

OPENING: From Psalms 116:15 we read: "PRECIOUS in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints." And truly <sup>My</sup> ~~Jo~~ Bruce was one of God's precious saints.

When sorrow comes, as come it must,  
In God a man must put his trust.  
There is no power in mortal speech <sup>The</sup>  
anguish of his soul to reach,  
No voice, however sweet and low,  
Can comfort him or ease the blow.

He cannot from his fellow men  
Take strength that will sustain him then.  
With all that kindly hands will do,  
And all that love may offer, too.  
He must believe throughout the best  
That God ~~has~~ willed it for the best.

We who would be his friends are dumb;  
Words from our lips but feebly come;  
We feel, as we extend our hands,  
That one power only understands  
and truly knows the reason why  
So beautiful a life must die.

We realize how helpless then  
Are all the gifts of mortal men.  
No words which we have power to say  
Can take the sting of grief away  
That Power which marks the sparrow's fall  
Will comfort and sustain us all.

When sorrow comes, as come it must,  
In God a man must place his trust.  
With all the wealth which he may own,  
He cannot meet the test alone,  
And only he may stand serene  
Who has a faith on which to lean.

*Pruey* *of Bruce*

Remember the words of Jesus, "Lo, I am with you always. I will never leave you nor forsake you." There is great opportunity for you in your sorrow to come alive to God's love and presence in your life.

2. Then, Jesus teaches us that death is a time of reward.

Too often we think of death as coming to destroy everything for which we have lived; we should picture death as coming to save those we love. Many times we think of death as the end; but our faith causes us to think of death as the beginning of a more abundant life. We often think of losing, when we should think about gaining. We think of parting, instead of arrival. It is not closing the door; it is opening the gate to eternity. It is not paying a debt; it is taking a note to a bank and obtaining gold in exchange. It is not a passing to mourn; rather it is a promotion to enjoy

I once knew a man who had the right spirit, for he said to his dying mother, "I'm going to let you go now, Mom. Have a good time. You have earned this reward."

The Bible says it beautifully, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; the sun shall not strike them, nor any scorching heat. For the Lamb in the midst of the throne will be their shepherd, and he will guide them to springs of living water; and God will wipe away every tear from their eyes."

*AND They Shall enter into Their Reward.*

3. The most important lesson that Jesus teaches us is that life exists beyond the grave, and death is the doorway to the future.

The best is yet to be. Death is not the end. It is only a new beginning. *That is the Great Affirmation of the New Faith*

Jesus said, "let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many dwelling places; if it were not so, I would have told you, for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am, there you may be also."

*Dear Friends*

This is our faith. Without the experience of death, we could never know the future. And we can never know the future without experiencing Jesus Christ who said, "Because I live, you shall also live. He who believe in me, though he die, yet, shall he live. And whoever lives and believes in me shall never die."

*Dear* Friends, the comfort of God comes to us, if we will let it, He loves you. He cares for you. And he desires that you come to Him through faith in <sup>the</sup> cross of Jesus Christ.

~~that we die~~ *to give the world to be a Kingdom of God*

*And every day we are reminded of the cross which is the way of life - a new way of life*

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;  
Lay down thy head upon thy saviour's breast;  
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best  
Good-night, my beloved, good-night.

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep  
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep  
Thine is a perfect rest secure and deep  
Good-night, my beloved, good-night.

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,  
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,  
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise  
Good-night, my beloved, good-night.

Until made beautiful by Love Divine,  
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine  
And he shall bring that golden crown of thine  
Good-night, my beloved, good-night.

Only Good-night, not farewell  
A little while and all his saints shall dwell  
In hallowed union indivisible  
Good-night, my beloved, good-night.

=++++++=

~~Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of  
his Saints.~~

Shall We Pray

Close With Lord's Prayer