

# More Than That

“Let the word of Christ richly dwell within you,  
with all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another  
with psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs  
singing with thankfulness in your hearts to God.”

Colossians 3:16 (NASB)

*“If you read history you will find that the Christians who did most for the present world were just those who thought most of the next. . . It is since Christians have largely ceased to think of the other world that they have become so ineffective in this.” - C.S. Lewis*

I was raised in the Salvation Army and they developed in me a strong appreciation for music. The choir and brass bands of the corps I attended were exceptionally good for amateur musicians. I confess I miss singing that is accompanied by a brass band.

The subject matter of many modern Christian hymns and songs are focussed largely on us and our experiences. Hymns and spiritual songs of previous generations spend more time describing the attributes and activity of the Lord. Both have their place but I find myself drawn most to the hymns that focus on the Lord Himself and His activity concerning His people.

One poet/hymn writer, among many that I enjoy, is F. W. Faber. You might find the following

poem very helpful to focus yourself on the Holy One of Israel—the name the prophet Isaiah loved to use when referring to Jehovah.

Consider praying this poem/prayer to the Lord. My soul has been wonderfully blessed as I have prayed it many times over the years.

My God, how wonderful  
Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How beautiful Thy mercy seat,  
in depths of burning light!

How dread are Thine  
eternal years,  
O everlasting LORD;  
by prostrate spirits,  
day and night,  
incessantly adored.

How wonderful, how beautiful,  
the sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom,  
boundless pow’r,  
and awful purity.

O how I fear Thee, Living God,  
with deepest, tend’rest fears,  
and worship Thee  
with trembling hope,  
and penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too,  
O LORD,  
Almighty as Thou art;  
for Thou hast stooped  
to ask of me  
the love of my poor heart.

No earthly father  
loves like Thee,  
no mother e’er so mild,  
bears and forbears,  
as Thou hast done  
with me, Thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, love’s reward,  
what rapture will it be,  
prostrate before  
Thy throne to lie,  
and ever gaze on Thee!

F. Faber

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