

## **Baffled Kings Composing Hallelujah**

Daniel 4

August 13, 2017

Peter Hiett

[The Sanctuary worship band plays “Hallelujah” by Leonard Cohen]

Now I've heard there was a secret chord  
That David played, and it pleased the Lord  
But you don't really care for music, do you?

It goes like this  
The fourth, the fifth  
The minor fall, the major lift  
The baffled king composing Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Your faith was strong but you needed proof  
You saw her bathing on the roof  
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you  
She tied you to a kitchen chair  
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair  
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

You say I took the name in vain  
I don't even know the name  
But if I did—well, really—what's it to you?  
There's a blaze of light in every word  
It doesn't matter which you heard  
The holy or the broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

I did my best, it wasn't much  
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch  
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you  
And even though it all went wrong  
I'll stand before the Lord of Song  
With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah

**Prayer**

Lord God, I confess to you and before all here that most of the time I feel pretty baffled. I try to make things work. I try to control situations and I feel baffled. Maybe we all feel baffled and confused. Yet, Lord God, we are here this morning to say, "Hallelujah!" The word *hallelujah* means praise *Yahweh*. We praise you Lord God, and we ask you to help us preach. In Jesus' name, Amen.

### **Message**

I'd like to read to you one of my favorite psalms. A psalm is a poem set to music... in other words a song. There's a book of Psalms, and there are psalms throughout Scripture. This psalm is addressed to the Most High God. It appears to have been written in Babylon, where the Jews were kept as slaves to the notorious Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar.

[A Psalm to the Most High God]

*How great are his signs,  
how mighty his wonders!  
For his dominion is an everlasting dominion,  
and his kingdom endures from generation to generation;  
All the inhabitants of the earth are accounted as nothing,  
and he does according to his will among the host of heaven  
and among the inhabitants of the earth;  
And none can stay his hand  
or say to him, "What have you done?"*  
—Daniel 4:3 & 34b-35

I love that Psalm, for it reminds me that God is in absolute control.  
And I can see why the Jews would sing it in Babylon.

Psalm 137:1

*By the waters of Babylon,  
there we sat down and wept,  
when we remembered Zion.  
On the willows there  
we hung up our lyres.*

(Lyres were stringed instruments—that didn't lie but told the truth through music.)

Psalm 137 goes on to ask, "*How can we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land?*" Yet, the irony is that they do sing . . . in fact they're singing this question. Actually, they seem to sing better in Babylon than they did in Jerusalem. The book of Psalms, which was the Jewish songbook, appears to have been finished while the Jews were slaves in Babylon, and compiled upon their return during the time of Ezra.

Slaves sing better than Kings.

King David wrote hundreds of Psalms, but it appears that he wrote most of them when he was a shepherd, or hiding in the cave of Adullam, or repenting of his sins, or running from Absalom—when he no longer felt like a king, but a slave.

Slaves sing better than Kings, and that makes some sense...

Songs change the meaning of things and transport you to another place.  
We all know this...

A song like *Give Me Shelter* by the Stones will come on the radio and suddenly I'm skiing the bumps on Rail Bender at Mary Jane Mountain in 1979—adrenaline will course through my arteries, my pulse will increase, and I will smile . . . even on the worst of days; I'll smile.

Sometimes, I'll hear a song sung by Sade, and suddenly I'm lying on a beach in 1990 next to my wife in an amazing bikini . . . I really like those Sade songs.

Songs change the meaning of things, transport you to another place and time, and they can animate you here and now; they can make you dance.

Beauty itself is a dance.

Some folks talk as if beauty, poetry, songs, and music are illogical.  
So, it may surprise you to find that nothing could be more logical than a song.

- Music is the celebration of incredibly complex mathematical equations, in the physics of harmonic oscillations, in the atmosphere all around you.
- It's profoundly logical; it's just a logic that we cannot normally comprehend, but all of us can intuit.
- It's a logic we can't comprehend, but a logic that can comprehend us and cause us to smile, sing, and even dance.

Every Mathematician and Physicist know this, but few of them are much good at writing songs.

A super computer has never written a song that made it to the Top 40 or that anyone ever called beautiful. But uneducated, persecuted, marginalized and underprivileged people—who can't even read music—have written millions of beautiful songs.

Recently, I realized that wealthy white people didn't write most of my favorite music in the 60's and 70's—they often stole it, re-recorded it, and called it "Rock and Roll." But most of it was written by underprivileged black folks in the 1950's who called it "the blues." I recently found the blues channel on my TV. I love "the blues." It makes me happy.

Kings don't write great music, unless of course they've been reduced to servants or slaves—like David.

I think that's because there is an "epistemology of technology" and an "epistemology of worship."

Epistemology is the study of how we come to know things.

We can know things less wonderful than ourselves through science and technology—the way a chemist might come to know that sodium and chlorine make salt.

However, we can only come to know things greater than ourselves through worship; not through seizing control, but through surrendering control—the way a husband might come to know his Bride, or a creature might come to know his or her Creator.

There's a scene in the deeply profound movie, *Napoleon Dynamite* that, in my mind, perfectly illustrates this epistemological tension in which we live.

Kip is a nerd who lives in his mother's basement where he is king, in control of all he surveys, which is a bunch of technology and computer games. Yet, Kip meets a woman online named La Fonda, and now Kip is struggling with surrendering his kingdom, but he's starting to sing...

Clip 1 from *Napoleon Dynamite*

[Kip sings to his bride La Fonda during their wedding.]

*We met in chat room  
Now our love can fully bloom  
Sure the World Wide Web is great  
But you, you make me salivate.  
Yes, I love technology  
But not as much as you, you see  
But I still love technology  
Always and forever*

In the next scene, Kip's brother Napoleon rides in on a white honeymoon stallion, which La Fonda and Kip then ride into the sunset and a whole new world.

Every time we gather in this place and sing our little songs to Jesus, I think we're just like Kip beginning to sing to La Fonda. And it's really good that we do sing, for Jesus is about to ride in on a white honeymoon stallion and carry us away to a place where all our little arrogant kingdoms will be swallowed up by infinite love.

You know the entire Revelation—which we're about to study—is a symphony of song. When we gather and sing we're beginning to join in that great symphony of song, just as

Kip was about to lose his little kingdom and be consumed by La Fonda's love.

He was a baffled king composing Hallelujah.

Well anyway, I'm just framing this question: How do we come to sing a song?  
Or better yet, come to write a song? Or even, be a song?

The Psalm I just read is particularly interesting because Scripture records how it was written. And it was written by someone you wouldn't expect to write such a song. We find it in Daniel chapter 4. This is verse 1.

*King Nebuchadnezzar to all peoples, nations, and languages, that dwell in all the earth: Peace be multiplied to you!*

—Daniel 4:1

Now just take that in: King Nebuchadnezzar is writing the Bible, and wishing peace upon every person on the face of the earth.

- In case you've forgotten, Nebuchadnezzar is the premier bad boy of the Old Testament.
- He is the king that destroyed Jerusalem and carried the Jews away into captivity in Babylon.
- Psalm 137 recounts how his troops dashed the little Jewish children against the stones.
- He was a pagan, who ruled the nations with terror, in dependence upon a court of sorcerers, enchanters, astrologers, and magicians—basically, everything that God forbade.

Nebuchadnezzar is writing the Bible, and not just the Bible, one of the most beautiful Psalms in the entire Bible.

- That's like discovering that the worst sinner that ever lived—Saul of Tarsus, the “chief of sinners”—wrote most of the New Testament.
- That's like discovering that “where sin increased, grace abounded all the more.”
- That's like discovering that the world's greatest instrument of torture has become the world's greatest symbol of comfort and peace.
- That's like returning to the Tree of Knowledge, in the middle of the garden, and finding the Tree of Life growing in its place.

Well, it certainly appears that King Nebuchadnezzar not only sang the psalm—he wrote the Psalm, and Daniel chapter 4 records how it happened:

*King Nebuchadnezzar to all peoples, nations, and languages, that dwell in all the earth: Peace be multiplied to you! It has seemed good to me to show the signs and wonders that the Most High God has done for me.*

*How great are his signs,  
how mighty his wonders!*

*His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,  
and his dominion endures from generation to generation.*

—Daniel 4:1-3

That's the beginning of the Psalm, and now the next several verses:

*I, Nebuchadnezzar, was at ease in my house and prospering in my palace. I saw a dream that made me afraid. As I lay in bed the fancies and the visions of my head alarmed me. So I made a decree that all the wise men of Babylon should be brought before me, that they might make known to me the interpretation of the dream. Then the magicians, the enchanters, the Chaldeans, and the astrologers came in, and I told them the dream, but they could not make known to me its interpretation. At last Daniel came in before me—he who was named Belteshazzar after the name of my god, and in whom is the spirit of the holy gods—and I told him the dream...*

[Daniel was a Hebrew slave that had been promoted to Chief of the Magicians, for his divine ability to interpret dreams.]

Nebuchadnezzar writes, *"I told him the dream saying,"*

*"O Belteshazzar, chief of the magicians, because I know that the spirit of the holy gods is in you and that no mystery is too difficult for you, tell me the visions of my dream that I saw and their interpretation. The visions of my head as I lay in bed were these: I saw, and behold, a tree in the midst of the earth, and its height was great. The tree grew and became strong, and its top reached to heaven, and it was visible to the end of the whole earth. Its leaves were beautiful and its fruit abundant, and in it was food for all. The beasts of the field found shade under it, and the birds of the heavens lived in its branches, and all flesh was fed from it.*

*I saw in the visions of my head as I lay in bed, and behold, a watcher, a holy one, came down from heaven. He proclaimed aloud and said thus: 'Chop down the tree and lop off its branches, strip off its leaves and scatter its fruit. Let the beasts flee from under it and the birds from its branches. But leave the stump of its roots in the earth, bound with a band of iron and bronze, amid the tender grass of the field. Let him be wet with the dew of heaven. Let his portion be with the beasts in the grass of the earth. Let his mind be changed from a man's, and let a beast's mind be given to him; and let seven periods of time pass over him.*

—Daniel 4:4-16

- Seven periods of time, is clearly a reference to the seven days of creation.
- This is a story of creation and a story of the creation of Nebuchadnezzar.
- The tree is a tree, and yet it's also a man.
- It's a man that turns into a beast or is reduced to a state in which he can't deny that he's always been a beast.

Remember what Solomon wrote in Ecclesiastes 3:18?

*"I said in my heart with regard to the children of man that God is testing them that they may see that they themselves are but beasts."*

That's why you encounter trials and tribulations, that you may see that you're a "butt

beast,” according to Solomon.

And that’s why this tree is cut down.

Surely, Daniel knew Isaiah chapter 6, in which the Lord commands Isaiah to preach to Judah and Jerusalem until Israel is a desolate waste . . . like a tree that’s pruned and burned down to a stump.

And then the Lord says, *“The holy seed is its stump.”* (Isaiah 6:13)

You may remember that Jesus compared every person to a tree and said, *“Even now the axe is laid to the root of the trees”* (Matt. 3:10).

And of course, you remember that humanity was and is tempted at a tree—tempted to take the knowledge of good and evil, to make our selves in the Image of God.

I think the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil is like the epistemology of technology. To take the fruit of that tree is to assume that the Good is less than you and something to be possessed by you and used by you.

I think the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil looks like this:

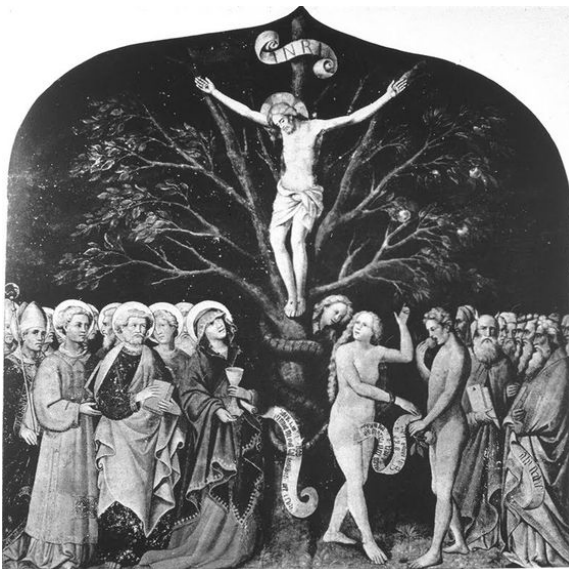


Figure 1 Image credit: Giovanni da Modena. Fresco from the Church of St. Petronio (Bologna, 1420)

God is Good; Jesus is the Good in flesh, and at a tree, we took His life to make ourselves in the image of God.

If you assume the Good is a thing less than you, you’ll kill it, cut it up, and dissect it the

way a forensic pathologist dissects a cadaver in order to know a cadaver.

But if you assume that the Good is a thing greater than you, like a person, you'll surrender to the Good, and allow yourself to be known by the Good—the way La Fonda and Kip will come to know each other on their honeymoon.

I think The Tree of Knowledge is like the epistemology of technology—where we take knowledge of the Good, thereby kill the Good, and watch everything die. And The Tree of Life is like the epistemology of worship—where we receive knowledge of the Good, thereby worship the Good, and everything lives.

The Tree of Knowledge, and The Tree of life, both grow in the same spot, in the middle of the garden—the garden that is your soul.

Jesus is the Good in flesh, Jesus is the Life, and Jesus is the *Logos*.  
*Logos* means logic, reason or word.

Jesus is the Word of God through whom all things are created.  
Jesus is the Rhythm and Rhyme that holds all things together.  
Jesus is the Logic in every song.

In this fallen world, we each take logic to build our own kingdom.  
We each take reason and use it to build our own *psuche*, in Greek—translated as “life,” “soul,” “mind” or “psyche” in English.

[A clip of brain function upon hearing words and thinking ideas is shown. Neurons and axons form pathways, which look like trees.]

I recently watched this video that illustrates how we constantly take words or ideas and turn them into brain—that is, neurons and axons that form the neural pathways that we think upon, and think with, and then think are the things doing the thinking. We think these thoughts are us.

The narrator kept pointing out how they look like trees. Your psyche is like a tree that has grown on the assumption that reason belongs to you and can, therefore, be used by you to build your own kingdom...

A kingdom in which you become trapped and there is no song, for no one sings, for there is no harmony, but only one long loud and endless note that is you—that is, your psyche . . . a psyche all about you in which the real you is trapped.  
Jesus taught that you must lose your psyche to find it (Matthew 16:25)—lose it for His sake, and He is the *Logos*.

I think it's fascinating that this is also the way, a musician writes a song.

Madeleine L'Engle wrote, “An artist at work is in a condition of complete and total faith.”



Faith is Worship...

And worship is willing surrender to a logic greater than your own.

If you didn't comprehend all of that, don't worry about that, just listen to the Story. It's the Word of God. It's the *Logos* of God.

In Daniel 4:16, Nebuchadnezzar finishes describing his dream to Daniel. The Holy One says, *"Let his mind be changed from a man's, and let a beast's mind be given to him; and let seven periods of time pass over him..."*

Daniel is terrified to tell Nebuchadnezzar the meaning of the dream, for He sees that Nebuchadnezzar is the great tree that will be cut down and bound with bands of iron, just as the Jews were bound with bands of iron, and lead to Babylon as slaves.

- The king will become a slave.
- The tree will be felled and burned down to its stump.
- Maybe the Holy seed is its stump?
- Maybe Nebuchadnezzar is going to meet the root of all things.

In Daniel 4:24-33 Daniel says,

*...this is the interpretation, O king: It is a decree of the Most High, which has come upon my lord the king, that you shall be driven from among men, and your dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field. You shall be made to eat grass like an ox, and you shall be wet with the dew of heaven, and seven periods of time shall pass over you, till you know that the Most High rules the kingdom of men and gives it to whom he will. And as it was commanded to leave the stump of the roots of the tree, your kingdom shall be confirmed for you from the time that you know that Heaven rules. Therefore, O king, let my counsel be acceptable to you: break off your sins by practicing righteousness, and your iniquities by showing mercy to the oppressed, that there may perhaps be a lengthening of your prosperity."*

*All this came upon King Nebuchadnezzar. At the end of twelve months he was walking on the roof of the royal palace of Babylon, and the king answered and said, "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built by my mighty power as a royal residence and for the glory of my majesty?" While the words were still in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, "O King Nebuchadnezzar, to you it is spoken: The kingdom has departed from you, and you shall be driven from among men, and your dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field. And you shall be made to eat grass like an ox, and seven periods of time shall pass over you, until you know that the Most High rules the kingdom of men and gives it to whom he will." Immediately the word was fulfilled against Nebuchadnezzar. He was driven from among men and ate grass like an ox, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven till his hair grew as long as eagles' feathers, and his nails were like birds' claws.*

"He was driven from among men..."

I think that's a pretty good description of mental illness or insanity . . .

It's Reason, Logic, and Truth that connects one person to another person, and all persons to reality. But if Reason, Logic, and Truth only exist inside your own head, you are utterly alone. A madman is a man who creates his own reality with his own reason, which becomes a prison the size of his own head.

G. K. Chesterton wrote,

"The madman is not the man who has lost his reason. The madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason. . . Perhaps the nearest we can get to expressing it is to say this: that his mind moves in a perfect but narrow circle.

Well, Nebuchadnezzar went insane, but when was he most insane?

- When was he most isolated and trapped in the closed loop that was his own brain?
- When was he furthest from Reality—who is our God and His creation?
- When was Nebuchadnezzar most insane?
- When he lost his reason or when he had nothing *but* his own reason?
- When he ate grass like a beast utterly dependent upon Grace?
- Or, when he stood on his roof and said,  
"Is not this great Babylon, which I have built by my mighty power as a royal residence and for the glory of my majesty?"

We tend to define sanity as normal, but what if all humanity is insane?

What if every person at some point stands on their roof or sits in their mother's basement, and says, "*Is not this my kingdom that I have built by my mighty power and for the glory of my majesty?*" What could be more insane than the belief that you are your own Creator, and that your word determines reality?

True insanity is a thing called pride.

And therefore, some that think themselves most sane are the most insane...

And some that think they're going insane are actually going sane...

I mean, if you think you are the king of your own creation...

And then, you begin to get a little neurotic—that is, nervous that maybe you can't hold it all together . . .

Or obsessive compulsive because you don't have enough control . . .

Or depressed because you feel inadequate and very alone . . .

Well, maybe you're not going insane but sane.

It would be most insane to believe that you are God and then *NOT* get neurotic, obsessed, and depressed.

So,

- Maybe the road to sanity is not convincing yourself that you're OK but admitting to yourself that you're *not* OK.
- Maybe the road to sanity is not in regaining control of a ridiculous illusion in which all of humanity is trapped—
- Maybe it's not in regaining control, but in losing control, and submitting to another's control.
- Maybe it's not in seizing control and making your self king, but it's in surrendering control to another King.

And maybe that can't be your choice, but it must be that King's choice.

- It can't be your thinking, for then you'd still be trapped in your own thinking.
- It can't be your thinking, but the King's thought that saves you.
- It can't be your logic, but another Logic, which sets you free from the prison of your own logic, your own psyche.

Maybe you have to lose your psyche, to find it.  
 Maybe you have to go insane, to go sane.  
 Maybe you have to die, in order to live.

You do realize, don't you, that there will come a day in which you will not be able to sustain one thought? The oxygen will no longer make it to the brain, the neurons and axons will begin to die . . .

A day is coming, in which you will be unable to sustain one thought. But on that day, you will discover that there is one Thought that has always sustained you. It's a Word. It's the Holy Seed. It's the Stump. It's Christ. And Christ in you is faith in you. And faith in you is worship. Worship is Wisdom. And Wisdom is a tree of Life (Prov. 3:18) . . . your eternal Life.

*Immediately the word was fulfilled against Nebuchadnezzar. He was driven from among men and ate grass like an ox, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven till his hair grew as long as eagles' feathers, and his nails were like birds' claws. At the end of the days I, Nebuchadnezzar, lifted my eyes to heaven, and my reason returned to me, and I blessed the Most High, and praised and honored him who lives forever...*

—Daniel 4:33-34

We don't know how God took reason from Nebuchadnezzar,  
 And we don't know how God gave reason to Nebuchadnezzar...

- Perhaps a demon was cast out of Nebuchadnezzar. I've definitely seen that sort of thing.
- Perhaps God healed a spiritual or emotional wound in Nebuchadnezzar's past. I've definitely witnessed that sort of thing—emotional healing that leads to mental health.
- Perhaps God removed, and then replaced, some chemicals in Nebuchadnezzar's brain—you've all experienced that sort of thing.

One too many beers is exactly that sort of thing.  
 Coffee in the morning is also that sort of thing.  
 A chemical imbalance that you're born with is that sort of thing.  
 And medication that restores mental health is also that sort of thing.

We don't know how God gave reason to Nebuchadnezzar, nor did Nebuchadnezzar...  
 But he did know that his reason was a gift.

He knew that reason was not the product of his own choice, for he had none when he ate grass like an ox.

All sin is our own choice.  
And all sin is insanity.  
But not all insanity is sin.

For Nebuchadnezzar to stand on his roof and think that he was God . . . *that* was his choice. It was sin. It was pride. And it was insanity.

But for Nebuchadnezzar to lose his reason and eat grass like a beast . . . *that* was not sin. *That* was the burning edge of Grace. And Grace is the Logic of God. And Grace is what makes us graceful—like a song.

*At the end of the days I, Nebuchadnezzar, lifted my eyes to heaven, and my reason returned to me, and I blessed the Most High, and praised and honored him who lives forever, (and now he continues his Psalm) for his dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom endures from generation to generation; all the inhabitants of the earth are accounted as nothing, and he does according to his will among the host of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand or say to him, "What have you done?" At the same time my reason returned to me...*

—Daniel 4:34-36a

Isn't that interesting? It's like his reason was a song, and the song was the Reason . . . And so the song wasn't his creation, as much as he was the song's creation . . . as much as he was Reason's creation and now he knew it. He knew the Good because the Good knew him.

It was "his reason," but not because *he took* reason, but because *God gave* Reason to Nebuchadnezzar. And then, Nebuchadnezzar began to sing along.

*At the same time my reason returned to me, and for the glory of my kingdom, my majesty and splendor returned to me. My counselors and my lords sought me, and I was established in my kingdom, and still more greatness was added to me.*

—Daniel 4: 36

The tree was felled, and another one grew in its place. (It must've grown from the stump.)

*Now I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, for all his works are right and his ways are just; and those who walk in pride he is able to humble.*

—Daniel 4: 37

And if you've been walking in pride, perhaps this story, which is God's Word, has caused you to feel a little humbled. If so . . . be grateful, for he who humbles himself will be exalted (Matt. 23:12).

But now, before we close, let me sum up just a bit:

1. You are not the thoughts you think; you are the thought that God is thinking.
2. We don't create reality with our choices. We do create a false self, and a false reality, with our choices—that is, our own choices, our proud choices, our sin. So... We don't create reality with our choices, but God creates our choices with Reality—that is all our real choices, our good choices: Faith, Hope, and Love.

Love in us, is divinity in us, manifesting in us, like music manifests in the body of a dancer. And that Dance is reality—Reality incarnate in us.

3. All must lose their psyche, to find it.  
All must go insane, to become sane.
4. Sanity is not seizing control, but surrendering control to the Logic of God.
5. We don't save ourselves with reason; Reason saves us, with Himself.
6. Jesus is the Reason. And Reason is not your own possession.  
Reason is more than knowledge to be taken, like fruit from a tree.  
Reason is a life to be received like Kip received La Fonda.
7. To be reasonable is to worship. And to be proud is to be insane.  
And I think the Church is largely insane for, we're offended that God would save men like Nebuchadnezzar, for we secretly think that we save ourselves, which just reveals that we're not yet saved and haven't yet heard the song.

We're proud, for we think we're saved by our own reason, which means we're entirely unreasonable and thoroughly insane.

8. To write a beautiful song is not to seize control,  
But to surrender control to Reason—the Reason that upholds all things.

When Friedrich Handel wrote the "Hallelujah Chorus," his health and his fortunes had reached the lowest possible point. His right side had become paralyzed, and all his money was gone. He was heavily in debt and threatened with imprisonment. He had locked himself away for twenty-four days. He appeared to have gone insane, as he wrote the two-hundred-page manuscript of what we now know as "The Messiah."

One day a worried servant interrupted the great composer. Handel turned around with

tears running down his face and said to that servant, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the Great God Himself." He had just finished writing the "Hallelujah Chorus."

He was a baffled king composing Hallelujah.

Leonard Cohen wrote:

*I've heard there was a secret chord, that David played and it pleased the Lord.  
But you don't really care for music, do you? It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth,  
the minor fall, the major lift...*

Most music is based on a seven-chord scale—like the seven days of creation.

In a major chord, we hear a harmony; but in a minor chord, one note is one half-step off.

- A minor chord makes us long for a major chord;
- A minor chord makes us long for harmony, which is Reason.

Scripture reveals that man fell on the sixth day of creation,  
And now we all long for the seventh, when all is in harmony.

King David played the secret chord.

King David sang Hallelujah when he had lost his reason and wondered, "why?"

King David sang Hallelujah, even though he felt forsaken by God.

King David sang Hallelujah, from the depths of despair because the Logos of God was singing King David, and singing in King David.

He sang his sorrow until it turned into praise . . .

Until "my God my God why have you forsaken me?" turned into a universe of grateful praise.

Like Nebuchadnezzar, David was a baffled king composing Hallelujah.

We are all baffled kings composing Hallelujah. And we're not just composing . . . we're decomposing and being composed. We're not just singing, we're being sung into existence by the Logos of God.

Love actually *is* a victory march, the song says "love is not a victory march," but it actually is; it's just that we're not the captors but the captives.

To think you have comprehended Love is insanity; God is Love.

But to be comprehended by Love is to become the New Creation.

And to be captivated by Love is endless ecstasy.

8. So 8 was to write a beautiful song you must surrender to reason.

9. To become a beautiful person, you must be humbled and exalted by Love.

God is Love, and Jesus is the Logic of Love.

The movie *A Beautiful Mind* is the true story of the brilliant mathematician John Nash.

He was able to recognize patterns where no one else could.  
And so he was able to ascribe meaning to reality as no one else would.

As a young man at Princeton, he lived alone; he refused to be taught by another. Nobody doubted his brilliance, but soon everyone doubted that he was sane. It's not that he was unreasonable; it's just that all the reason was his own. He was the king of his own reality—a world of pride, then deep loneliness, then terror.

John Nash goes insane, but is saved by Amazing Grace, in the form of a woman who loves him, enters into his insanity, and shows him what's real.

Clip from *A Beautiful Mind*

John Nash's girlfriend, Alicia Nash (his future wife)—played by Jennifer Connelly—bends down in front of John—played by Russel Crowe—and looks him in the eye.]  
Alicia: *You want to know what's real?*  
[John nods his head yes. Alicia reaches out her hand and gently strokes his face.]  
Alicia: *This.*  
[Alicia takes John hand and gently places it on her face.]  
Alicia: *This.*  
[Alicia moves John's hand to her heart.]  
Alicia: *This. This is real. Maybe the part that knows the waking from the dream—maybe it isn't there* [Alicia clutches John's head and then move her hand down to his heart]; *maybe it's here.*

Well, John Nash was the king of his own reality (his own world), yet one Reality snuck into that reality that John Nash could not comprehend—a Reality that comprehended John Nash, saved him, and made everything new.

He went on to win the Nobel Prize in 1994

This is his acceptance speech [A clip from the film *A Beautiful Mind* begins]:

I've always believed in numbers and the equations and logics that lead to reason. But after a lifetime of such pursuits, I ask, "What truly is logic? Who decides reason?"

My quest has taken me through the physical, the metaphysical, the delusional—and back.

And I have made the most important discovery of my career, the most important discovery of my life: It is only in the mysterious equations of love that any logic or reasons can be found"

That's a baffled king composing Hallelujah.

10. God is Love, and Jesus is the Logic of Love.

### **Communion**

So on the night He was betrayed—just before we took His life on the tree in the garden—the Logic of God, the *Logos* of God, the Love that *is* God in flesh, Reason and Good in flesh took bread and broke it saying, “This is my body, which is for you; take and eat.” And, having given thanks, He took the cup saying, “This is the covenant in my blood, poured out for the forgiveness of sins. Drink of it, all of you. And do it in remembrance of me.”

[The worship team sings the refrain from the song “Hallelujah” by Leonard Cohen]

### **Prayer**

Father, thank you that Logic *is* Love divine all loves excelling, and Reason is not our enemy but it is, in fact, our Savior, for Reason is your Word who you wrapped in the flesh. We placed Him in a manger and then put Him on a cross. But He rose from the dead making all things new and making us Reasonable. God thank you—that you are our sanity, and you are the sanity behind all things. In Jesus’ name, we praise you, Amen.

### **Benediction**

Well, I hope that is encouraging to you. It’s incredibly encouraging to me that I am Kip. I am like old Saul, like Nebuchadnezzar; I’m a baffled king composing Hallelujah because I’m being composed. I’m thankful for that, and I’m also thankful for you because you are all baffled kings composing Hallelujah. And together we are baffled kings being composed into a Hallelujah—as God knits us together with His Logic, His Reason, which is Love Divine All Loves Excelling.

*Disclaimer: This document is a draft and has not been edited by the author. Therefore, there may be discrepancies. Some discrepancies may be minor; some may have to do with theology. When in doubt, please refer to the audio version of the sermon on this website and don't be shy about informing us of errors.*