

Mark Your Calendar

Business meeting: today May 1 at 4:00 p.m.

Read through the Bible in 2016!

(Submitted by Mike McKnight)

Suggested chapters to read so that we might read through the entire Bible during 2016! **This week's "schedule":**

- **Day 116** - Psalm 73, 77-78 Monday
- **Day 117** - 1 Chronicles 6 Tuesday
- **Day 118** - Psalm 81, 88, 92-93 Wednesday
- **Day 119** - 1 Chronicles 7-10 Thursday
- **Day 120** - Psalm 102-104 Friday
- **Day 121** - 2 Samuel 5:1-10; 1 Chronicles 11-12 Saturday
- **Day 122** - Psalm 133 Sunday

May Birthdays

2 Peggy Woodruff 15 Kena Brown

Regular Meeting Times

Sunday.....9:45 a.m.
Sunday.....10:45 a.m.
Sunday.....6:00 p.m.
Wednesday.....7:00 p.m.

Preacher:
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(Some information excerpted and modified from **Hymn Stories**)

The Solid Rock

Edward Mote (1797-1874)

The name of Edward Mote does not often rest on the lips of the Church today in the same fashion as Fanny J. Crosby, B. B. McKinney, Ira Sankey, or other greats in hymnody. However, the testimony of his life is one that should inspire all Christians. Mote was not brought up in a godly home and did not have the advantage of early exposure to Scripture. In fact, his parents managed a pub in London and often neglected young Edward, who spent most of his Sundays playing in the city streets.

Of his theological upbringing, he said "So ignorant was I that I did not know that there was a God." Eventually Mote became exposed to the Word of God, and was baptized at the age of 18. This event, however, did not send Mote immediately into the ministry. He was apprenticed to become a cabinetmaker, a career which he successfully conducted for another 37 years. Eventually, at the age of 55, he became pastor of a Baptist church in Horsham, Sussex, where he did not miss a Sunday in the pulpit for the next 21 years.

How the song came about: "One morning it came into my mind as I went to labor, to write an hymn on the 'Gracious Experience of a Christian.' As I went up to Holborn I had the chorus, '*On Christ the solid Rock I stand, All other ground is sinking sand.*' In the day I had four first verses complete, and wrote them off. On the Sabbath following I met brother King as I came out of Lisle Street Meeting...who informed me that his wife was very ill, and asked me to call and see her. I had an early tea, and called afterwards. He said that it was his usual custom to sing a hymn, read a portion, and engage in prayer, before he went to meeting. He looked for his hymn-book but could find it nowhere. I said, 'I have some verses in my

pocket; if he liked, we would sing them.' We did, and his wife enjoyed them so much, that after service he asked me, as a favor, to leave a copy of them for his wife. I went home, and by the fireside composed the last two verses, wrote the whole off, and took them to sister King...As these verses so met the dying woman's case, my attention to them was the more arrested, and I had a thousand printed for distribution.

The hymn was published anonymously in several hymn collections before first being attributed to Mote in a collection of approximately 100 of his hymns published in 1837 Mote's original title for the hymn in this collection was "*The Immutable Basis of a Sinner's Hope.*"

In the first stanza, hardly a clearer statement of total dependence on Christ could be made. Mote recognizes that our hope for eternal life depends completely upon Jesus' righteousness, not on some sweet earthly frame. In the second and third stanzas, Mote recognizes that there are times when the doubts, cares, and darkness of this world will seem to weaken our fellowship with God and veil His face from us. Even in these times, when "all around [our] soul gives way," God has not left us. He still sustains us. It is at these times that it is most important, in Mote's words, to "rest on His unchanging grace."

This hymn, penned by the son of neglectful pubkeepers in London, has become one of the most beloved gospel hymns in the Church today.

Fanny Crosby
via THE SOWER,
a weekly publication of the
Arthur church of Christ, Arthur, IL.

The grave of Fanny Crosby, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, has a simple marker that reads, "Aunt Fanny-She Hath Done What She Could."

Fanny Crosby was blind from six weeks of age because of a mistreatment by a man claiming to be a doctor. Yet she wrote more than 9000 hymns, such as: *Blessed Assurance; All the Way My Saviour Leads Me; I Am Thine, O Lord; Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross; Praise Him, Praise Him; Rescue the Perishing; To God Be the Glory*" and *Tell Me the Story of Jesus*, to name a few.

Although blind, she was the guest of six presidents and a personal friend to Grover Cleveland. Her 9000 hymns were set to music by every popular American tunesmith of the nineteenth century and still blesses the church of Jesus Christ in our day.

Someone has said, "It doesn't take much of a man to be used of God. It just takes all of him."

Holy, Holy, Holy

Reginald Heber

(1783-1826)

Reginald Heber was born in England, in 1783 to a heritage of wealth and culture. He wrote the hymn, *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty*. By the age of five, he had read the Bible so thoroughly that he could give chapter and verse for chance quotations.

His childhood was: "distinguished by sweetness of disposition, obedience and that trust in God's providence which formed through life so prominent a feature in his character...He could read the Bible with fluency at five years old, and the avidity with which he studied it, and his wonderful remembrance of its contents, astonished his parents.

Indeed, from the moment he could read, his passion for books became insatiable"; he was greatly loved. He was "kneeling often at sickbeds at the risk of his life; where there was strife, the peacemaker; where there was want, the free-giver."

From 1809 to 1826, he did all of his hymn writing. In 1812 he published a small volume of poetry and began work on a dictionary of the Bible. Heber's hymn *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty*, was considered by Tennyson to be one of the finest hymns ever written.

Heber died suddenly on April 3, 1826 at the age of 42 of a cerebral hemorrhage while in his bath. One story was that on the day he died he baptized 42 people.