

When Sad...

Psalm 88

The Psalms (no. 19 in the series)

Oct 20, 2019

Peter Hiett

Video and audio versions available online:

<https://relentless-love.org/sermons/when-sad/>

Transcript document prepared by: Michael Hanna (themichaelhanna@thesanctuarydowntown.org)

This document was prepared by Michael Hanna using Peter's notes and the video version of this sermon. If you encounter any significant discrepancies or errors in this document, please let Michael know. Thank you!

[All Sing: "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee"]

Prayer

Thank you Lord that you made us to share in your Joy. Jesus, at the last supper, you said to your disciples that you spoke these things that your joy would be in us and our joy would be full.ⁱ Father help us to preach your Word. In Jesus name, Amen.

Message

In many churches it's traditional to stand for the reading of Scripture. So, let's stand and read Psalm 88 out loud and together:

Psalm 88

A Song. A Psalm of the Sons of Korah. To the choirmaster: according to Mahalath Leannoth. [That's probably the name of a tune or type of music] **A Maskil** [That's probably a type of poem or song] **of Heman the Ezrahite.** [In Chronicles we read that "Heman" was one of the singers in the temple. It makes sense that this would be the same guy.]ⁱⁱ

...Ok together now (when I drop my arm):

- 1 **O Lord, God of my salvation,
I cry out day and night before you.**
- 2 **Let my prayer come before you;
incline your ear to my cry!**
- 3 **For my soul is full of troubles,
and my life draws near to Sheol.**
- 4 **I am counted among those who go down to the pit;
I am a man who has no strength,**
- 5 **like one set loose among the dead,
like the slain that lie in the grave,**

- like those whom you remember no more,
for they are cut off from your hand.
- 6 You have put me in the depths of the pit,
in the regions dark and deep.
- 7 Your wrath lies heavy upon me,
and you overwhelm me with all your waves. *Selah* [pause...]
- 8 You have caused my companions to shun me;
you have made me a horror to them.
I am shut in so that I cannot escape;
- 9 my eye grows dim through sorrow.
Every day I call upon you, O Lord;
I spread out my hands to you.
- 10 Do you work wonders for the dead?
Do the departed rise up to praise you? *Selah* [pause...]
- 11 Is your steadfast love declared in the grave,
or your faithfulness in Abaddon?
- 12 Are your wonders known in the darkness,
or your righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?
- 13 But I, O Lord, cry to you;
in the morning my prayer comes before you.
- 14 O Lord, why do you cast my soul away?
Why do you hide your face from me?
- 15 Afflicted and close to death from my youth up,
I suffer your terrors; I am helpless.
- 16 Your wrath has swept over me;
your dreadful assaults destroy me.
- 17 They surround me like a flood all day long;
they close in on me together.
- 18 You have caused my beloved and my friend to shun me;
my companions have become darkness.

And that's the end of the Psalm...
Does Scripture ever confuse you?

There are many Psalms that express sorrow, but they don't end with sorrow...
And sorrow is more than a bit terrifying.

Recently I heard that an old friend, and a Christian leader, lost his faith after a trip to Auschwitz with his wife. Deeply troubled by that, my wife Susan was praying, and she heard the Lord say something like this:

"Sorrow is every bit as powerful as fear, when it comes to feeding the enemy..."

Years ago, she saw Satan shrink as we prayed and heard Jesus say,
"With fear you put flesh on the evil one."

"Sorrow is every bit as powerful as fear..."
[Susan said "un-surrendered sorrow" was understood.]

But what she heard was:

"Sorrow is every bit as powerful as fear, when it comes to feeding the enemy..."

And then Jesus told her what to do with the sorrow.

This is a Psalm of sorrow...

How do we feed the enemy with sorrow?

That's an open-ended question that I hope you keep asking the Lord, but here are just a few things that occurred to me:

How do we feed the enemy with sorrow?

1. When sad, we let sorrow become an accusation.

When **sad**, we know things are **bad**, and we expect someone to fix it. Maybe we blame ourselves or blame our neighbor... but we expect someone to fix the **sad** and make us **glad**.

Last week Kathleen started talking about small groups or life groups, and this will kill a life group:

- Someone that expects you to fix their sorrow.
- Or your expectation that they will fix your sorrow.

What is sorrow? Why do we feel sorrow?

Isn't it the fact, that in some form we've tasted the Good... and now the Good is gone, and we desperately want it back?

- We've seen the light, but now the sun has set and we long for the sunrise.
- We've walked the way, but now we're lost and want to be found.
- We've known the truth, but now we're desperately confused
- We've tasted life, but we can't make life and now the grave seems to beckon.
- We've felt love, but now we feel alone...

- We've tasted the Good and now we're tasting death... the evil.

You understand: There is a lot to be sad about in this world. Do I need to go into detail? War, abortion, rape, constant lies... and even worse, the constant shame, condemnation and loneliness that gnaws at your spirit in the depths of your soul. We're all dying, and you can't fix it, and none of your neighbors can fix it... and we all struggle to know who to blame.

It's interesting that the Psalmist doesn't blame anyone... but God.

- Why did he put that tree in the middle of the garden?
- Why did he subject creation to futility?
- Why did he consign all to disobedience?
- Why does he hide his face?

How do we feed the enemy with sorrow?

1. When sad, we let sorrow become an accusation.
2. When sad, we let sorrow become a weapon.

It's tempting to blame with sorrow and manipulate with sorrow.

"Yes Susan, you really did hurt my feelings... So yeah you really should make it up to me... And you expect nothing from me, because I'm so wounded."

When sorrow becomes a weapon, we shoot anyone that might make us happy.

How do we feed the enemy with sorrow?

1. When sad, we let sorrow become an accusation.
2. When sad, we let sorrow become a weapon.
3. When sad, we let sorrow become our prison.

Sometimes it feels so good, and even politically correct, to say, *"You know, no one understands my pain. No one knows my sorrow..."*

In other words, *"I'm alone and addicted to my loneliness."*

"I'm sad because I'm alone... and alone so that I can be sad."

I often justify myself with sorrow: *"Because no one knows how much I've suffered, no one knows how much I deserve another beer, or a little porn, or the pleasure of some bitterness, anger, maybe even some rage."*

How do we feed the enemy with sorrow?

1. When sad, we let sorrow become an accusation.
2. When sad, we let sorrow become a weapon.
3. When sad, we let sorrow become our prison.
4. When sad, we let sorrow become our idol.

We let sorrow become our idol—our "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."ⁱⁱⁱ We let it become our justification.

Sometimes, a lot of times, when we pray at our staff meeting, board meetings or even our small life group, someone will pray, express some sorrow, and elicit sympathy, compassion and respect... and I'll think, *"Hey, I got more sorrow than them: My mom died, I only slept three hours last night, and I have diarrhea... I'm sadder than you!"*

How do we feed the enemy with sorrow?

1. When sad, we let sorrow become an accusation.
2. When sad, we let sorrow become a weapon.
3. When sad, we let sorrow become our prison.
4. When sad, we let sorrow become our idol.
5. When sad, we let sorrow become our identity.

I had a roommate in college... who loved to be sad—it was like his identity. I remember thinking, *"Dang if you were ever happy, you'd be so sad."* He wore sad—like the Goth kids in high school... but there are a million forms of dark makeup and a million ways to scowl. But if sad is your identity—you constantly wear your sorrow—you probably never feel your sorrow.

Now you're probably thinking, "Whoa, Peter is right! It's **bad** what we do with **sad**... and it kinda makes me **mad**... so I'm just gonna decide to be **glad**..."

Well... do you have that power? And if you did have that power, should you use that power? Because there's an awful lot to be sad about, and we're commanded to weep with those who weep.

How do we feed the enemy with sorrow?

1. When sad, we let sorrow become an accusation.
2. When sad, we let sorrow become a weapon.
3. When sad, we let sorrow become our prison.
4. When sad, we let sorrow become our idol.
5. When sad, we let sorrow become our identity.
6. When sad, we hide our sorrow... and don't feel sorrow or joy.

Well, maybe we feed the enemy...

... when sad and we hide our sorrow, and so hide from our sorrow... And so, we never feel our sorrow... or joy.

Do you remember when Eve and the first Adam took the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of Good and evil? They took the fruit, and everything went **bad**, and they hid the **sad** that they **had**... and pretended to be **glad**? They hid themselves in the leaves from the trees.

Maybe we all have a secret sorrow; it may manifest in myriads of ways and all manner of circumstances. We all have a secret sorrow that we can barely admit to ourselves and that sorrow is our selves... our lonely selves.

- It's the self that took *the life* of the good from the tree in the garden.
- It's the self that constantly wants the Good, but constantly crucifies the Good.
- It's the self that wants to be "I Am," and is "I am not."
- It's the self that wants to justify itself, and cannot.

They hid themselves in the leaves of the tree. I think it was the leaves of the tree of the knowledge of Good and evil—the law. They got religion...

They suddenly knew that the **sad** they **had** was **bad**, and so pretended to be **glad**, which will drive you **mad**.

And now I need to stop rhyming and just tell you I'm serious as a heart attack. I've known an awful lot of folks that have killed themselves. And almost always they found a way to be alone in their sorrow, and often, that way was religion... human religion.

Sometimes I'll watch TV preachers and just find myself feeling so depressed. But then I'll go read the Bible and realize, "Hey, I'm not alone..."

"It's not good for the Adam—humanity—to be alone..." and I'm not alone.

So, what are we supposed to do with our sorrow?

I think we just did it.

I find it fascinating that Israel wandered in the wilderness for forty years and died in that wilderness, because they hid their sorrow.

Deuteronomy 1:29 · They “murmured in their tents.”

But in the Psalms, God basically commands Israel to come murmur in his tent, his tabernacle, his Sanctuary.

It's like he's saying, *“I know you think it, I know you feel it, I know that you know it... now come admit it—together—in my tent... before my throne.”*

“Y'all chant this together... Psalm 88:1. It begins ‘Oh Lord, God of my salvation.’”

(In Hebrew that sounds like this: “Yahweh Elohim Yeshua-ti,” that is, “Lord God my Yeshua,” that is, “Lord God my Jesus.”)

“It ends like this, ‘You have caused my beloved and my friend to shun me; my companions have become darkness.’”

“Y'all get together,” says Lord God Jesus, “and tell me how alone y'all feel...together... before my throne.”

Well, in sorrow our fig leaves are stripped away, aren't they? The worse the sorrow the harder to maintain the act. Our fig leaves get stripped away and our naked longing for love is exposed.

Rabbi Kushner used to tell about a Chinese woman who lost her family, and in despair, asked a wiseman what she should do. He told her to go to every house in the village and collect a mustard seed from every person that had not known sorrow. And so, she did; she knocked on every door, and asked every person about their sorrow. She did not collect one mustard seed, and yet the word of the wiseman was the seed that grew into a kingdom, and a family, as big as her entire village.

This is why you need a life group, small group, prayer partner, or simply a Christian friend—to just share your sorrow. They can't fix your sorrow, and you can't fix their sorrow, just share the sorrow... and maybe even pray Psalm 88 our loud together.

And as you pray it, notice that someone else is praying it next to you... someone in the same pit, experiencing the same sorrow, or a similar sorrow (we all have a unique and yet very similar sorrow).

But now, what if you don't have any friends?

Perhaps you're a prisoner long forgotten in a concentration camp somewhere...

Perhaps you're lying alone in a nursing home and all your friends have died...

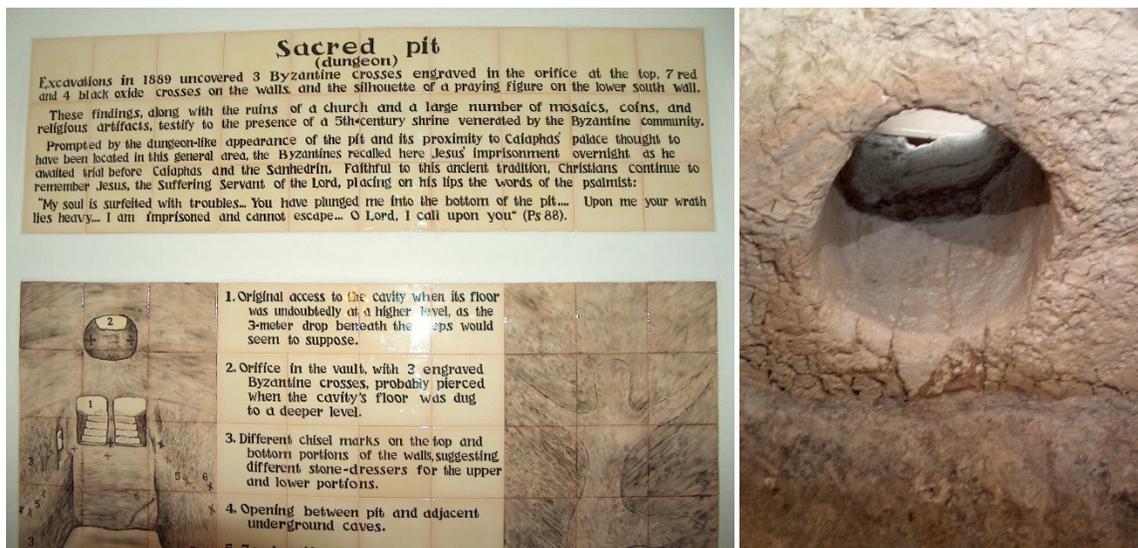
Perhaps you're dying—isn't that something we must each do entirely alone?

Perhaps you're just misunderstood... or at least think that no one understands your sorrow...

Psalm 88 is particularly meaningful to me, for about 13 years ago I recited the psalm in this room, standing on this floor with a group of people, some from this church.



I wasn't alone, but I felt very much alone. I felt entirely misunderstood by my fellow pastors in my denomination. I knew that some in my church were using that to their personal advantage. Even some in my family were swayed to think I was deluded. And I knew that it was all according to God's plan.



This dungeon is called the "Sacred Pit," that is "Holy Hell." It was discovered in 1889 in close proximity to, what archeologists have determined to be, the house of Caiaphas in ancient Jerusalem. Along with a large number of Byzantine artifacts, archeologist discovered three byzantine crosses, carved into this opening, at the top of the pit, through which prisoners would be lowered into this dungeon. For these reasons many think that this was the holding cell in which Jesus was kept, after he was arrested in the Garden of Gethsemane, questioned by Annas and Caiaphas, beaten, and then betrayed by Peter. The night before he hung on the tree and cried "My God my God, why have you forsaken me..."

Feeling alone and forsaken, in this pit, with some of you, I prayed this prayer—we recited it out loud together. And according to tradition, in this pit, Jesus also prayed this prayer:

- 3b ...my life draws near to Sheol.**
4 I am counted among those who go down to the pit;

Isaiah 53:4 · “He has born our griefs and carried our sorrows...
v. 12 · He was numbered, he was counted, with the transgressors...”

- 4 I am counted among those who go down to the pit;**
5 like one set loose [one set free] among the dead,

That’s such a great description of humanity. We arrogantly brag that we’re free. we’re “set free among the dead.”

- 6 You have put me in the depths of the pit...**
7 Your wrath lies heavy upon me...

With whom do you get most angry? Isn’t it the people that you love... like your kids? And don’t you bear your own wrath, don’t you suffer it, for them? Every good father does... and “God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself.”^{iv}

- 8 You have caused my companions to shun me;**
you have made me a horror [an abomination] to them.

Scripture says that “[God] made him [Jesus] to be sin who knew no sin, so that in him we might become the righteousness of God.”^v

- 10 Do you work wonders for the dead?**

Well? Does he?

Do the departed [*raphaim*: the ghosts] rise up to praise you?

Isaiah 26:19 “The earth shall give birth to the [*raphaim*]... You who dwell in the dust awake and sing for joy!”^{vi}

- 11 Is your steadfast love declared in the grave,**
or your faithfulness in Abaddon? [Abaddon is the deepest hell]

In the morning Jesus will cry “My God my God why have you forsaken me?”

That’s the first line of Psalm 22. It continues with this declaration:

“I will tell of your name to my brothers...” then
“Before him shall bow all who go down to the dust...” and lastly
“he has done it.” It is finished.

- 12 Are your wonders known in the darkness,**
or your righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

The thief next to him, said "Jesus remember me." And Jesus did.

**14 O Lord, why do you cast my soul away?
Why do you hide your face from me?**

How could Jesus pray something like that? ...or "My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?"

**18 You have caused my beloved and my friend to shun me;
my companions have become darkness.**

Jesus was alone... But maybe, 13 years ago, in that pit, I was alone... with him.

You know earlier that night, after Jesus gave us his body and blood, after he begged Peter James and John to simply be with him, but they slept for sorrow, as he sank into the deepest of all sorrow, in the Garden of Gethsemane... he prayed something remarkable:

He prayed "Father, if possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as you will."^{vii}

"Not my will, but thy will"^{viii} ... yet, Jesus is God's Word. He is God's Judgment. He is God's will in flesh.^{ix}

How could God the Son's will, be different than God the Father's will... unless he had made himself captive to our will, a prisoner to our sorrow... like a mustard seed imprisoned in broken and dirty earth.

Let's map it out:

"Thy will"

"Nevertheless,
not my will, but thy will"

"My will"



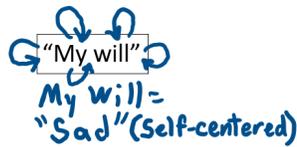
"Nevertheless,
not my will, but thy will"

"My will"

"Thy Will" is God's Will and it's literally "ecstatic." In Greek *ekstasis*—literally, "out of self." God is constantly giving himself away in an ecstatic joy. It's called Love.



"Nevertheless,
not my will, but thy will"



"My Will" is my will, and it's sad. It has become stuck on itself. It's self-centered.

Jesus prayed "not my will, but thy will, be done." I think he calls our will, his will...

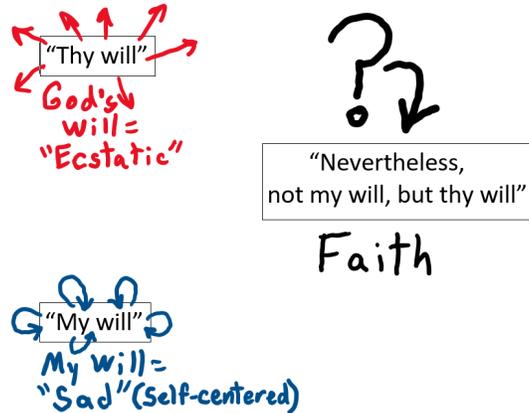
So, who's will is this?



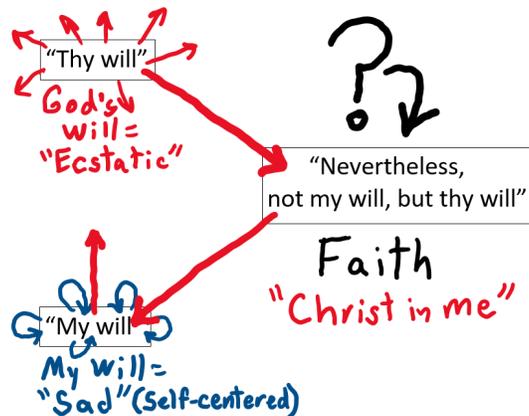
"Nevertheless,
not my will, but thy will"



You see? I think this is the miracle... I think this is called Faith.



It is the will to surrender our will to God's will.



It is Christ, willingly willing God's will, in us; his Free Will in us.

God is growing something in the garden of sorrow... and it's called faith. He's growing faith in Love, that we would lose our lives and find them in the Great Dance, who is Love and Life.

In communion Jesus gives us his will and bears the burden of our will. It's an act of creation... the supreme act of creation. It's the act of being born from above.

Just before Jesus went to the garden, and then to the tree, he said to his disciples: "A little while and you will not see me [Jesus is literally the face of God], and again a little while and you will see me"? Truly, truly, I say to you, you will weep and lament, but the world will rejoice. You will be sorrowful, but your sorrow will turn into joy. When a woman is giving birth, she has sorrow because her hour has come, but when she has delivered the baby, she no longer remembers the anguish, for joy that a human being [literally "a man," singular—"an adam," maybe the Adam] has been born into the world. So also you have sorrow now, but I will see you again, and your hearts will rejoice, and no one will take your joy from you."* The Joy is eternal.

Jesus is the promised seed planted in the field of our sorrow, giving birth to the Kingdom of God.

Sorrow is the experience of not seeing God's face. Sorrow is a longing for communion with "the Way, the Truth and the Life" in every moment of your space and time. Sorrow is a longing for the Good, which is the Love that is Life. Sorrow is a longing for communion with God. And your sorrow, literally turns into joy—eternal Joy.

So, when sad don't feed the devil with your sorrow.
When sad, don't accuse, or turn your sorrow into a weapon, or let it become your prison, your idol, or your identity. But don't hide your sorrow, or hide from your sorrow.

So, what are we to do with our sorrow?
We are to feel our sorrow... with God, and with each other. And that is exactly what Israel was doing in Psalm 88: experiencing a communion of sorrow, and in that communion, a miracle would happen. And it does happen. The veil rips open and on the throne we see the face of God—the Glory of God shining in the face of a man that we know: Jesus, the lamb standing as if he'd been slain.

So, when sad, don't accuse... and yet you already have accused. Haven't you?
Don't let it be a weapon... yet it's already become a weapon, a whip, and a cross.
Don't let it become a prison... but it's already become a prison for Jesus.
Don't let it become your idol... but you have, and to free you, Christ has died.
Don't let it become your identity... but you have, and yet Christ has descended into your identity, into the dark pit you think is you.

So, don't hide from your sorrow. This is the miracle: you will find Christ born into your sorrow—your utterly unique sorrow, that will turn into your utterly unique and eternal joy.

12 Are your wonders known in the darkness[?]

YES! That is precisely where they come to be known... "the light shines in the darkness;" it's there that the Christ child is born.^{xi} It's there that we learn to recognize the face of our God, who is Love.

So, when sad... remember: you're not alone. There are 7 billion other sad people in the darkness with you. But far more than that, God has descended into your sorrow and their sorrow. You are in the pit with Jesus, for Jesus is always in the pit with you, even the pit that you thought was you...

Well, commune with Jesus in your sorrow and it will rise from the dead as Joy.

Emma was a holocaust survivor, who regularly at 4 p.m. each day stood outside a Manhattan church and screamed insults at Jesus. Finally, the pastor, Bishop C. Kilmer Myers, went outside and said to Emma, "Why don't you go inside and tell him?" She disappeared into the church.

An hour went by, and the bishop, worried, decided to look in on her. He found Emma, prostrate before the cross, absolutely still. Reaching down, he touched her shoulder. She looked up with tears in her eyes and said quietly, "After all, he was a Jew, too."^{xii}

Now if you're in a place of deep sorrow, that's what you need to know: Jesus is sad too; he's in your pit, and you're in his—anything more is largely conjecture, and may be too offensive to hear just now.

But if you can hear... the Psalmist does ask a fascinating question:

14b Why do you hide your face from me?

We know that he never leaves us nor forsakes us. And yet he does seem to hide his face or allow us to hide his face. In other words, he "consigns us," or "subjects us," to sorrow.^{xiii}

So, last week I wondered, *“Yeah God, why do you hide your face? Why would a good father or mother ever hide their face from their own beloved child?”*

And then, immediately, I thought of this:

[video clip: mother playing peekaboo with her baby, whose face shows alternating surges of joy and confusion.]

Let me translate into a language you can understand:

Mom says “Hello,” and Baby thinks:
“Life is good!”

Mom says “Goodbye” and covers her face and Baby thinks:
“What the Hell happened. Oh my God, where are you?”

Mom says “Hello,” reveals her face and Baby thinks:
“All is Good, and I am happy!”

Mom hides her face and Baby thinks:
“My God, why have you forsaken me?”

But did you notice? Each time mom says hello, the baby’s delight increases. Each time faith, hope and love grow just a bit. See, maybe our sorrow really does turn into joy. Maybe God is playing hide and seek with us our entire lives. Maybe your entire existence in this world is like one little segment of peekaboo in which the Father hides his face, until the curtain in the depths or your temple rips and you see his face and know I Am is Good and I Am is Grace.

I discovered that there are a bunch of YouTube videos showing parents how to play peekaboo with their infants, for psychologists say it’s an integral part of developing a baby’s psyche—a baby’s ability to love and be loved. It teaches a baby something called “object permanence.” It’s the knowledge that even though you can’t see mom, she’s there. Your Father’s name is “I Am that I Am.” There is nothing more permanent, foundational, or trustworthy than he.

It teaches a baby object permanence, and it teaches Grace. Our journey through sorrow and into joy teaches us that nothing is more permanent, or foundational than our God who is Good. And it teaches us that everything Good is absolute Grace.

Soon the game will be finished but you will endlessly delight in what you learned... you will have learned faith in Grace, and God is Grace. And you will inherit all things by Grace, child of God.

Whether God covers his face, or allows us to cover our faces, is a deep philosophical question... but it’s clear that babies learn to love peekaboo so much that they’ll cover their own face just for the thrill of seeing their mom’s face.

[video clip: babies covering their own faces then popping out to play peekaboo.]

Well, Maybe Our Father constantly upholds all things with his Word. Maybe every good gift comes from our “Father of lights with whom there is no variation or shadow due to change.”^{xiv} Maybe he

will never leave us nor forsake us even though we may think he's left us and forsaken us.^{xv} Maybe he's playing peekaboo all the time.

Maybe he's playing peekaboo... and maybe he's even inside of you helping you ask the question? "Where's Mommy?" "Where's Daddy?" "Who loves me? And who do I love?" ...maybe.

But this much I know: When sad, you're not alone. So: when sad, be sad with Jesus... and where's Jesus? Well, he's all around you... in his temples. And he's right here... on his throne.

Communion

He says, "this is my Body given to you, do this in remembrance of me..."
He remembers you.

And he takes the cup saying, "this is the covenant in my blood..."
This is communion. Drink of it all of you.

In other words: Bring your sorrow to this table. Tear of a piece of bread, dip it in the cup, and ingest it into the pit of your stomach, the pit of your sorrow, the pit that is a broken and dirty field.

And then as you worship, listen for his whisper. I think he may tell you... "Sweetheart... you're pregnant with joy." Through Isaiah he says, "Sing O barren one, who did not bear... for the children of the desolate, (the sad), will be more than the children of her who is married." In his own body of flesh he told us: "Happy are those who mourn."^{xvi}

Whatever the case, surrender your sorrow...

Benediction

Now let me finish my slide show. When sad don't feed the enemy with sorrow.

How do we feed the enemy with sorrow?

1. When sad, we let sorrow become an accusation.
2. When sad, we let sorrow become a weapon.
3. When sad, we let sorrow become our prison.
4. When sad, we let sorrow become our idol.
5. When sad, we let sorrow become our identity.
6. When sad, we hide our sorrow... and don't feel sorrow or joy.

How do we let God feed us with Joy?

7. When sad, *feel* sad... *with* Jesus.

#7 When sad... feel sad... with Jesus.^{xvii}

That's how God feeds us with Joy.

Susan heard the Lord say, "Sorrow is every bit as powerful as fear when it comes to feeding the enemy. You must give all sorrow and fear to me."

I'm making a huge theological point and a very practical point... that even rhymes...

When I just share my **sad**
(don't manipulate with it, expect people to fix it, don't feed the enemy)

When I just share my **sad**
I find myself **glad**.
Then **sad** is not so **bad**...
Indeed, these are some of the best times I've ever **had**.

It's interesting that Heman, who wrote this Psalm, was also present in 2nd Chronicles 5, and singing "For he is good, for his steadfast love endures forever," when the Glory of God filled the dark stone temple... and the priests couldn't even stand... and everyone worshipped and offered sacrifices in a fury of unspeakable and ecstatic joy.

Your sorrow will turn into joy.

And if you just simply share it with Jesus, in the temple that is your neighbor, you may find it already happening today.

Endnotes

ⁱ John 15:11

ⁱⁱ *"These are the men who served and their sons. Of the sons of the Kohathites: Heman the singer the son of Joel, son of Samuel, ³⁴son of Elkanah, son of Jeroham, son of Eliel, son of Toah..." - 1st Chronicles 6:33-34*

"...and all the Levitical singers, Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthun, their sons and kinsmen, arrayed in fine linen, with cymbals, harps, and lyres, stood east of the altar with 120 priests who were trumpeters; ¹³and it was the duty of the trumpeters and singers to make themselves heard in unison in praise and thanksgiving to the Lord), and when the song was raised, with trumpets and cymbals and other musical instruments, in praise to the Lord..."

*"For he is good,
for his steadfast love endures forever,"
the house, the house of the Lord, was filled with a cloud, ¹⁴so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord filled the house of God. - 2nd Chronicles 5:12-13*

It's interesting that Heman wrote such a song of deep sorrow. And Heman was there when the dark stone temple was filled with the Glory of God.

ⁱⁱⁱ 1 Cor. 1:30

^{iv} 2 Cor. 5:19

^v 2 Cor. 5:21

^{vi} *Your dead shall live; their bodies shall rise.
You who dwell in the dust, awake and sing for joy!
For your dew is a dew of light,*

and the earth will give birth to the dead [raphaim: "ghosts"]. Isaiah 26:19

vii Matt. 26:39

viii Luke 22:42

ix He said he only did what he saw his Father doing.
He said his food is to do his Father's will. He said, "I and the Father are one."

x John 16:19-22

xi John 1:1-14

xii From The Fire of Your Life, by Maggie Ross

xiii Romans 8:20, 11:32

xiv James 1:17

xv Hebrews 13:5

xvi Matt. 5:4 The Good News Translation

xvii "But please, please-won't you-can't you give me something that will cure Mother?" Up till then he had been looking at the Lion's great front feet and the huge claws on them; now, in his despair, he looked up at its face. What he saw surprised him as much as anything in his whole life. For the tawny face was bent down near his own and (wonder of wonders) great shining tears stood in the Lion's eyes. They were such big, bright tears compared with Digory's own that for a moment he felt as if the Lion must really be sorrier about his Mother than he was himself.

"My son, my son," said Aslan. "I know. Grief is great. Only you and I in this land know that yet. Let us be good to one another. . ."

C. S. Lewis, *The Magician's Nephew* (New York, NY: Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., 1955), p. 142