

Lawn Care

by Charles E. Cowman

The sermon emphasizes that trials in life, symbolized by God's scythe, lead to spiritual growth and eventual restoration through His blessings.

Scripture: Psalm 34:18, Psalm 72:6, Isaiah 40:6, James 1:2, 1 Peter 5:6

Topics: "Spiritual Growth", "Gods Mercy"

Description

Charles E. Cowman preaches about the analogy of God's work in our lives to a King mowing His lawns, symbolizing the trials and challenges we face that shape and refine us. Just as grass is mown down, we too experience pain, disappointment, and death, but these are followed by showers of God's grace and compassion. The process of being mown by God's scythes is necessary for our growth in tenderness, evenness, and sympathy, leading us to a deeper understanding of His love and mercy.

Transcript

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass" (Ps. 72:6).

Amos speaks of the king's mowings. Our King has many scythes, and is perpetually mowing His lawns. The musical tinkle of the whetstone on the scythe portends the cutting down of myriads of green blades, daisies and other flowers. Beautiful as they were in the morning, within an hour or two they lie in long, faded rows.

Thus in human life we make a brave show, before the scythe of pain, the shears of disappointment, the sickle of death.

There is no method of obtaining a velvety lawn but by repeated mowings; and there is no way of developing tenderness, evenness, sympathy, but by the passing of God's scythes. How constantly the Word of God compares man to grass, and His glory to its flower! But when grass is mown, and all the tender shoots are bleeding, and desolation reigns where flowers were bursting, it is the most acceptable time for showers of rain falling soft and warm.

O soul, thou hast been mown! Time after time the King has come to thee with His sharp scythe. Do not dread the scythe--it is sure to be followed by the shower. --F. B. Meyer

"When across the heart deep waves of sorrow

Break, as on a dry and barren shore;
When hope glistens with no bright tomorrow,
And the storm seems sweeping evermore;
"When the cup of every earthly gladness
Bears no taste of the life-giving stream;
And high hopes, as though to mock our sadness,
Fade and die as in some fitful dream,
"Who shall hush the weary spirit's chiding?
Who the aching void within shall fill?
Who shall whisper of a peace abiding,
And each surging billow calmly still?
"Only He whose wounded heart was broken
With the bitter cross and thorny crown;
Whose dear love glad words of Joy had spoken,
Who His life for us laid meekly down.
"Blessed Healer, all our burdens lighten;
Give us peace, Thine own sweet peace, we pray!
Keep us near Thee till the morn shall brighten,
And all the mists and shadows flee away!"

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/charles-e-cowman/lawn-care/>

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