

Psalm 100 kjv

*1 Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.*

*2 Serve the LORD with gladness: come before his presence with singing.*

*3 Know ye that the LORD he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.*

*4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.*

*5 For the LORD is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.*

This morning we mark a new year together. And I thought it appropriate to continue our couple of weeks break with Matthew's gospel and do something different. We'll return to Matthew next week and in a few weeks we'll finish up and move on.

But this morning I wanted to breathe some different air. The year is new. Something fresh and different, just for today.

I thought and prayed over where to go this morning. And at a time when I wasn't actively wondering and considering different possible options, for some reason I can't remember, I was going over the alphabet that I used to pray every night with my girls.

Megan was just 3. Tina was 5 and Heather was 7. Little stair steps, and as they would go to bed at night we had this little ritual that they loved. We would pray the ABC's A. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. B. Be ye kind, one to another. C. Come unto me, all ye, and I will give you rest. D. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. E. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving . . .

Hmmm. Where is that in the Bible? I can't remember. Must look that up. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving. Oh. Psalms 100:4 And that's how I landed here this morning, because when I read this Psalm, I

thought, what a powerhouse of truth. What a perfect place to begin the new year.

How can God pack so much truth in so few words. Each word is like a nugget of gold.

so let's have a look together.

The prologue is that I downloaded 5 different versions of these words to compare. New American Standard, my old benchmark, the original 1901 American Standard Version, New International Version, The New King James Version, and the original authorised King James Version of 1611.

And I finally settled on the Authorized Version.

Any of them would have sufficed to make the message of the words clear and intelligible. But there is something about the wordiness of the words themselves, a grandeur, a nobility, that the King James translators have captured. A poetic flow if you will.

Now what part of that is the romance of 400 years separation, that might be at work in me but would have been as common to the original hearers as the NIV seems to me now? I don't know. That may be in play.

NIV 1 *Shout for joy to the Lord, all the earth.* niv

KJV 1 *Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.* kjv

All of this is completely relative of course. It pleased God to make all of us differently, and what just rings with beauty for me, may be nonsense to you. The Hebrew scholar might sniff with contempt at what he feels when he reads the hebrew compared to the kings english.

The skater and snow board crowd, hip 19 year olds, if it pleased God to save them, might consider my argument and shake their heads. Old white haired guy. He doesn't get it. He can't. He's locked into his grandfathers generation somehow. Living in a different century.

So much for some of the possibilities. For me, and I hope perhaps for some of you, the King James translators had a way with words. They retain a musical cadence. They have captured the beauty of the original poetry.

So then, let's contemplate on the words for just a few minutes.

The Psalm is a call to worship God. And within that call there is the command to be joyful. And the arguments for the command.

*1 Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.*

10 years ago I went to Louisville Kentucky and attended the T4G conference. Together For the Gospel.

So picture an enormous indoor Stadium situation with 7,500 people sitting in a large oblong circle. And the guy leading the singing has made sort of a competition between the sections. He's going around the stadium in a circle, from the center, and when he gets to your section, you stand and sing for all you're worth, at the top of your voice, many with hands raised. And then he goes on to the next, and you witness the spectacle of loud praise, section by section.

That's the best illustration I can come up with for what we have here. Except here, the stadium is the earth. The worship leader is God. And the command goes out for ALL of the earth to shout for joy.

The words here are significant. We would almost expect to see the word *ethnos* which we get our word *ethnicity* and would have been translated, *nations*.

*1 Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye nations.*

But this is bigger. This is grander, even than that. God commands the whole earth . . . *all ye lands* . . . to shout joyful praise to Him.

Do you understand that all of the other planets and stars of the heavens are shouting praise to Him. *The heavens declare the Glory of God.*

In all the universes, seen and unseen by us, immeasurable, they all shout Glory to God. There is one little rock that is in rebellion. Earth.

*Our Father, who art in heaven.* The universes that modern gadgets can let us begin to see, immeasurable, uncountable, these are a curtain. God is beyond the universes. Bigger. Grander. *Our Father, who art in heaven.* All of it shouts praise to Him who spoke it into being, except this one infinitesimal rock. The one we live on.

*Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done . . . on earth . . . like it is in heaven.*

The heavens declare with joy, the Glory of God. The Psalmist calls for the earth to enjoin itself in that praise. A joyful shout, along with all of the rest of creation.

But we've talked about this recently. 2, 3, 4 weeks ago is all. The earth, is under a pall. The earth is in rebellion against it's creator. The earth has been cast into a pall of darkness. Listen again to what Paul says about this rock we live on. Try to get the big picture.

*Ro. 8:19 For the anxious longing of the creation waits eagerly for the revealing of the sons of God. 20 For the creation was subjected to futility, not willingly, but because of Him who subjected it, in hope 21 that the creation itself also will be set free from its slavery to corruption into the freedom of the glory of the children of God. 22 For we know that the whole creation groans and suffers the pains of childbirth together until now. 23 And not only this, but also we ourselves, having the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting eagerly for our adoption as sons, the redemption of our body.*

The earth is seen as a slave to corruption. It groans and suffers. It is in pain, waiting for the redemption when Jesus Christ returns and sets it free from Satan's rule. The earth is under a pall of darkness, cast over it by the rebellion of Satan, and the men he has captured. Born into that slavery. Lost in the darkness of sin and rebellion.

*1 Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.*

All of a sudden, this is an enormous order. A seemingly impossible thing, given the earth's current status. God commands the earth to do something it cannot do, in it's current circumstances.

How can an earth that is cast under the dark pall and servitude of sin and darkness and Satan make a joyful noise unto the Lord.

Listen to the prophets speak of a day that is coming;

13 *“Is it not indeed from the LORD of hosts  
That peoples toil for fire,  
And nations grow weary for nothing?”*

14 *“For the earth will be filled  
With the knowledge of the glory of the LORD,  
As the waters cover the sea. Hab. 2*

or; Psalm 22:27

*All the ends of the earth will remember and turn to the LORD, And all the families of the nations will worship before You.*

and; Zechariah 14:9

*And the LORD will be king over all the earth; in that day the LORD will be the only one, and His name the only one.*

How can *Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands* actually come to pass in reality? How do we get there from here?

Isaiah 40:5

*Then the glory of the LORD will be revealed, And all flesh will see it together; For the mouth of the LORD has spoken.”*

The one who has spoken the universes into place will do it. The breath of His mouth, His words will cause it. Habakkuk says; *Wait for it!*

That is the ultimate fulfillment of the command for the earth to raise it's

voice in joyful worship.

What about us. Does the command for joyful worship apply to us, now, who live in a world cast under a dark pall of rebellion? Or do we shrug and wait for the ultimate redemption.

It applies to us now. Because those of us who are saved, have been purchased out of this world.

The world may be cast under a dark pall, the slavery of sin, but we have been purchased and removed. Set aside. Apart from the world. Bought out of slavery. We belong to the God who created us for joyful worship.

So then, these words are for us. What a privilege to hear this Psalm and think of ourselves as those who belong to Him.

*Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.*

Some day the whole earth will lift it's voice in joyful praise. Right now, those of us who have been redeemed, out of this world, are the subjects of these words. This command is for us.

So you understand that God commands you to be joyful! You say, how can someone command an emotion. I want to have joy. But I'm a natural born sour puss. You can't command joy.

Yes. You can. If you are God, you can command joy.

Somewhere, in one of my old Bibles that is falling to pieces, is a quote I wrote in the flyleaf. I looked and couldn't find it, but I remember clearly. And it goes something like this.

If I base my joy in things, and the things, the basis for joy gets taken away, I have no more basis for joy. But if my basis for joy is in possessing the Lord, and Him possessing me, I will always have joy. Because He has promised, *I will never leave you nor forsake you.*

Joy, deep inner, real joy is based in hope. It has nothing to do with the

situations we find ourselves in now. Although, we may have it pretty good. I get a kick out of my antique cars, and I enjoy trying to use antique methods to create photographic artistic expressions, all of that is passing away.

I've had a wonderful life. I got lucky and met a wonderful girl. I had the good sense to keep her. Together we built a good life. We raised kids who are all firmly rooted and are raising their own kids now. Joyfully. We have much of what this world gives to bring joy. Perhaps even an enviable amount.

So did Job. And all of it was removed in a day. Our basis for joy must be in the hope that we have. We are unique in all the earth. God has purchased us out of this world. He has given us a downpayment for the joy that will be ours in the future. That downpayment is His Holy Spirit that lives inside of us.

Our basis for joy is that we are chosen to belong to Him, forever. We have His Holy Spirit living in our hearts. No one can take that away.

I guess I've got a martyr complex. I've been reading through Fox's Book of Martyrs. Story after story of generation after generation of christians who have every earthly thing taken from them. Then their very dignity is removed. Unearthly tortures ensue. Satanic things that men alone cannot devise. Thousands of christians over the centuries. Every story ends the same. As the flames encompass them, the peace and joy they have right up to the end, is other-worldly.

So, yes, God commands His people to be joyful. He gives them the joy. He asks for us to be a mirror of Him and shine the glory of His joy, given to us, back on Him.

*1Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.*

*2Serve the LORD with gladness:*

Our world tells us we are autonomous beings. We don't owe anything to anybody. We are our own. No one has the right to demand of us

anything. At all. We may serve, but only to fill our bellies. Out of necessity. Under duress. But we can walk away and be hungry if we pleased. We are autonomous kings, each ruling himself.

This book that says there is a God. And that He demands joyous worship. And He demands service. To Him. With gladness, no less.

That is completely foreign to modern men. Go down on Hollywood Blvd and stop the first person you see, and begin to explain to them that God made them. He owns them. He demands them to worship Him joyfully. And He demands them to serve Him with gladness. See how that goes for you.

God created us to worship Him. Part of that worship is service. When we get it right, there will be gladness. I can't think of much that I've experienced on this earth that tops 7,000 men singing praises to God. That's a high. That's a blast.

*come before his presence with singing.*

Singing is the response of a glad heart.

Singing is a big topic amongst worshipping people these days. Lots of discussion. Style. Depth of content. Fast. Slow. New. Old. Beat. On and on.

Even in this mostly advanced conservative sort of a group there is difference of opinion.

Get more flies with honey. Get more folks in the door if they feel comfy with the music. Get some fog machines and a drum section. Get a 6000 watt amplifier and some 4X5 foot speakers. Get some strobes. Turn the other lights out.

That's what works in the world. That's what our generation wants. Take a lesson from the world. Get a little closer to . . . that.

I could digress here, and I probably already have, but I would return

your thinking to this Psalm. It says; *come before his presence with singing.*

The singing, the music, isn't for us. It's for Him. We don't sing to impress the world and make them comfortable. We sing because we want to be acceptable and joyful in His presence.

That looks different in Africa or Uganda than it does here. Those folks make a different joyful noise than we do. When they get it right, God loves it. When we get it right, God loves it. Do it for Him. *come before his presence with singing.*

Do you think God enjoys watching KISS on stage? If our model is a toned down version of what the world is doing, in order to please the world, is God pleased with that?

You wouldn't expect this of me and it isn't patently obvious, but I am a lover of beautiful music. Pam can confirm. I rarely enjoy anything that is popular in the world. Some, yes, but I confess I don't have a button on the radio for country music. I loathe it. Mostly.

I listen to everything from pipe organs to Pete Seeger. I think Bob Dylan and the band had a worthy sound. I like music. And often, music is a shunt to my soul. It finds a way in where words do not. But at church, I am cautious of the worlds sound.

I've been praying for God to send someone who can play that organ back there. Talk about filling a room with joyous music. That little antique pile of wood could help us do that. I wish. It can fill a room. Joyously.

The music is for God. I am overprotective of shallow wimpy music. I want us to sing complex themes that have come from the depths of peoples hearts in worship to God. *I hear the bells on Christmas day* . . . longfellow. Worship that came from the depths of despair . . . joy wins.

*It is well with my soul.* You've heard the story. The man lost his daughters on a ship making a transatlantic crossing. His wife

telegraphed 2 words. Saved alone. He sat down and wrote; *When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll, whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say; It is well, it is well with my soul.* Joy, wins. God's joy wins. We give it back to Him.

*3Know ye that the LORD he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.*

Here is the basis for our worship. God owns us. God made us for His glory. We are created to worship Him. And the highest highs we will ever experience this side of glory, are moments of perfect worship.

Back to our guy on Hollywood Blvd. Or perhaps Washington DC. Any where in between. This idea is bizarre. Laughable.

I'll date myself, because I listened to Lesley Gore sing this as an early teen;

The words have become the heartcry of our generation;

*You don't own me  
I'm not just one of your many toys  
You don't own me  
Don't say I can't go with other boys*

*And don't tell me what to do  
Don't tell me what to say  
And please, when I go out with you  
Don't put me on display 'cause*

*You don't own me  
Don't try to change me in any way  
You don't own me  
Don't tie me down 'cause I'd never stay*

*I don't tell you what to say  
I don't tell you what to do  
So just let me be myself  
That's all I ask of you*

*I'm young and I love to be young  
I'm free and I love to be free  
To live my life the way I want  
To say and do whatever I please*

That song has been the heartcry of our generation. Our world has bought this lie. It's the original lie. Right out of Satan the serpents mouth, in the garden of Eden.

*1Now the serpent was more crafty than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made. And he said to the woman, "Indeed, has God said, 'You shall not eat from any tree of the garden'?" 2The woman said to the serpent, "From the fruit of the trees of the garden we may eat; 3but from the fruit of the tree which is in the middle of the garden, God has said, 'You shall not eat from it or touch it, or you will die.'" 4The serpent said to the woman, "You surely will not die! 5" "For God knows that in the day you eat from it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil."*

God doesn't own you. He doesn't have the right to tell you what you can and can't do. In fact He's withholding good things from you. You don't have to obey Him. You're autonomous. You can do as you please.

With simplicity and brevity, God speaking through the Psalmist dispels the devilish rebellion. *3Know ye that the LORD he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.*

The world is in rebellion against this one truth. God made us. He owns us. We belong to Him. We are His sheep in His pasture.

The Bible doesn't mince words. There's no way anyone can misunderstand the simplicity of these words. Or likewise these; *10 that at the name of Jesus every knee will bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, 11 and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father....*

God owns His creation. Even the rebellors who would put me in a looney bin for saying these things this morning. Every knee will bow and confess that Jesus indeed, does own them. Then they'll go to perdition. Forever.

Or, we could worship Him with joy and serve Him with gladness . . now.

*4Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.*

I used to laugh about my grandmother. She had many flaws, like all of us. She also had going for her that at any family reunion no one there was more loved. To this day, she is everyone's favorite aunt. Aunt Ruby.

But I laugh because I figure when she got to heaven she said, This is it?

Don't get me wrong, my flaws are worse than hers, but she had this attitude of not being very thankful. Sometimes. Nothing was good enough for her. Moments, that's all. That wasn't the arc of her life, but it was there.

I am grateful that my parents taught me that I don't deserve anything. That I should be thankful for everything. Life. Breath. Good days. Bad ones. All of it. Given to you. Even hay fever. Some day in heaven I'll ask about that one. I have a hard time being thankful for my dysfunctional nose.

God doesn't give us what we deserve. Trust me. I'm oh so thankful for that. God gives us blessing.

This Psalm puts us in our place. He is God. We are sheep. Be thankful. Every breath is a gift to you. We tried to teach that to our children. You don't deserve anything. Therefore, be thankful for every thing.

When we come before Him in the worship that He is due, we need to stop and take account. Am I thankful? For everything. The good and

the seemingly bad? Because this book says, that is the pre-ambule to worship. Get that straightened out. Then come into His courts for praise, and bless His name.

*5For the LORD is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.*

I was careful above to say seemingly bad. Not just bad. Because the next verse tells us, the Lord is good. He only does us good.

It reminds us of another verse in Romans 8. 28 *And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.*

God is in every event of those who belong to Him and love Him. Even the difficult things. Losing our loved ones. Car crashes. Everything. He only allows whatever it is, to happen for our ultimate good. Even if the distress seems unbearable, we look again to these verses and say, this is for my good. We trust in our God, that He is working for our good.

*his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.*

Mercy is God not giving us what we deserve, but giving us good, instead. His mercy for His own is . . . forever. We have a sympathetic God who loves us, who does good for us, who is merciful to us, and finally;

*his truth endureth to all generations.*

We could preach another sermon on this one final sentence. But we're out of time. *His Truth Endures. Forever. All generations.*

How often, especially in the last year or two the onslaught has been ramped up against this book.

A generation has come that says it proves this book is out of date. This book says things that are seemingly in conflict with science, with

everything our generation has come to believe is true.

Put it on a shelf. If you want to believe that stuff, go inside your church and say it to each other where no one else can hear it. Your place in the public forum is revoked. We will not tolerate even hearing it. We'll call you haters and make laws against your speak.

This generation of tolerance has become intolerant of the truths set forth in this book. The Supreme Court has ruled decisively against the truths in this book. Battle lines are being drawn against anyone who says, the authority of this book trumps all other authority and this is what I will believe and act on.

We're going to stamp out radical Islam, and even though you don't kill people, radical christian, you're put on notice.

Churches all across America are trying to figure out how to stay on the money side of those lines. Bend language. Do "studies". Whatever. See if we can slither and slime our way out of this problem.

There is only one way to stay within the tolerance of this generation, and that is to declare that this book is full of errors. Because it's crystal clear in what it says. There's no way to make it not say what it says, except to say, it has errors. It was written by goat herds who didn't have the benefit of modern science, and it's just wrong about some things.

God has something to say about that. *his truth endureth to all generations*. That clearly states that God's truth trumps all other so-called truths.

Innerrancy and authority are the only way those words have any meaning. Either it's all true, or none of it is true. It's like it's a package deal. You take it all, or you walk away from it all. There's no picking and choosing that the part you think is true is true and the rest is not.

This verse in this Psalm says *his truth endureth to all generations*. That means if a generation comes that rejects this book, that's what they've done, they've rejected the God of Truth. Truth wins. The Generation,

will lose. God's book says so. We're watching it crumble. It's an exciting time to be alive.

Welcome to 2017. Have a wonderful year. I challenge you to commit this little Psalm to memory this first week of this year, and if we corporately live these words, we will see God's blessings. Resolved.