

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 144 - Psalm 108-110 Monday
- Day 145 - 1 Chronicles 23-25 Tuesday
- Day 146 - Psalm 131, 138-139, 143-145 Wednesday
- Day 147 - 1 Chronicles 26-29; Psalm 127 Thursday
- Day 148 - Psalm 111-118 Friday
- Day 149 - 1 Kings 1-2; Psalm 37, 71, 94 Saturday
- Day 150 - Psalm 119:1-88 Sunday

June Birthdays

9 Debbie Pescador 20 Mike Bruni
12 Celina Perales 23 Agripina Carrillo

June Anniversaries

5 Kurt & Debbie Hoffman 11 Marcos & Celina Perales

Regular Meeting Times

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

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Hymn Stories...

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Edward Perronet

Edward Perronet fled France to escape religious persecution. For a time, Perronet was a co-worker of John and Charles Wesley. John Wesley was always trying to get him to preach; but Perronet, though capable but 18 years younger, was somewhat in awe of Wesley, and always deferred to him. Any time John Wesley was present, Perronet felt Wesley should do the preaching. But John Wesley was not one to take "no" for an answer. So, one day, in the middle of a meeting, he simply announced, "Brother Perronet will now speak." Thinking quickly, Perronet stood before the large crowd and declared, "I will now deliver the greatest sermon ever preached on earth." You can imagine he got everyone's attention. He then read the Sermon on the Mount, and sat down.

In time, Edward broke with the Wesleys over various Methodist practices, and John Wesley excluded his hymns from Methodist hymnals. Perronet went off to pastor a small independent church in Canterbury, where he died in 1792. His last words were: "Glory to God in the height of His divinity! Glory to God in the depth of His humanity! Glory to God in His all-sufficiency! Into His hands I commend my spirit".

In 1779, his hymn "*All Hail the Power*" (of Jesus' name) was published. This hymn is often called the "National Anthem of Christendom." Since its first American appearance in two hymnals (Baptist and Universalist) in 1792, it has been included in some 2,300 American collections; and has been translated into almost every language where Christianity is known. One writer has said, "So long as there are Christians on earth, it will continue to be sung; and after that, in heaven."

Though Perronet wrote many other hymns and forms of poetry, most of which he published anonymously, "**All Hail the Power**" is his only work to be remembered.

It also had a place in missionary history. Story is that a missionary to India, wrote of trying to reach a savage tribe in the Indian subcontinent. Ignoring the pleading of his friends, he set off into the dangerous territory. Several days later, he met a large party of warriors who surrounded him, their spears pointed at his heart. Expecting to die at any moment, he took out his violin, breathed a prayer, closed his eyes, and began singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!" When he reached the words, "Let every kindred, every tribe", he opened his eyes. There stood the warriors, some in tears, every spear lowered. He spent the next two years evangelizing the tribe.

John Rippon added this verse in 1787:

*O that, with yonder sacred throng, we at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song, and crown Him Lord of all,
Join in the everlasting song, and crown Him Lord of all!*

More Love to Thee, O Christ

Elizabeth Prentiss

Elizabeth (Payson) Prentiss was a frail woman who suffered intensely from chronic insomnia all her life. Few knew it. Despite her misery, the face the world saw was usually a radiant one for she strove hard to overcome the irritability her illness caused. She was described as a bright-eyed woman with a keen sense of humor.

For several months in her early twenties, she was in agony because of her conviction of her sinfulness and lack of concern for the things of Christ. She considered herself a hypocrite, although all of the evidence indicates otherwise. At that time, she was a teacher, deeply concerned for the salvation of her pupils, many of whom she led to Christ. When this crisis was over, she moved into a deeper joy than she had previously experienced. Not long after this she wrote, "Sometimes my heart feels ready to break for the longing it has for a nearer approach to the Lord Jesus than I can obtain without the use of words, ..."

As a housewife and mother, her activities included the writing of religious books, novels and poems. Although many of these are still

available, we remember her most for a single notable hymn, "**More love to thee, O Christ**".

Abide With Me

Henry Lyte

Henry Francis Lyte was desperately ill with tuberculosis. He did not expect to live. He was so sick, in fact, that he had prepared a farewell sermon to preach later on the morning of September 4, 1847. Meanwhile he drew a paper toward him on which he had begun to write some verses:

*Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.*

His mind passed back over his life as he touched up the stanzas; and he wrote, "*Thou on my head in early youth did smile...*" Henry's loving mother had taught him Bible stories and God's love. However, his father abandoned the family. Henry's mother soon died. Nine-year-old Henry was left alone in the world. A kindly Irish minister named Dr. Robert Burrows, with five children of his own, took Henry in and put him through school.

Henry planned to study medicine but weak health forced him to turn to the ministry instead. As a consequence of his overwork, his health broke down. He had to go to warmer France to regain his health.

Fifty-four-year-old Henry was used to living with one foot in the grave when he preached his final sermon. He planned a therapeutic trip to Italy. "*I must put everything in order before I leave because I have no idea how long I will be away.*" He reminded his hearers that we must all die and that those who have embraced the death of Christ in their lives are best prepared to face the body's death. "*I stand here among you today, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely acquaintance with the death of Christ.*"

He planned to go to Italy where he hoped sunshine and warmth would restore him. He made it only as far as Nice, France. There he became so ill he had to rest. Ten weeks after preaching his farewell sermon, Henry died.