

Dents 32: 11

SUBJECT: *Stirring The
Eagle's Nest*
(The Song of Moses)

2/57
GP

Deut. 32:11

STIRRING THE EAGLE'S NEST

(The Song of Moses)

To those who have ears to hear, all nature speaks, and
Psalm 14:1, 2
The birds of the air, the flowers of the field, tell of His love and care.

The eagle.
(a) Yellowthroat Cowbird, Peeper-like note, the field, the colored wings, well
the nesting, towered. Then we wish a falcon, "Just (Just! We seek our
tand look. High up in a mountainous way, an eagle's nest, in the air
So the way of the eagle. High up in the mountainous way, among the rocks
birds nest, by the way, but did he go, brooded down, friend, help him,
and then, shielded them from all harm. But now, nestling long
enough. With a bird, watching, this way, begins to trust them down to
fly. We know she does it.

- ① The nest is cozy, comfortable. She begins to pull it to pieces to
in case through when she's going to leave it.
- ② spreading above the wings. "It fluttered over them?" - to show them
down, to finish them. face of the eagle, to see this wing.
- ③ Into the air with the little one. [But St. Paul says. we said
thing - following A.R.V. But Paul's words, a naturalist, writes he did
mean this very thing.] The little one spreads its wings, not
But leaving was near in tenderest solitude, it with a bird. As the
little one begins to fall, swift as an arrow she darts beneath it,
beneath it, soars aloft again. Then the little one gathers strength
for the flight - learns through painful discipline - the nest, being
made the proper nest to let behind - now, breaking the storm,
soaring aloft in the sky.

"As an eagle ... so the Lord"

Israel in Egypt with Joseph. What a cozy nest was there
under his care. Under the hand of the Lord, prospering, multiplying.
Fruit of promise, the land, the father is unman, great measure
unfulfilled. But through the Lord began to stir up the nest -
to come down in slavery. In distress cried to the Lord. The
Lord then with - pillar of cloud, fire, angels found, waters,
discipline of 40 years wandering.

The church in Jerusalem. Thriving, multiplying, then the
storm was stayed, day Acts 8:4 ... went everywhere preaching
the word ... Philip to Samaria ... 10:19-20 ...

So God deals with his people.
 A man, very much gratified. Friends, health, devoted family,
 beautiful home... Then God allows in his, some great sorrow
 some providential calamity...

Here the problem of affliction.
 As old as the human race. The cry, "Why? of your my God, why?"
 None able to understand it all, but some cases, some
 God has revealed in his word.

1. Heb. 2:10 For it became him... to make the captain, the subject
 perfect through sufferings.
- 5: 8 Though he was a Son, yet learned he obedience by the
 things which he suffered.

The maturity of Christ's growth, character.

Without it, something lacking in character

(as the writer noted / read as - try: to hold my children by
 his mother - baptize - address - going to the agency - taken by
 his mother to - church in Arizona - on his way outside - growth of
 - stay quiet, man - ...

2. Heb. 2:18 For in that he himself hath suffered... able to succor
 them that are tempted.
 - 4:15, 16 "..."
- Significantly, understanding.

3. 12:1, 2, 10 'that we might be partakers of his holiness'

To make us holy. Bearing out the sense of
meditation. the self life.

(1) A grain / gold in the crucible, "Why are you treated thus?"
God says: when through being tried by suffering shall his
my you all suffer it shall be of which
the flame shall not burn you. But design
of Christ to consume us of sins & iniquities.

4. 12:11 "it yielded us .. fruit / righteousness"

To increase our fruitfulness

John 15:1, 2, 8, 16. The pruning of the vine.
How they who bear the fruit in California.

Preparing us for effective service.

(1) Said a friend to one of God's servants
who was undergoing a great sorrow:
'God must be getting ready to use you
for some great task.' As with regard.
(1) Trust in God. The father is the vine.

Is it because He hath forgotten us, does
 not love us?
 In their pleading, says: "Our mother does not love
 us, cruelly treats us, shamefully rejects us." But then
 it children, she: "Our beloved Father forgets -
 these heavy burdens, sorrow." But not as mistakes.

Paul in his affliction,
 saying, freely that in Philippians jail
 "my life is as a breath" - letters
 (1) Rom
 goes to his disciples Gal 13: 7 "What, do those count it
 now, but they shall know longer"
 (1) Rom.

Conclusion

The mother will not abandon her young.
 The father will not abandon us. He watches over, even
 unto death. Heb 13: 5; Ps. 43: 2

Deut 34.
 (1) Rom, Th burial / Mary

★ Sometimes when all life's
lessons have been learned
And suns and stars forever
more have set;

The things which our weak
judgment here has spurned,
The things 'ere which we grieve
with lashes wet,

Will flash before us out
of life's dark night,
Ever as the stars shine best
in darkest tints of blue,
And we shall see how what
we thought reproof
was love most true.

But not today; they be
content, poor hearts.

God's plan, like lilies pure and
white, unfold.

We must not tear the ^{loose, shut} leaves
apart,

Time will reveal the calyx
of gold.

And when at last we
reach the land
where tired feet with sandals
loose may rest,

I think that we shall say:
God knew the best.

O Thou whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet,
I give Thee thanks for every drop,
The bitter and the sweet.

I thank Thee for the desert road
And for the river side,
For all Thy goodness has bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee for the wing of love
That stirred my worldly nest,
And for the stormy cloud that drove
The flutterer to Thy breast.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebok lonely mountain
On this side of the wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.

But no man dug that sepulchre
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God returned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the trumping
Or saw the train go forth.

Noislessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on the
Ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun -

Noisily as the springtime
The crown of verdure waves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves -

So without the song of music
Or voice of them that accept
Silently down from the mountain ^{crowns}
The great procession sweeps.

By chance the old Bald Eagle
On gray Beth-el's height,
Out of the rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.

By chance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beads and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled ^{drums,}
Follow the funeral car.

They show the banners taken,
They tell the battles won,
And after him lead the riderless steed
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dress,

In the greatminster transept
Where light's like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings and the organ
Along the emblazoned wall. rings.

BUT-

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
In the deathless page truth half
As he wrote down for men. so sage

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for taper tall.
And the dark rock pines like tossing
Over his bier to wave; ^{plumes}
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name
Where his uncoffined clay
Shall rise again - O wondrous thought -
Before the judgment day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
ways we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret
of his love so well. ^{sleep}

- Gail Francis Alexander.