



Lesson 54 (1 Samuel 13:19-29): No Place to Lay His Head

Read James 1:2-4. What are we to consider as joy?

Why?

What are we to let have its full effect?

Why?

Read Philippians 1:18-26. What does Paul desire here?

What does he understand is necessary for him?

Put into your own words what it means for you to be able to say: *To live is Christ, to die is gain*. Is there something you have to let go of in order to say that?

Some hope or dream you have to release to be able to live for Him, and not for yourself?

Is there something you need to come to terms with to see that dying, for the Christian, is pure gain?

Read 2 Corinthians 11:24-12:10. From this list of Paul's of things that have happened to him, which three would you fear the most?

What does Paul boast in?

Why is Paul thankful for his weaknesses?

The hymn, "It is Well with my Soul" was written by a lawyer Horatio Spafford lost his son to scarlet fever, his business and investments to the Great Chicago Fire, and then his four daughters in a shipwreck. Spafford travelled to meet his wife and wrote the words to this hymn as his ship passed near the spot where his daughters had died. As you spend time with Your Father today, I've put the words to this hymn here for you to read through and meditate on. Remember, it may not be well with your circumstances, but it can be well with your soul.

When peace like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to *know*,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Refrain:

It is well, (it is well),
With my soul, (with my soul)
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life,
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul.

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
A song in the night, oh my soul!