

Remember My Song in the Night

by Charles E. Cowman

The sermon emphasizes finding hope and beauty in God's love during life's darkest moments.

Scripture: Psalm 77:6, Matthew 25:6, John 1:5, Romans 8:38, 2 Corinthians 4:6

Topics: "Gods Love", "Trials And Suffering"

Description

Charles E. Cowman preaches about the beauty and significance of finding our song in the night, drawing parallels to how a little bird only sings its own melody when the cage is covered in darkness. He emphasizes that many people only truly learn to sing and experience God's love and comfort when they are surrounded by dark shadows, just like the nightingale singing with its breast against a thorn. Cowman highlights the profound truth that the richness and completeness of God's love are often fully realized in the midst of darkness and trials, where light emerges from darkness and morning from the womb of the night.

Transcript

"I call to remembrance my song in the night" (Psalm 77:6).

I have read somewhere of a little bird that will never sing the melody his master wishes while his cage is full of light. He learns a snatch of this, a bar of that, but never an entire song of its own until the cage is covered and the morning beams shut out.

A good many people never learn to sing until the darkling shadows fall. The fabled nightingale carols with his breast against a thorn. It was in the night that the song of the angels was heard. It was at midnight that the cry came, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

Indeed it is extremely doubtful if a soul can really know the love of God in its richness and in its comforting, satisfying completeness until the skies are black and lowering.

Light comes out of darkness, morning out of the womb of the night.

James Creelman, in one of his letters, describes his trip through the Balkan States in search of Natalie, the exiled Queen of Serbia.

"In that memorable journey," he says, "I learned for the first time that the world's supply of attar of roses comes from the Balkan Mountains. And the thing that interested me most," he goes on, "is that the roses

must be gathered in the darkest hours. The pickers start out at one o'clock and finish picking them at two.

"At first it seemed to me a relic of superstition; but I investigated the picturesque mystery, and learned that actual scientific tests had proven that fully forty per cent of the fragrance of roses disappeared in the light of day."

And in human life and human culture that is not a playful, fanciful conceit; it is a real veritable fact.
-Malcolm J. McLeod

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/charles-e-cowman/remember-my-song-in-the-night/>

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