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In tenderness he sought me pdf

Words: W. Spencer Walton, 1894. In in adeterity he sought me, weary and sick of sin; And on His shoulders brought me back to His folding again. While angels sang in His presence until the courts of heaven rang. Refute Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold. He washed the bleeding sin wounds and poured out in oil and wine; He has hispered to ensure me, I have found thee, thou is mine; I never heard a sweeter voice; it made my sore heart rejoice! He was hindering at the nail prints, because my Blood was shed, put a mocking crown so thornant on His head; I wondered what He saw in me, to suffer such deep pain. Withholding I sit in His presence, the sunshine of His face, while with worshipping His blessings I withdraw. It seems that eternal days are too short to sound His praises. Again so, as the hours pass, everything is perfect rest now, I'm waiting for the morning, the brightest and the best, When He will call us to His side, to be with Him, His spotless bride. Witheained by Walton W Spenser In intinger, He sought me, weary and sick with sin, and on His shoulders brought me back into His fold. While angels sang in His presence until the courts of heaven rang. Choir: Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold! He washed the bleeding sin wounds and poured out in oil and wine; He has v listened to me, I have found you, You are mine: I've never heard a sweeter voice: It made my sore heart rejoice. He pointed to the nail prints, for me His blood was shed; A mocking crown so thorny was placed on His head: I wondered what He saw in me, to suffer such deep pain. I sit in His presence, The sunshine of His face, wondering his blessings I pull back. Eternal days seem too short to sound His praises. So, as the hours pass, everything is now perfect rest; I wait for the morning, The brightest and the best, When He will call us to His side, to be with Him, His spotless Bride. These hymns were written by a missionary who worked in Durban South Africa in the 19th century. His name was Walton W Spenser. About 1889, W. Spenser Walton founded The Matro's Rest, in the city of Durban, Natal – eastern South Africa. He ministered to the spiritual needs of seaman there. During the Boer War he distributed Bibles to the English soldiers. Spenser Walton's missionary work is mainly known by the books and leaflets he wrote. He is also credited with one hymns, In Teerness He Sought Me, published in 1894. The first stanza of the hymn draws on a parable the Lord Jesus told of a shepherd seeking his lost sheep (Luke 15:3-7). The second stanza echoes the acts of the good Samaritan in another parable (Luke 10:30-37). Walton both applied these images to Christ. Oh, the love that sought me! did! the blood that bought me! W. Spenser Walton lived his life in light of his truth. Although Walton grew up in the church at the age of 22, he marked 17 February as his new birthday. The change is easily seen in his journal and he regretted 22 years of a hypocrite and wasted life of hope works would save him. At his conversion, he immediately acted to share the love Christ showed him. Brought deeply through the Bible, he spoke God's word to the districts around his house. However, his work as a broker made him long for the day when he could broaden his mission and the fetters of business should be broken. He remembered, WasNt he patient? And shouldn't I be that way? Walton proved faithful to what he was given and his mission expanded, first to the British Isle and then to southern Africa. Walton's calling as a missionary found his focus in South Africa by inviting a friend. On his first visit, the diverse needs of the land convicted him of the Cape General Mission, an interdenominal outpost dedicated to serving the needs of African natives, European immigrants and passing sailors of the region. The diverse and large area in which he ministered to him made him everywhere from churches to mud-huts, gardens to military tents made from excess cloth. While I was with worship Wonder His blessings, I relapsed although many missionaries sown a seed for another to harvest. Walton was constantly blessed to meet many who had blessed his past missions. These encounters further encouraged him to preach the gospel message of the gospel to see how the far corners of the world get to know Jesus. As the mission grew in South Africa, Walton's role changed. His days were to travel between churches in America and Britain to gain further support and funding for the mission in Africa. He said, My efforts will be to promote a higher Christian life; for if life is right with God, all things which are necessary will follow. Throughout his busy journeys, he was encouraged by the faithfulness God had shown through his churches. Both large and small have generous to the mission in Africa. Eternal days seem too short to sing his praises! Shortly after the tour, while on holiday with his family, Walton's health wrestled into a team of a few days. He didn't realize he was dying, so his wife felt he had to be told the seriousness of his illness. She tells his response in her diary: Well, darling. He knows I'm ready. I've been ready for 34 years. Bless His name! He spent his remaining days blessing his children and have messages written to his friends and the missionaries he had abandoned. He died at the age of 56. W. Spenser Walton wrote, Conversion without concession is a to progress. Concession without faith is needy in power. The beauty of the gospel he portrayed in the hymns in Tepherty he sought me led him to a life dedicated to sharing Jesus' love love The world: we are sought by Christ's love and bought by his blood to share God's love with others. There are two things I love about these hymns. The first is that it does a wonderful work to marry the story of the Good Shepherd and the lost lamb, with our own personal deliverance through Christ. The writer describes himself as those lost sheep and then tells us in beautiful, poetic words the Lord has done for him (and for us) on the Cross. The second thing I like about these hymns is that you get the feeling of how special and valuable each of us is to God. In the Bible we are reminded that we have been made terrible and wonderful. The Bible tells us God has knitted us together in our mother's wool. Do you have the intense focus and utter care needed by someone who expands? My two daughters Amanada and Mary had just learned expanding their projects at school. Oh how they will knit until it's time to go to sleep and start the next day again. They can't talk, but gach at the wool in their hands. One day when I feel low or unimportant or unworthy, songs are like these great memories of how God views us. And it's a reminder that His opinion is the only one who really counts. Whether you've been familiar with these hymns or not, I hope songs like this are an encouragement to you as it is to me. Few comments about the lyrics: He has washed the bleeding sin-wounds - although this thought is probably a bit too graphic for some, isn't that what sin is? Sin is an incenless, open wound that only gets worse and worse unless we accept the grace of the Great Physician. The sin wound is ugly, and can only be washed, exhorted and healed by the grace of God — by His Son's precious blood. He has listened to me to ensure I've found you, you're mine- Don't feel it good to have someone important to you? To tell you that you are special? They don't have to shout it on a microphone. They don't have to tell a crowd full of people what they think. Probably the biggest smile I get from my little girls is when I whisper in their ear – Daddy loves you – you're special to me. Christ did the same thing for us. He sought and bought us, and then in His gentle, loving way, told us we are His. What an encouraging word today! I wondered what He saw in me — even after Christ saved us and tells us we are valuable and that we are His, sometimes we struggle with how we consider ourselves. Isn't it funny that the writer still asks questions the Lord saw in him after admitting that the Good Shepherd comforted him and told him he belonged to him? I think it's part of our human nature, especially in light of the Cross. The Cross is a constant reminder that we were not, and is not, worthy of such great love. We recognise that didn't deserve what he got. We deserved to take that penalty. It's a humble thought, but one who's worth reminding ourselves of. For he saved us from dominion of darkness and brings us into the kingdom of the Son he loves, in whom we have salvation, the forgiveness of sins. Colossion 1:13-14. 1:13-14.

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