

SERMON NOTES - 7.21.19

Sermon Title: *"The Pursuit Of Happiness"* - Psalm 1

Blessed is the man who walks not in the counsel of the wicked, nor stands in the way of sinners, nor sits in the seat of scoffers; but his delight is in the law of the LORD, and on his law he meditates day and night. He is like a tree planted by streams of water that yields its fruit in its season, and its leaf does not wither. In all that he does, he prospers. The wicked are not so, but are like chaff that the wind drives away. Therefore the wicked will not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous; for the LORD knows the way of the righteous, but the way of the wicked will perish. Psalm 1

1. The Foolish Way Never Leads To True Happiness (v.1)

"Indeed the safest road to Hell is the gradual one - the gentle slope, soft underfoot, without sudden turnings, without milestones, without signposts..." -C.S. Lewis, The Screwtape Letters

2. The Blessed Way Is Found In The Word of God (v. 2)

H: Highlight

E: Explain

A: Apply

R: Respond

3. The Blessed Way Bears Much Fruit (v. 3)

"We have taller buildings but shorter tempers; wider freeways but narrower viewpoints; we spend more but have less; we buy more but enjoy it less; we have bigger houses and smaller families; more conveniences, yet less time; we have more degrees but less sense; more knowledge but less judgment; more experts, yet more problems; we have more gadgets but less satisfaction; more medicine yet less wellness; we take more vitamins but see fewer results. We spend recklessly; laugh too little; drive too fast, get too angry quickly; stay up too late; get up too tired; read too seldom; watch TV too much and pray too seldom. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values; we fly in faster planes to arrive there quicker, to do less and return sooner; we sign more contracts only to realize fewer profits; we talk too much; love too seldom, and lie too often. We've learned how to make a living, but not a life; we've added years to life, not life to years."

Philip Yancey, Vanishing Grace