

*In
search
of*

Truth and Right

Tim Henderson, Editor

**Vol. 02
No. 52
07/27/
2008**

"Finally, brethren, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is of good repute, if there is any excellence and if anything worthy of praise, dwell on these things." Philippians 4:8 (NASB-U)

A publication
of the
**Wellsburg
church of
Christ**

Psalm 148

*By: Dee Bowman
From Biblical Insights Vo.8-No.1*

It is said that a man visited a worship service and was particularly impressed with something said in the sermon. "Praise God," he exclaimed. After the services were concluded, one of the men of the congregation went to him and said, "Sir, we don't praise God here."

I suspect the story to be apocryphal, but it does illustrate a point. It seems we have allowed our opposition to the popular Pentecostal outbursts to so inhibit any sort of open emotional expression that we have become embarrassed to give any personal praise to God, even when sometimes we'd like to. It's a shame.

The 148th Psalm is a Psalm dealing with praise. It begins and ends with the enjoiner, "*Praise ye the Lord.*" In the meantime, it calls for praise that reaches into every area of who, what, and why we are. It is thought to be a Psalm of celebration, possibly a hymn constructed to celebrate the rebuilding of the Temple and the restoration of the nation of Israel. It is far-reaching and beautiful.

First, consider somewhat about praise. There's more to praise than just the utterance of learned emotional phrases and ecstatic utterances. Praise is an action first conceived in the heart; it then proceeds to sincere approbation. Much of the time when we think of praise, we think of singing. It need not be so. It may be prayer. It may be the exultation of some filial feelings of devotion, or it may take the form of simple thanksgiving. No matter the language, Greek or Hebrew, Latin or English, the term "praise" means a heart-felt, worshipful expression of respect and awe.

The 148th Psalm is a powerful call for praise. It recommends worshipful expressions from some very strange sources; sources like heavenly creatures, nature, both inanimate and only slightly animate,

This Bulletin is published by the:

**Wellsburg
church of Christ**

which meets at:

**112 Sunset Ave.
Wellsburg, WV 26070
304-737-1422**

TIMES OF SERVICES

SUNDAY

Bible Classes* 10:00 AM

AM Worship 10:45 AM

PM Worship 6:30 PM

WEDNESDAY

Bible Classes* 7:00 PM

(* Bible Classes for All Ages)

and even calls for praise from the weather. In fact, the calls reach into every area of our existence. They are at once challenging and beautiful, and the poetic style in which they are couched conjures up all sorts of magnificent scenes.

"Praise ye Him all His angels, praise ye Him all His hosts." Here is a suggestion to the various eternal beings that operate in the very presence of God. We dare not speculate about the arrangement or order of these powers, but we know of orders of angels, as well as other heavenly beings (Psalm 103:20,21; Ephesians 3:10; 1 Thessalonians 4:16). What a sound it would be! What a joyful noise, to hear those laud and magnify His name who have been in His very presence. What a song of praise!

"Praise Him, sun and moon; praise Him, ye stars of light." How foolish to deny that creation can praise Jehovah. Psalm 19 says *"the heavens declare,"* and *"the firmament shows,"* and *"day unto day uttereth speech,"* and *"there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."* Jehovah created the heavens and the earth. He slung the stars and heavenly bodies into their various habitats and orbits where they now operate with meticulous precision. The inherent movements of the heavenly bodies sing songs of praise to the power and greatness of Jehovah God. He has *"made His decree and it will not pass."* What praises they bring!

The Psalmist even elicits praise from the weather. How so? How can the weather sing praises to God? *"Fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind, fulfilling His Word."* The winds whistle, the rains trickle, the clouds bellow out lightning. The hydrologic cycle; the ceaseless movements of the waters from the seas, over the land, where it rains, snows, then drains into the rivers and returns again to the sea; praises Him. God made the weather. He controls it -- the lightning, the rain and snow, the winds that blow. They all bend at His Will, they all run according to His courses, and they all divide or stay put according to His purposes. Yes, they all, in tuneful unison, sing their song.

The creatures of the earth praise God. Their praise, though not articulated in language like ours, is nonetheless a theme marvelously expressed. Sea creatures, fowls of the air, beasts of the field, all operate at His bidding and are thus made capable of offering to Him His praise. They, in a mighty chorus brought together by their submission to His marvelous melodious arrangements, sing their own songs of praise and adoration.

It is as if all nature at His behest, is suddenly poised and possessed of the will to praise Him, and that not the smallest, most insignificant part of His creation is excluded from the invitation to participate in the song of praise. If *"the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now"* (Rom. 8:22), it can certainly praise and adore Him for His potential deliverance. All of nature is a continuous and unfailing melody of infinite praise and adulation. All of nature is one huge Hallelujah Chorus, and every part of His creation is called to participation.

There remains yet one final, climactic call to praise. *"Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth: both young men and maidens; old men, and children: let them praise the name of the Lord."* All mankind, youth and old, rich and poor, illiterate and genius, all are invited to blend into one mighty chord of praise. And a special praise it is. Man's praise is the highest of all praises, because it is done as a matter of his choice. Man's praise is a willful action, one designed to acknowledge his being created in the image of his Maker, one that lauds and glorifies Him because of His magnificence, His eternity. It is the adoring reverence of the creature for the Creator, the expression of his praise to Jehovah for His indefatigable grace, His unending benevolence, His eternal goodness that He manifested in Jesus Christ, the Savior, and for the undying hope that it brings to His creatures. What a song of delight!

Today's Sermons:

*AM: This World is
NOT our Home
PM: No Room for
Jesus*

"Let all Israel praise Him," He says. Here is an admonition to the great chorus of the saved. The Israel of that day did not have what we have, and yet they are commanded to offer adoring reverence to Him. What can we but praise and adore Him, we who have been blessed so much more abundantly than they? Let us do so without shame and with great exuberance, for we are a sanctified people, separated for His praise, called to His purposes. We are the new Israel, the new people of God. We are *"a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people,"* that we *"should show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into the kingdom of His dear Son."* Let us join voices in one mighty song of deliverance, for we have been loved by our God. Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

It was once said . . .

"Be very careful if you make a woman cry, because God counts her tears. The woman came out of a man's rib. Not from his feet to be walked on. Not from his head to be his superior, but from the side to be equal. Under the arm to be protected and next to the heart to be loved."

Submitted by Don Coen, Jr.

News N Notes

Remember these in your prayers:

- Joyce Coen is out of the hospital and recovering from her knee surgery.
- Mary Jane Myers recovering from surgery
- Phyllis Coen recovering from pneumonia
- Sue Prager, Ken Prager's mother, recovering from surgery
- Terry Smith
- Earl Miller
- Trudell Tennant
- Lucille Harless, Dave Harless' mother
- Blake Headen, Alberta's husband.
- Virginia Malick, Peggy Miller's mother
- Blake Swanson, Dorothy Lancaster's grandson
- Bud and Merl Frey
- Tammy Garrison, Zeda Goddard's daughter
- Audrio Gaudio, Nancy Morris' great-granddaughter
- Marie Roberts, & Ed's father, Jim Roberts.
- Ila Marshall, Harold Marshall's mother
- Cary & Grace Lancaster

Nursing Home:

- Pauline Sellers
- Ethel Mahan

Shut-ins:

- Josephine Clow
- Mabel Fleming
- Pauline Midcap