

The Meaning of Suffering by John Piper

He considered the reproach of Christ greater wealth than the treasures of Egypt, for he was looking to the reward. (Hebrews 11:26)

We do not choose suffering simply because we are told to, but because the One who tells us to describes it as the path to everlasting joy.

He beckons us into the obedience of suffering not to demonstrate the strength of our devotion to duty, or to reveal the vigor of our moral resolve, or to prove the heights of our tolerance for pain, but rather to manifest, in childlike faith, the infinite preciousness of his all-satisfying promises — the all-satisfying greatness and beauty of his own glory as the fulfilment of all of them.

Moses “[chose] to be mistreated with the people of God rather than to enjoy the fleeting pleasures of sin. . . . For he was looking to the re-

ward” (Hebrews 11:25–26). Therefore, his obedience glorified the reward — all that God is for him in Christ — not the resolve to suffer.

This is the essence of Christian Hedonism. In the pursuit of joy through suffering, we magnify the all-satisfying worth of the Source of our joy. God himself shines as the brightness at the end of our tunnel of pain.

If we do not communicate that he is the goal and the ground of our joy in suffering, then the very meaning of our suffering will be lost.

The meaning is this: God is gain. God is gain. God himself is gain. That’s the meaning of our suffering.

The chief end of man is to glorify God. And it is truer in suffering than anywhere else that God is most glorified in us when we are most satisfied in him.



GRACE
REFORMED BAPTIST CHURCH

November 12, 2017

He is the Image of the Invisible God

Events

TODAY

Communion PM Service
College & Career

Pasta & Prayer 7:15 PM

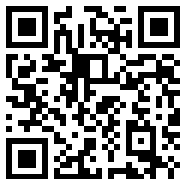
11/14 Flourishers' Glencoe

Outing 9:30 AM

11/13 - 11/20 Operation

Christmas Child Shoebox
Drop-Off

Give



Upcoming Events



Pastors

Gary Hendrix	Stephen Byrd
Charles Fortner	Robert Fisher
Stu Johnston	Bob Prentice
Andy Dunkerton	Michael Lopes

Service Times

— Sunday School 9:30 am
— Sunday Morning Worship 11:00 am
— Sunday Evening Worship 5:30 pm
— Wednesday Prayer Meeting 7:15 pm

919-563-9249
www.grbc.net

**Traducción
simultanea
al español
disponible en
servicios
de AM y PM**

Morning Worship

Call to Worship Opening Hymn

All creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing
O praise Him, Alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam,

**(Chorus) O praise Him, O praise Him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!**

Thou rushing wind that art so strong
Ye clouds that sail in Heaven along
O praise Him, Alleluia!
Thou rising moon in praise rejoice
Ye lights of evening find a voice

(Chorus)

Let all things their Creator bless
And worship Him in humbleness
O praise Him, Alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son
And praise the Spirit, three in one

(Chorus)

Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son
And praise the Spirit, three in one

(Chorus)

O Alleluia! Alleluia!
O Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
O Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia!

Words: Francis of Assisi, ca. 1225 Tr. By William Draper, 1926

Music arranged by: Ralph Vaughn Williams Music: 1997 Word Music, LLC Used by Permission CCLI # 1899094

Scripture Reading Pastoral Prayer Offertory/Preparatory

Pastor Michael Lopes
All Creatures of Our God & King

Matthew 25:14-20, page 830

**#681 I Will Sing of My Redeemer
Victory in Jesus**

I heard an old, old story, how a Savior came from glory,
How he gave His life on Calvary to save a wretch like me:
I heard about His groaning, of His precious blood's atoning,
Then I repented of my sins and won the victory.

(Chorus)

**O victory in Jesus, my Savior, forever,
He sought me and bo't me with His redeeming blood;
He loved me ere I knew Him, and all my love is due Him,
He plunged me to victory beneath the cleansing flood.**

I heard about His healing, of His cleansing power revealing,
How He made the lame to walk again and caused the blind to see;
And then I cried, "Dear Jesus, come and heal my broken spirit,"
And somehow Jesus came and bro't to me the victory.

(Chorus)

I heard about a mansion He has built for me in glory,
And I heard about the streets of gold beyond the crystal sea;
About the angels singing, and the old redemption story,
And some sweet day I'll sing up there the song of victory.

(Chorus)

Text and Music: Eugene M. Bartlett, Sr.

Sermon

Pastor Gary Hendrix

Evening Worship

Call to Worship Opening Hymn

Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into Thy freedom, gladness and light, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sickness into Thy health, out of my wanting and into Thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into Thyself, Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of my shameful failure and loss, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of distress into jubilant psalm, Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of unrest and arrogant pride, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into Thy blessed will to abide. Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, out of despair into raptures above,
Upward forever on wings like a dove, Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Jesus, I come, Jesus I come;
Into the joy and light of Thy home, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of the depths of ruin untold, into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Ever Thy glorious face to behold, Jesus, I come to Thee.

Words: W. T. Sleeper, c. 1840 - 1920 Music: Greg Thompson © 2000 Used by Permission

Scripture Reading Pastoral Prayer Offertory/Preparatory Sermon Communion

Psalm 111, page 509

**#439 Jesus Thy Blood
Pastor Randy Pizzino
Pastor Stu Johnston
Alas and Did My Savior**

Alas! and did my Savior bleed, and did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?
Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown, and love beyond degree!
**(Chorus) My God, why would You shed Your blood, so pure and undefiled,
to make a sinful one like me Your chosen, precious child?**

Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut His glories in,
when Christ, the mighty Maker, died, for man, the creature's sin.
Thus might I hide my blushing face while His dear cross appears,
dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt my eyes in tears. **(Chorus)**

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do. **(Chorus)**

Text: Isaac Watts Music: Bob Kauflin

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My Song is Love Unknown

See the Destined Day Arise