



The Newsletter For Women By Christian Women

Volume 6, No. 10, October, 2018



### *What a Day That Will Be!*

*There is coming a day  
When no heartaches shall come,  
No more clouds in the sky,  
No more tears to dim the eye;  
All is peace forever more  
On the happy golden shore—  
What a day, glorious day, that will be!*

*There'll be no sorrow there,  
No more burdens to bear,  
No more sickness, no pain,  
No more parting over there;  
And forever I will be  
With the One who died for me—  
What a day, glorious day, that will be!*

*Chorus: What a day that will be!  
When my Jesus I shall see,  
And I look upon His face—  
The One who saved me by His grace;  
When He takes me by the hand,  
And leads me thru the Promised Land,  
What a day, glorious day, that will be!*

Words: Jim Hill (1955)  
Music: Jim Hill (1955)



### THUMBS UP

Over a century ago the great ocean liner, *Titanic*, left Southampton headed for New York City. The ship, designed to be the last word in luxury, included an on-board gymnasium, swimming pool, libraries, high-class restaurants and opulent cabins. Passengers were among the wealthiest people of the day. Thought to be unsinkable, the *Titanic* went down on April 15, 1912, after hitting an iceberg. Only an estimated 705 survived out of the 2,227 on board.

After the *Titanic* struck the iceberg, the band aboard began to play bright happy music, fun songs – anything that would prevent the passengers from becoming panic-stricken. Passengers, realizing the impending death they faced, asked the bandmaster to play hymns. “Nearer My God to Thee” was the hymn being played as the boat took her final plunge.

A Canadian survivor reported being comforted and finding hope by the music and words. This is what he held onto as death approached. A song during a maritime disaster brought hope.

What can bring hope when we are suffering, or death is imminent?

Paul addresses this in his first letter to the Thessalonians. The Thessalonians were undergoing persecution from outside the church, as well as experiencing pain associated with death of brothers and sisters in the church.

Paul addresses both problems. He helps the Thessalonians refocus. During their persecution



and pain, Paul speaks of the Lord's return at the end of every chapter. Why?

To give them hope, shaped by eternity. This is what they could hold onto, regardless of their circumstances. It is our hope, too.

Matthew Honeyman was 11 years old when he came to St. Jude Children's Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, where we lived. My family and several from our congregation got involved with Matthew and his family in the 3 months he battled cancer in Memphis. Matthew understood through all the treatments that there was a good chance he would die. Matthew, though young, had a strong faith in the Lord. Like any 11-year-old boy he wanted to live. He would spend hours drawing pictures of clouds, kites and birds. All things in the heavens. These made him happy. His favorite song, "I'll Fly Away," also spoke of heaven. Somehow, Matthew seemed to sense what was ahead.



When Matthew got ready to leave Memphis to return home, the doctors said there was nothing else they could do. He was going home to die. He was too weak to walk, so his dad carried him onto the airplane. Before boarding, Matthew turned and looked one last time at the small group who had come to say good-bye and gave them the "thumbs up" sign. It was his way of saying, "It's okay. I know where I am going, and the victory's won."

The pictures he drew, along with his favorite song, brought Matthew comfort as he suffered and thought about what was ahead. Giving us the "thumbs up" sign was his way of giving comfort to the little group at the airport when he had no words or strength. He was going home to Ft.

Smith, but Matthew knew he was going home to be with God forever.

Two weeks later at his funeral, there was not a dry eye when "I'll Fly Away" was sung.

*Some glad morning when this life is o'er,  
I'll fly away.*

*To a home on God's celestial shore,  
I'll fly away.*

*When the shadows of this life have grown,  
I'll fly away.*

*Like a bird from prison bars has flown,  
I'll fly away.*

*Just a few more weary days and then,  
I'll fly away,  
To a land where joys will never end.  
I'll fly away.*

To a land where joys will never end – that is our hope; that is our comfort!

Paul writes, *and so we will be with the Lord forever. Therefore comfort each other with these words.* (1 Thessalonians 4:17b, 18)

Sally Shank, Oklahoma City, OK

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## That Great Day

Although we likely don't think about it as much as we should, the thought of a "great day coming" seems to have been on the minds of many songwriters through the years. A few examples quickly come to my mind:

*What a day that will be when my Jesus I shall see,  
And I look upon His face – the One Who saved me  
by His grace (1955)*

Or perhaps:

*Above the bright blue, the beautiful blue,  
Jesus is waiting for me and for you;  
Heaven is there not far from our sight,  
Beautiful city of light. (1903)*

And then there's:

*Face to face with Christ my Savior –  
face to face, what will it be?*

*When with rapture I behold Him,  
Jesus Christ who died for me. (1898)*

If you're of a certain age or background, those particular songs may not resonate with you, or even ring a bell. There is, however, a more recent and very popular song that expresses for many these same sentiments of wondering and anticipation about a great day when we see Jesus:

*Surrounded by your glory  
What will my heart feel?  
Will I dance for you, Jesus,  
Or in awe of you be still?  
Will I stand in your presence,  
Or to my knees will I fall?  
Will I sing hallelujah?  
Will I be able to speak at all?  
I can only imagine,  
I can only imagine.*

The anticipation of this great day was certainly on the minds of the New Testament writers - perhaps especially those who had seen Jesus in the flesh and longed for the day when they would see Him again. The apostle John, whose eyes had seen Jesus and whose hands had touched Him, wrote in I John 3:2,3: *"Dear friends, now we are children of God, and what we will be has not yet been made known. But we know that when He appears, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. Everyone who has this hope in him purifies himself, just as he is pure."*

And Peter, who at times certainly tried His Lord's patience, looked forward eagerly to a better day in II Peter 3:11-13: *"...what kind of people ought you to be? You ought to live holy and godly lives as you look forward to the day of God and speed its coming...But in keeping with this promise we are looking forward to a new heaven and a new earth, the home of righteousness."*

And Paul wrote of a day, which in its glory would eclipse even that day when Paul saw the Lord in blinding light: *"Listen, I tell you a mystery: We will not all sleep, but we will all be changed – in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last*

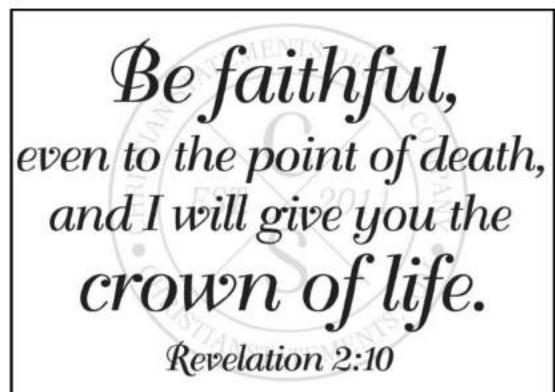
*trumpet...Therefore, my dear brothers, stand firm."*  
I Corinthians 15:51, 52, 58.

Just think, a day is coming when all the things that grieve us, worry us, plague us, and tempt us will be conquered and gone. There will be no more scary doctor's visits, no more funerals, no more regrets, no more aging bodies, no more fear, no more disappointment with our moral failures, no more exhaustion, no more sorrow. There will be a new heaven and a new earth in which we will actually see Jesus and be like Him.

So, in addition to all this anticipation and wonder, what did those New Testament writers agree upon about that Great Day? They agreed that it affects how we live; it must. We can never earn the blessings that will come on that Great Day, but God does expect and require our faithfulness. So don't let this life distract you from contemplation of that Great Day coming. We need to see it for the reality that it is. And when you contemplate it, remember – purify yourself, live a holy and godly life.... Stand Firm.

Ina McKune, Rolla, MO

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## **(DAY) DREAMING OF HEAVEN**

Heaven. It is where I want to be for eternity. I have no idea when, how, or where my death will occur. The thought of it used to totally creep me out...but it is coming sometime. I have no promise of another breath, another hour, month, or year. I have fewer days yet to live on this earth than my days already lived in the past. I have no idea when I passed the halfway mark. There was no fanfare of trumpets marking that day. It came and went unnoticed. But my goal is heaven.



How will it work at the moment of death? The old song says, "I won't have to cross Jordan alone." Will I be escorted across 'Jordan' by angels, by



Jesus, or by God Himself? That's a comforting thought, but I don't know if it is accurate.

As I see it, if I live a faithful life the rest of my days, it won't really matter to me after the moment of death. At some point, I want to see Jesus to thank Him for His incredible love—love that nailed Him to the cross when it should have been me on that cross! My feeble mind can't wrap itself around heaven and being in the very presence of God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit! It will all be far more wonderful and awe inspiring than I can ever imagine. I just dream of being there some day. As some of the words of another song say,

I can only imagine  
What it will be like  
When I walk by Your side...

Will I dance for you, Jesus?  
Or in awe of You be still?  
Will I stand in your presence?  
Or to my knees will I fall?  
Will I sing hallelujah?  
Will I be able to speak at all?

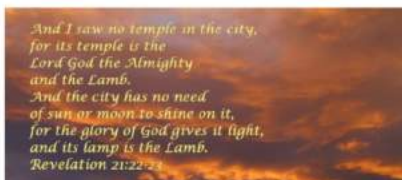
I can only imagine!

Will I recognize Paul and Peter and John? Will I recognize Rahab and Ruth and Esther? And how about Mary, the mother of Jesus? And Lydia and Dorcas? "What rejoicing there will be when the saints shall rise, headed for that jubilee yonder in the skies. What a day of singing! What a day of shouting!"

Yes, I'm dreaming of being there some day...on that **eternal** day!

Evelyn Waite, Rolla, MO

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And I saw no temple in the city,  
for its temple is the  
Lord God the Almighty  
and the Lamb.  
And the city has no need  
of sun or moon to shine on it,  
for the glory of God gives it light,  
and its lamp is the Lamb.  
Revelation 21:22-23

## ✠✠✠✠✠ LAST THINGS

Someday there will be a last word, a last thought, a last post, even a last breath. The problem, it seems, is that I have no way of knowing when those words that I just said, that post I just put on Facebook, the 140 characters I just tweeted, or the breath that I just took will be the last. Such thinking puts all of life's actions into perspective. If the words I say are my last words, they should be well chosen. If what I share or what I write are to be the last, then I should wish them to be wise, Godly, kind, encouraging. Since every word is possibly my last, then every word should be chosen with care. "The lips of the wise nourish many..." Proverbs 10

Chuck Hicks, Searcy, AR

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He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain anymore, for the former things have passed away.



Revelation 21:4

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"...I PRESS ON  
TOWARD THE GOAL  
TO WIN THE PRIZE  
FOR WHICH GOD  
HAS CALLED ME  
HEAVENWARD IN  
CHRIST JESUS."

PHILIPPIANS 3:13-14



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