_music.htm](http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon2d/your_heart's_music.htm)

It was 1994. Daily, the city of Sarajevo was under siege. Mortars and artillery fire instantly transformed once beautiful buildings into rubble. Sarajevo's citizens were frightened, weary and increasingly despondent. Then, one February day, a mortar shell exploded in the market killing 68 civilians. Many more were wounded and maimed from the blast.

A cellist with the Sarajevo symphony could no longer stand the killing. He took his cello to the market, sat down amidst the rubble and played a concert. When he finished, he simply took up his instrument and left.

Every day, for 67 days, he came to the market. Every day he played a concert. It was his gift of love to the city. He did it because he felt his community needed hope.

Hope is music in the heart. It is a gift given to each of us to see us through the night. Once you have lost hope, you have nothing left to lose. Utter hopelessness kills everything it touches. But hope gives us strength to continue, whether it be a marriage that is worth saving, a life that is worth living or a situation that is worth salvaging.

In the end, hope is a spiritual thing. When all is in chaos and ruin, hope is the knowledge that the music still goes on. In this vast and infinite universe, we are not alone.

During those times when all may seem to be crumbling down around you, can you hear the music in your heart -- the song of hope?

Listen carefully. It is there, playing for you.

**READER: "Hailed Out"** By C. L. Paddock

Source ~ [http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon2a/hailed\\_out.htm](http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon2a/hailed_out.htm)

A farmer with a large acreage of beautiful grain was "hailed out" before harvest time. His crop was a total loss. After the hailstorm was over, father and son walked out into the devastated fields. The boy could not keep the tears back, and he expected some violent reaction from his dad. Imagine his surprise when he heard his father begin to sing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee."

That son went out into the world, where he met trials and disappointments himself. Years later, looking back to the time of the hailstorm and his father's reaction, he said, "That was the most powerful sermon I've ever heard."

**READER: "Singing Through Difficult Times"** - By Mary Emma Allen

Source ~ [http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon7/singing\\_through\\_difficult\\_times.htm](http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon7/singing_through_difficult_times.htm)

As I lay in the darkness of a hospital room, flat on my back in a body cast, I began softly singing hymns.

A nurse popped through the doorway and commented in amazement, "You can sing after being put in a cast with a broken back?"

I grinned and answered, "It's something I learned from my mother-in-law. She says when she has difficulties she sings. She told me that you can't sing and worry at the same time."

Following Mum's example of singing when discouragement threatened to overcome me helped me cope with my broken back after Jim and I were hit by a triple trailer truck.

Mum had related how singing got her through the tough times at nursing school and during her first job. Money was very tight since she sent home to her parents at least half of what she earned. Her father had been in an accident and couldn't work.

Sometimes Mum didn't have money for food. One meal was provided at the hospital for the nurses, but there often wasn't much at the apartment she shared with two other girls.

When Mum was down to her last dime she sang and prayed.

If her boys remember Mum singing when they were growing up, perhaps that was just her way of getting through the difficult times of raising eight sons!

The Sunday morning after her death at age 94, the last song at our church service was "Sing and Be Happy." It brought Mum and her philosophy vividly to my mind and tears to my eyes. But it reminded me how fortunate I've been to have had her in my life for 46 years.

**READER: “Paganini and the Music of Our Lives”**

Source ~ [http://www.ozsermonillustrations.com/illustrations/paganini\\_and\\_the\\_music\\_of\\_our\\_lives.htm](http://www.ozsermonillustrations.com/illustrations/paganini_and_the_music_of_our_lives.htm)

Italian violinist Niccolò Paganini is thought by many to have been history's greatest exponent of his art. As he swept through Europe in the early 1800's his fame was something like that of Beatlemania! His skills were so great that it was whispered he gained his ability from a pact with the devil.

It is said that one evening Paganini was performing before a packed house. As he embarked on the final piece one of the strings on his violin snapped. Undeterred Paganini kept playing. A few moments later, a second string snapped. Again Paganini kept going, now reduced to playing a classical masterpiece on just two strings. And then the unbelievable – a third string snapped. Yet Paganini kept going, finishing the piece on just one string. So brilliant was his performance that the crowd rose to their feet to give him a standing ovation.

Yet Paganini was not finished. There was the encore to come. Raising his violin above his head Paganini called to the audience “Paganini, and one string!” With that the orchestra struck up and Paganini completed his encore on just one string.

Application: Paganini was playing a magnificent but eventually flawed violin that night. Yet even with three strings broken the master musician was able to extract beautiful music from it. You and I are like flawed instruments in the hand of God, yet no matter how flawed and broken, God is still able to weave beautiful, graceful things through us when we give ourselves to serving him and others.

**READER: “A Paderewski Concert”**

Source ~ <http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon1a/paderewski.htm>

Wishing to encourage her young son's progress on the piano, a mother took her boy to a Paderewski concert. After they were seated, the mother spotted a friend in the audience and walked down the aisle to greet her.

Seizing the opportunity to explore the wonders of the concert hall, the little boy rose and eventually explored his way through a door marked “NO ADMITTANCE.” When the house lights dimmed and the concert was about to begin, the mother returned to her seat and discovered that the child was missing.

Suddenly, the curtains parted and spotlights focused on the impressive Steinway on stage. In horror, the mother saw her little boy sitting at the keyboard, innocently picking out “Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star.” At that moment, the great piano master made his entrance, quickly moved to the piano, and whispered in the boy's ear, “Don't quit. Keep Playing.”

Then leaning over, Paderewski reached down with his left hand and began filling in the bass part. Soon his right arm reached around to the other side of the child and he added a running obbligato. Together, the old master and the young novice transformed a frightening situation into a wonderfully creative experience. The audience was mesmerized.

That's the way it is with our Heavenly Father. What we can accomplish on our own is hardly noteworthy. We try our best, but the results aren't exactly graceful flowing music. But with the hand of the Master, our life's work truly can be beautiful.

**LEADER: We are God's symphony.****READER: “One Note...One Word”** By Bob Perks (Excerpt)

Source ~ [http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon7/one\\_note.htm](http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon7/one_note.htm)

“Daddy let me play a song for you!” the young child said.

“Sure my love,” her Daddy replied.

The child positioned herself in front of the piano, carefully placed her fingers over the keys and played one note.

Turning her head toward her father, she smiled as she waited for his approval.

He didn't say a word.

“Daddy, don't you like my song?” she asked.

“That was it? That wasn't a song. That was one note. A song has many notes,” he told her.

The child then turned back toward the piano and slowly played the same note over and over.

She stopped and looked at him hoping that he would now be pleased.

“A song is made up of many notes, not just one played a hundred times.”

Saddened by his response, she got down off the bench and walked away.

Realizing that he was insensitive in his response, he followed her to her room.

She was sitting on her bed, head down and sobbing.

“What’s wrong?” he asked. “I’m sorry. But one note does not make a song.”

“But grandmother said my life is a song.”

“She’s right. Your life is a beautiful song,” her daddy assured her.

Looking up at him, eyes welled with tears, she said, “But I am only one note.”

I’ve known that feeling. I’ve known that pain of feeling so singularly alone that my oneness made me feel so insignificant.

But I’ve discovered something...One note is a song.

“For a composer, every song starts with one note. For you, that one note is your song,” he said.

My friend, you are God’s song in the symphony of life. Played over and over, who you are and the sound you make in the God inspired piece, resonates forever.

### **READER: QUOTE #3**

“Of all the music that reached farthest into heaven, it is the beating of a loving heart.” - Henry Ward Beecher 1813-87 American Congregational preacher (Brother of author Harriet Beecher Stowe)

**READER: “Sing”** Our Daily Bread

*He has put a new song in my mouth. --Psalm 40:3*

The skillful orator Robert Ingersoll devoted his talents to undermining the Christian faith. It is sad that in his dynamic lectures he so effectively employed sarcasm and humor to twist the truth to gain converts to unbelief. When he died, the brochure for his funeral service carried this statement: “There will be no singing.” That certainly was appropriate for one who denied the reality of an afterlife.

But singing is in order at the funeral of a Christian, even though eyes may be wet with tears. Death ushers the believer into that land of unimaginable glory and beauty where countless angelic and human voices join together in exultant praise, their hallelujahs filling heaven with mighty harmonies.

With good reason, then, we can sing even if we don’t have good voices. And we can sing no matter what our circumstances. If we are enjoying life, we can sing songs of praise (Jas. 5:13). If we are suffering affliction, we can follow the example of Paul and Silas. After being beaten and imprisoned, they prayed and sang hymns (Acts 16:25).

In all circumstances of life, Christians can sing. And our singing on earth is just a rehearsal for our participation in heaven’s jubilant praise. --VCG

*I will praise my dear Redeemer,  
His triumphant power I’ll tell,  
How the victory He giveth  
Over sin and death and hell. --Bliss*

If you’re in tune with heaven, you’ll have a song in your heart.

**READER: 1 Corinthians 14:15** - *What is the outcome then? I will pray with the spirit and I will pray with the mind also; I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the mind also.*

**READER: “So Many Will Put Their Trust in Him”** By Peter Kennedy

Source ~ [http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon3b/so\\_many\\_will\\_put\\_their\\_trust\\_in.htm](http://www.sermonillustrator.org/illustrator/sermon3b/so_many_will_put_their_trust_in.htm)

*“He put a new song in my mouth, a hymn of praise to our God. Many will see and fear and put their trust in the Lord.” – Psalm 40:3*

Ole Bull was born in 1810 in Bergen, Norway. At an early age he became known as a first class violinist. His solo performance with the great orchestra of the Paris Opera at the age of 25 marked the beginning of a series of concert tours that took him over the whole of Europe and America. In 1850, Bull founded the first Norwegian national theatre. A celebrated composer, and an international ambassador for Norwegian culture, Bull also oversaw a line of fine violins named after himself. Bull had a friend Leif who claimed he didn’t have an ear for music and he refused to go to Bull’s concerts. The fact that his friend was world-renowned

musician made no difference to Leif. However, Bull won him in the end. Ole didn't chastise his friend or belittle him. He didn't lecture him. He simply went to Leif's place of work and played for him. Leif heard the sweet sounds of Ole's violin and it melted his heart. Leif's rough, cold heart was transformed by the charm of the music. Jesus Christ has put a new song into our lives, a song of praise to Him. We need to praise our God and as we do, others will put their trust in Him. Are you praising the Lord throughout your day? Today in prayer, give thanks to the Lord and tell others how good it is to trust in Jesus.

"We are sadly lacking in freshness and newness. If we show the way to the new song by the beauty and charm of our lives, 'many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.'" - Clovis Chappell

God's Word: *"All mankind will fear; they will proclaim the works of God and ponder what he has done. Let the righteous rejoice in the Lord and take refuge in him; let all the upright in heart praise him!"* - Psalm 64:9-10

**LEADER: What are you doing with the song God put in your mouth?**

What are you doing with the music of your life?

Are you using the gifts He has given you to make a melody?

Are you making a joyful noise unto the Lord?

You can start today with a song in your heart and praise on your lips.

**COMMENTS IF TIME:**

**ALLOW TEN MINUTES BEFORE CLOSING FOR**

**PRAYER REQUESTS AND PRAISES:**

**COPY AND DISTRIBUTE THE FOLLOWING PAGES TO YOUR READERS:**

# READERS

## Overflow with Joy

We underestimate the effect we can have on the people around us. We underestimate the power and anointing that is on God's word. We underestimate the power that is in joy-filled actions and words. And in a world where it's completely acceptable to scream your lungs out while attending a football game, maybe we should feel the freedom to shout out "Thank You Lord!" next time we see a gorgeous rainbow or shimmering mountain stream. Because we may never know the profound affect that our adoration of God may have in the life of another. And several years ago, it happened just like that:

While I was skiing with the kindergarten class of Crowley Christian School, a man that I recognized as being a pharmacist in Bishop skied past me singing fairly loudly. Since he was skiing a whole lot faster than the group I was supervising, I only caught the words "Halleluiah" sung beautifully several times. And as I turned around to take a look, I noticed his face was smiling and joyful (I can still see it now in my minds eye). He was literally overflowing with the joy of the Lord and it greatly impacted me that day. I had been struggling along with a class of brand new skiers and it just seemed like a long, hard day. But then this man skied by, obviously lost in the beauty of God's creation, and it was at that point that I started to enjoy the day. His contagious joy splashed on me as he sang to the Lord, uncaring of what others thought, and I caught his perspective.

1. Doctors find that music in hospitals has a positive effect IE: soothes nervous patients and prevents epilepsy. King Saul was eased of trouble from an evil spirit by David's anointed music.
2. Industrialists find music improves productivity in factories and sales in stores.
3. Scientists find music helps cows give more and hen lays more eggs.
4. National leaders use songs to stir patriotism in every nation on the earth.
5. Music is vitally connected in its power to emotions. Music is basically an expression of human emotions. The basic laws of nature is that emotions seek expressions. God has provided two normal channels for this, rhythmic physical movements and vocal sounds.
6. Joy can be expressed by clapping, dancing, Pain by crouching, bending, Impatience – tapping foot or fingers
7. Vocal expressions - Groaning, shouting, laughter, songs etc. Physical expression of emotion is the foundation of rhythm and vocal expression of emotion is the foundation of music.
8. Music and emotional responses are vitally connected. All music whether vocal or instrument can be classified into 3 groups.
  - a. Music that expresses emotions
  - b. Music that incites emotions
  - c. Music that is descriptive.

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## MELODY

The fundamental part of music is its melody. This is the most creative part of music and therefore should be the strongest. Melody appeals to the spiritual or to the spirit of man. A good melody should be able to be sung without an instrument

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**Isaiah 23:16**

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**Isaiah 51:3**

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## HARMONY

Harmony is simply the arrangement of chords which are meant to support the melody. To harmonize is to add chords to a melody to form the harmony.

Harmony appeals to the psychological or to the mind or soul of man even as the melody appeals to the spirit of man.

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## RHYTHM

The third part of music is the rhythm. It appeals to the body. Again, this part should be dominated by the melody. Melody naturally produces rhythm but rhythm should always be subservient to both melody and harmony.

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### Psalm 147:1-20

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### QUOTE #1

“The devil dreads a singing Christian.” - Martin Luther 1483-1546 German leader of the Protestant Reformation

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### QUOTE #2

“All music should have no other end and aim than the glory of God and the soul’s refreshment.” - Johann Sebastian Bach 1685-1750 famous composer

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### 1 Corinthians 14:15

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### “Zulu Singing”

There was a woman who spent some months serving as a missionary in South Africa. On her final visit to a remote township she attended a medical clinic. As the Zulu women there began to sing together, she found herself deeply moved by their hauntingly beautiful harmonies.

She wanted to always remember this moment and try to share it with friends when she arrived home. With tears flowing down her cheeks, she turned to her friend and asked, “Can you please tell me the translation of the words to this song?”

Her friend looked at her and solemnly replied . . . “If you boil the water, you won’t get dysentery.”

How many times have we been guilty of the same? No, not of singing that particular song, but of singing (and perhaps even being moved emotionally) without being aware of the meaning of the words we were singing.

Paul said, “*I will pray with the spirit, and I will also pray with the understanding. I will sing with the spirit, and I will also sing with the understanding.*” 1 Corinthians 14:15

The melody may be beautiful, but it is the lyrics which give our songs meaning. Pay careful attention to what is being said.

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## “Something To Sing About”

*Praise the Lord! For it is good to sing praises to our God. – Psalm 147:1*

I understand why I’ve never been asked to join a choir or sing a solo. Musical talent is not one of my gifts. I discovered this at 9 years of age when I was outside one day singing lustily. My mother opened the door and asked, “Is one of the calves sick? I think I just heard one.”

My mother’s words have never kept me from praising God in song, however. And when I preach somewhere, I enthusiastically join in congregational singing (making sure, of course, not to stand too close to the microphone).

God’s great salvation fills me with gratitude, and one way to express my joy is to sing about it. Reflect often and deeply on the riches you have in Christ. If you feel joyful, you will want to praise the Lord. And even if you are a poor singer like me, you’ll still say a hearty “Amen” to the psalmist’s words: “It is good to sing praises to our God” (Ps. 147:1). (HVL)

*I will sing of my Redeemer  
And His heavenly love to me;  
He from death to life hath brought me,  
Son of God, with Him to be. --Bliss*

A heart in tune with God will sing His praise.

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## “Music’s Power”

A college student was troubled by sinful thoughts. Even though he regularly read his Bible and prayed, he continued to struggle, so he sought help from a Christian counselor.

“What kind of music do you listen to?” asked the counselor. The student said it was secular rock. The counselor then commented, “Think of your mind as a big sheet of paper. Each song you hear is a match burning the edges. You ask God to heal the burn, and He begins applying the salve of His Word. But you keep adding matches. Listen to Christian music and see what happens.” The student did, and the truth set to music began to heal his mind.

God combines music’s power with truth to draw His people closer to Himself. In Deuteronomy 32, Moses taught a new generation of Israelites a long song of 43 verses. Scripture:

Moses wrote this song the same day, and taught it to the children of Israel. --Deuteronomy 31:22

It proclaimed God’s faithfulness, but it would also become a witness against them when they settled in the Promised Land and forsook Him. The song’s purpose was twofold: It would show the Israelites that God had a right to their love, and it would call them back to Himself when they had come to the end of their own.

Never underestimate music’s power. It can either hinder the Spirit’s work or increase your love for Christ. --DJD

*There is a music from above  
That takes away our tears;  
It is God’s melody of love--  
It quiets all our fears. --DJD*

If there’s no harmony in your life, try changing your tune.

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## “Hailed Out”

A farmer with a large acreage of beautiful grain was “hailed out” before harvest time. His crop was a total loss. After the hailstorm was over, father and son walked out into the devastated fields. The boy could not keep the tears back, and he expected some violent reaction from his dad. Imagine his surprise when he heard his father begin to sing, “Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee.”

That son went out into the world, where he met trials and disappointments himself. Years later, looking back to the time of the hailstorm and his father’s reaction, he said, “That was the most powerful sermon I’ve ever heard.”

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## **“A Fortress is a Fortress”**

“Pilot to bombardier, you have the plane.” Jeff spoke with confidence.

He had been deep in prayer before this mission, that the Lord would help him find a way to witness to his crew. Many times before taking off on a mission he would pray for their safe passage and back. Of the ten men aboard his B-17F Flying Fortress, six were saved. Perhaps that was one of the reasons for so many successful missions without even one loss of life.

“Were over the target Captain....bombs away.” came the static ridden voice of Lt. Don Martin.

Captain Jeff Lloyd, or Captain Preach as he was affectionately called, was a man of conviction. He prayed to the Lord before, during and after every mission. Back at home in Tampa Florida, he had two kids and a wonderful wife that he was praying to return to one day soon. They seemed so far away from this bombing run here in Germany.

The co-pilot Charles Wilson was also a devoted man of God that often prayed with Jeff right there in the cockpit. It was seldom these days anyone made fun of you praying since no one wanted to take a chance of making the Big Man upstairs mad. Not when you were flying a glorified paper plane with four 1200-horse power Cyclone engines on board.

Sergeant Paul Wilson, the top turret gunner, jokes a lot about not dropping a sharp pencil on the floor. The government would get pretty sore at us jabbing holes in their quarter of a million dollar toy.

Don yelled with excitement to Jeff “Captain, bandits at one o’clock high”. The tail gunner continued the sentence in a shaky voice “ Captain bandits at six o’clock low. My God there are too many sir.”

Suddenly the fortress of fifty and thirty calibre guns came to life. Jeff spoke into the radio “ Men I know that all of you do not trust in the Lord, but I am going to pray for us right now.” The radio was silent for a moment then the words were heard. ““Captain pray in a hurry. Help us Jesus....bandits at three o’clock “ yelled the waist gunner Sergeant John Carr.

Through out the aircraft the bullets could be heard leaving the guns as also the enemies bullets could be heard passing through the thin skin-tight structure. Three of the bomber group had already become balls of flaming streaks, bellowing through the bright blue skies. Wave after wave of Mitsubishi fighters seemed to keep coming with little relief.

By this time the fighters were taking their toll on the massive fortress of firepower. The starboard engine was beginning to smoke as Captain Lloyd pulled the fire extinguisher switch on number one engine and feathered the prop. The crew knew the loss of even one engine would slow them down and they would loose the safety of numbers, if there were such a thing. The plane began again to shake and started a slight roll to the left. “Captain we have lost some aileron and elevators authority.” shouted Charles from the co-pilot seat.

The waist gunner called up and said there were big chunks of the aileron and elevators missing. Jeff began to whisper under his breath as he and Charles struggled to maintain control of the war ship. The second starboard engine now broke out in flames and still another fire extinguisher was engaged. Using the rudders to compensate the battle of keeping the plane in the air seemed almost an impossible feat as finally the fighters broke away.

Captain Lloyd spoke hesitantly into the radio microphone “fellows it will take a miracle of God to get us back home. We lost quite a bit of fuel when we took (cont next page) our the hits to starboard wing. I would say we need to all pray for God’s protection until we get back to English waters.”

With the aircraft shaking and moaning, Charles began to lead the crew in the Lord’s prayer. “Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.....”

Suddenly the Top Turret gunner broke through “Captain bandits at twelve o’clock high”. This brought sweat to the brow of all the men on board. Of all the armament on board, the front of the aircraft was the most vulnerable. As Charles and Jeff gripped the steering yoke they prepared for the worst and continued to pray.

Sergeant Mark Parks, the radio operator began to sing “Amazing Grace how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me.” As suddenly as the Mitsubishi’s appeared they seem to be terrified and break off their attack. Jeff and Charles thanked the Lord for his protection as they continued toward the English coast. As they lowered their landing gear and touched down, there was not a man on board not thanking God for his

hand in their deliverance back home in one piece.

On the mission briefing Major Butler, walked up to Captain Lloyd and with a puzzled look ask “Captain we intercepted a transmission from enemy fighters. We have been checking codebooks but we are puzzled. This pilot said they were approaching an enemy B-17 to make the kill when they saw angels on the wings with fiery swords drawn. They immediately withdrew. Do you know what they were talking about?”

“Yes sir Major” Jeff said with a grin, “Those were just the angels God sent to protect us Major” and with a salute the young Captain walked over to where his men were sitting and sat down. The Major was still standing there scratching his head.

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### “Your Heart’s Music”

It was 1994. Daily, the city of Sarajevo was under siege. Mortars and artillery fire instantly transformed once beautiful buildings into rubble. Sarajevo’s citizens were frightened, weary and increasingly despondent. Then, one February day, a mortar shell exploded in the market killing 68 civilians. Many more were wounded and maimed from the blast.

A cellist with the Sarajevo symphony could no longer stand the killing. He took his cello to the market, sat down amidst the rubble and played a concert. When he finished, he simply took up his instrument and left.

Every day, for 67 days, he came to the market. Every day he played a concert. It was his gift of love to the city. He did it because he felt his community needed hope.

Hope is music in the heart. It is a gift given to each of us to see us through the night. Once you have lost hope, you have nothing left to lose. Utter hopelessness kills everything it touches. But hope gives us strength to continue, whether it be a marriage that is worth saving, a life that is worth living or a situation that is worth salvaging.

In the end, hope is a spiritual thing. When all is in chaos and ruin, hope is the knowledge that the music still goes on. In this vast and infinite universe, we are not alone.

During those times when all may seem to be crumbling down around you, can you hear the music in your heart -- the song of hope?

Listen carefully. It is there, playing for you.

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### “What a friend we have in Jesus”

Syndicated columnist Deborah Mathis recently wrote about a day in her life in our nation’s capital. She told about passing through busy Union Station.

The first thing stamped on her memory was the noisy hubbub of sounds. The public address announcer calling out arrivals and departures. Scores of pagers, walkie-talkies, and cell phones crying out for someone’s attention. You could hear horns honking, machines clinking out change, and babies crying.

There were voices from every direction. A nervous security guard yelled at a man about to enter a forbidden area. Three women stood up from their bench in order to press the points of their squabble with more emphasis. The man in line in front of her was pacing in tiny, agitated steps. Then she heard someone singing.

“What a friend we have in Jesus, / All our sins and griefs to bear; / What a privilege to carry / Everything to God in prayer.” And a perceptible change came to the cacophonous crowd. “O what peace we often forfeit, / O what needless pain we bear, / All because we do not carry / Everything to God in prayer.”

The quarreling women closed down their spat and quietly took their seats. Tense shoulders seemed to relax. As the lone voice sang the remaining verses of Joseph Scriven’s lyrics from 150 years ago, Ms. Mathis realized she was singing along now. So were the three women who had been bickering. And several more.

“Nice, huh?” offered the man who had been pacing his tiny, tight circle in front of her. “I don’t even believe in Jesus, but that’s nice.”

If your life has gotten too cluttered, remember that Jesus has invited you to his peace. In our world’s stresses and fears, he says, “My peace I give to you. ... Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid” (John 14:27).

### **“Singing Through Difficult Times”**

As I lay in the darkness of a hospital room, flat on my back in a body cast, I began softly singing hymns.

A nurse popped through the doorway and commented in amazement, “You can sing after being put in a cast with a broken back?”

I grinned and answered, “It’s something I learned from my mother-in-law. She says when she has difficulties she sings. She told me that you can’t sing and worry at the same time.”

Following Mum’s example of singing when discouragement threatened to overcome me helped me cope with my broken back after Jim and I were hit by a triple trailer truck.

Mum had related how singing got her through the tough times at nursing school and during her first job. Money was very tight since she sent home to her parents at least half of what she earned. Her father had been in an accident and couldn’t work.

Sometimes Mum didn’t have money for food. One meal was provided at the hospital for the nurses, but there often wasn’t much at the apartment she shared with two other girls.

When Mum was down to her last dime she sang and prayed.

If her boys remember Mum singing when they were growing up, perhaps that was just her way of getting through the difficult times of raising eight sons!

The Sunday morning after her death at age 94, the last song at our church service was “Sing and Be Happy.” It brought Mum and her philosophy vividly to my mind and tears to my eyes. But it reminded me how fortunate I’ve been to have had her in my life for 46 years.

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### **“Paganini and the Music of Our Lives”**

Italian violinist Niccolo Paganini is thought by many to have been history’s greatest exponent of his art. As he swept through Europe in the early 1800’s his fame was something like that of Beatlemania! His skills were so great that it was whispered he gained his ability from a pact with the devil.

It is said that one evening Paganini was performing before a packed house. As he embarked on the final piece one of the strings on his violin snapped. Undeterred Paganini kept playing. A few moments later, a second string snapped. Again Paganini kept going, now reduced to playing a classical masterpiece on just two strings. And then the unbelievable – a third string snapped. Yet Paganini kept going, finishing the piece on just one string. So brilliant was his performance that the crowd rose to their feet to give him a standing ovation.

Yet Paganini was not finished. There was the encore to come. Raising his violin above his head Paganini called to the audience “Paganini, and one string!” With that the orchestra struck up and Paganini completed his encore on just one string.

Application: Paganini was playing a magnificent but eventually flawed violin that night. Yet even with three strings broken the master musician was able to extract beautiful music from it. You and I are like flawed instruments in the hand of God, yet no matter how flawed and broken, God is still able to weave beautiful, graceful things through us when we give ourselves to serving him and others.

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### **QUOTE #3**

“Of all the music that reached farthest into heaven, it is the beating of a loving heart.” - Henry Ward Beecher 1813-87 American Congregational preacher (Brother of author Harriet Beecher Stowe)

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## **“A Paderewski Concert”**

Wishing to encourage her young son’s progress on the piano, a mother took her boy to a Paderewski concert. After they were seated, the mother spotted a friend in the audience and walked down the aisle to greet her.

Seizing the opportunity to explore the wonders of the concert hall, the little boy rose and eventually explored his way through a door marked “NO ADMITTANCE.” When the house lights dimmed and the concert was about to begin, the mother returned to her seat and discovered that the child was missing.

Suddenly, the curtains parted and spotlights focused on the impressive Steinway on stage. In horror, the mother saw her little boy sitting at the keyboard, innocently picking out “Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star.” At that moment, the great piano master made his entrance, quickly moved to the piano, and whispered in the boy’s ear, “Don’t quit. Keep Playing.”

Then leaning over, Paderewski reached down with his left hand and began filling in the bass part. Soon his right arm reached around to the other side of the child and he added a running obbligato. Together, the old master and the young novice transformed a frightening situation into a wonderfully creative experience. The audience was mesmerized.

That’s the way it is with our Heavenly Father. What we can accomplish on our own is hardly noteworthy. We try our best, but the results aren’t exactly graceful flowing music. But with the hand of the Master, our life’s work truly can be beautiful.

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## **“Sing”**

*He has put a new song in my mouth. --Psalm 40:3*

The skillful orator Robert Ingersoll devoted his talents to undermining the Christian faith. It is sad that in his dynamic lectures he so effectively employed sarcasm and humor to twist the truth to gain converts to unbelief. When he died, the brochure for his funeral service carried this statement: “There will be no singing.” That certainly was appropriate for one who denied the reality of an afterlife.

But singing is in order at the funeral of a Christian, even though eyes may be wet with tears. Death ushers the believer into that land of unimaginable glory and beauty where countless angelic and human voices join together in exultant praise, their hallelujahs filling heaven with mighty harmonies.

With good reason, then, we can sing even if we don’t have good voices. And we can sing no matter what our circumstances. If we are enjoying life, we can sing songs of praise (Jas. 5:13). If we are suffering affliction, we can follow the example of Paul and Silas. After being beaten and imprisoned, they prayed and sang hymns (Acts 16:25).

In all circumstances of life, Christians can sing. And our singing on earth is just a rehearsal for our participation in heaven’s jubilant praise. --VCG

*I will praise my dear Redeemer,  
His triumphant power I’ll tell,  
How the victory He giveth  
Over sin and death and hell. --Bliss*

If you’re in tune with heaven, you’ll have a song in your heart.

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## **“One Note...One Word”**

“Daddy let me play a song for you!” the young child said.

“Sure my love,” her Daddy replied.

The child positioned herself in front of the piano, carefully placed her fingers over the keys and played one note.

Turning her head toward her father, she smiled as she waited for his approval.

He didn't say a word.

“Daddy, don't you like my song?” she asked.

“That was it? That wasn't a song. That was one note. A song has many notes,” he told her.

The child then turned back toward the piano and slowly played the same note over and over.

She stopped and looked at him hoping that he would now be pleased.

“A song is made up of many notes, not just one played a hundred times.”

Saddened by his response, she got down off the bench and walked away.

Realizing that he was insensitive in his response, he followed her to her room.

She was sitting on her bed, head down and sobbing.

“What's wrong?” he asked. “I'm sorry. But one note does not make a song.”

“But grandmother said my life is a song.”

“She's right. Your life is a beautiful song,” her daddy assured her.

Looking up at him, eyes welled with tears, she said, “But I am only one note.”

I've known that feeling. I've known that pain of feeling so singularly alone that my oneness made me feel so insignificant.

But I've discovered something...One note is a song.

“For a composer, every song starts with one note. For you, that one note is your song,” he said.

My friend, you are God's song in the symphony of life. Played over and over, who you are and the sound you make in the God inspired piece, resonates forever.

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## **“So Many Will Put Their Trust in Him”**

*“He put a new song in my mouth, a hymn of praise to our God. Many will see and fear and put their trust in the Lord.” – Psalm 40:3*

Ole Bull was born in 1810 in Bergen, Norway. At an early age he became known as a first class violinist. His solo performance with the great orchestra of the Paris Opera at the age of 25 marked the beginning of a series of concert tours that took him over the whole of Europe and America. In 1850, Bull founded the first Norwegian national theatre. A celebrated composer, and an international ambassador for Norwegian culture, Bull also oversaw a line of fine violins named after himself. Bull had a friend Leif who claimed he didn't have an ear for music and he refused to go to Bull's concerts. The fact that his friend was world-renowned musician made no difference to Leif. However, Bull won him in the end. Ole didn't chastise his friend or belittle him. He didn't lecture him. He simply went to Leif's place of work and played for him. Leif heard the sweet sounds of Ole's violin and it melted his heart. Leif's rough, cold heart was transformed by the charm of the music. Jesus Christ has put a new song into our lives, a song of praise to Him. We need to praise our God and as we do, others will put their trust in Him. Are you praising the Lord throughout your day? Today in prayer, give thanks to the Lord and tell others how good it is to trust in Jesus.

“We are sadly lacking in freshness and newness. If we show the way to the new song by the beauty and charm of our lives, ‘many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.’” - Clovis Chappell

God's Word: *“All mankind will fear; they will proclaim the works of God and ponder what he has done. Let the righteous rejoice in the Lord and take refuge in him; let all the upright in heart praise him!” - Psalm 64:9-10*