

The Sting Removed - 1 Cor. 15:55

by Bernard Fell

The sermon emphasizes that through Jesus' sacrifice, the sting of death is removed, offering believers hope and comfort in eternal life.

Topics: "Eternal Life", "Victory Over Death"

Description

Bernard Fell reflects on the innocence of children and the comfort in knowing that through Christ's sacrifice on the cross, death has lost its power over believers. Using the playful encounter of his grandson Roland with a bee as an analogy, he illustrates how even in moments of pain and fear, there is consolation in the eternal safety and peace found in Jesus, who welcomes all children to dwell forever in His presence.

Transcript

O death, where is thy sting?

O grave, where is thy victory?

I Corinthians 15:55

Roland, darling precious grandson!

How I love to watch him play!

Pretty smiles like dancing sunbeams

Warm my heart along life's way.

Born was he, like brother Andrew,

In fair England's summer hours,

Born to love the season's beauty,

Singing birds, and springing flowers.

One June day was hot and humid,

Sparrows chirped among the trees,

Calling children to the open,
Green the carpet, cool the breeze.
Gently placed within the play-pen,
'Neath a cloudless, azure sky,
Roland played in golden sunshine
With a gentle stream nearby.
Now there came a wayward insect,
Buzzing warlike through the air,
Leaving flowery work to trespass
On the child's domain four-square.
So amid his changing pleasures,
Hugging, flinging various toys,
Roland thought the striped intruder
Could be added to those joys!
But this four-winged interloper
Welcomed not the childish glee;
She had left the realm of sweetness
To become a teasing bee!
Of the danger quite unconscious,
Roland thought the fun was grand,
Till a tiny, painful arrow
Pricked the chubby, velvet hand.
Then was nature's balmy stillness
Rent by sharp and bitter cries:
With love's balm to soothe and comfort,
Mother wiped the tearful eyes.
There emerged some consolation

Out of fear, distress, and pain:
For that naughty bee shall never
Sting another child again.
Ah, methinks how death alighted
On the children's Friend and King:
Its sharp pow'r can never hurt them,
On the cross He felt its sting.
'Tis His will that all the children,
Little Roland, Andrew sweet,
Gathered by His hand once wounded,
Dwell forever round His feet.

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/bernard-fell/the-sting-removed-1-cor-1555/>

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