



# Reorientation 3: How we end up in praise

Psalm 147

Notes and slides from Julian Hardyman's sermon at the morning service, Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> November 2021

**Orientation**

**Disorientation**

**Reorientation**

**Hallelujah!**

**Psalm**

**1**

**2**

**-**

**8**

**-**

**-**

**88**

**89**

**90**

**-**

**110**

**144**

**145**

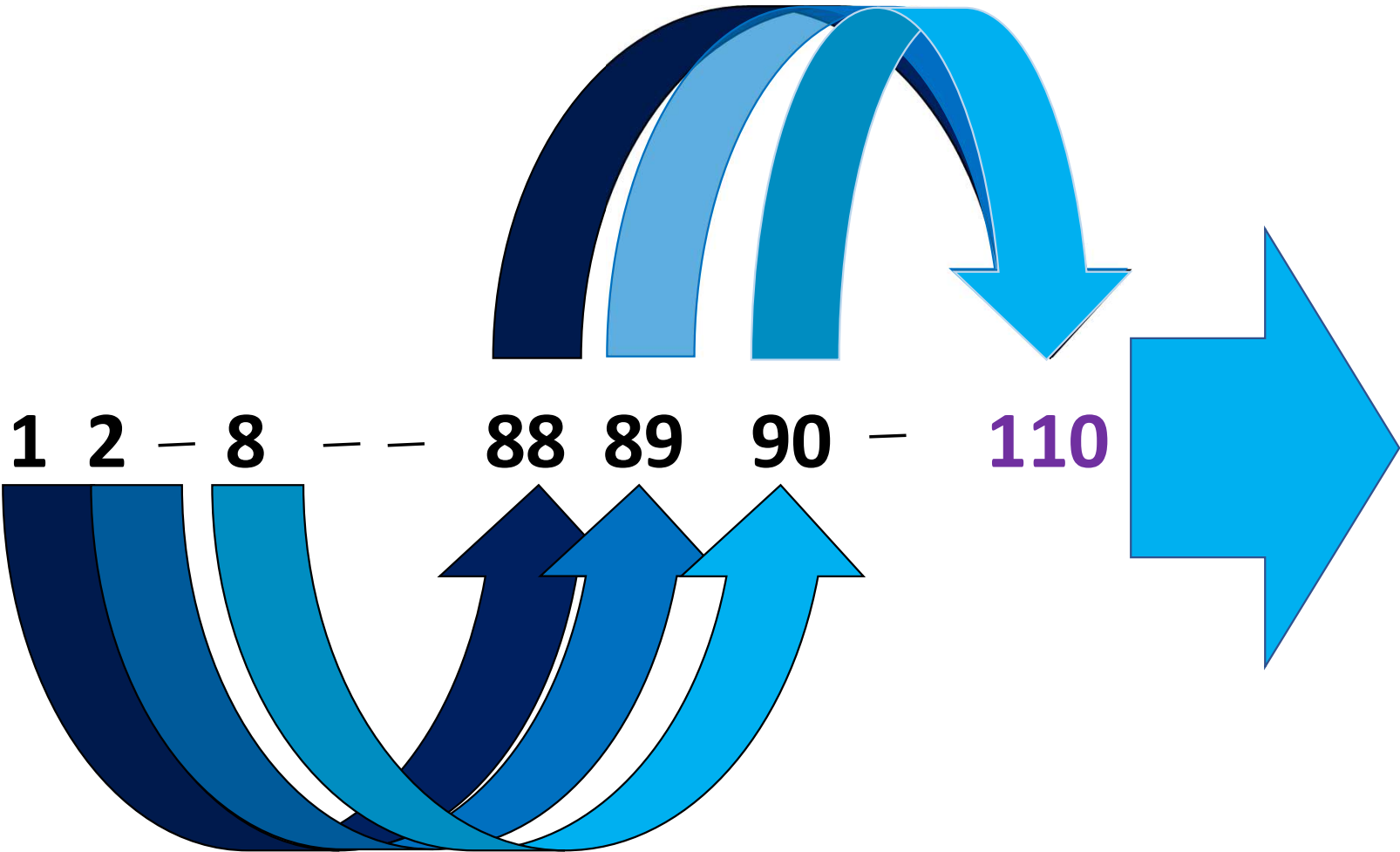
**146**

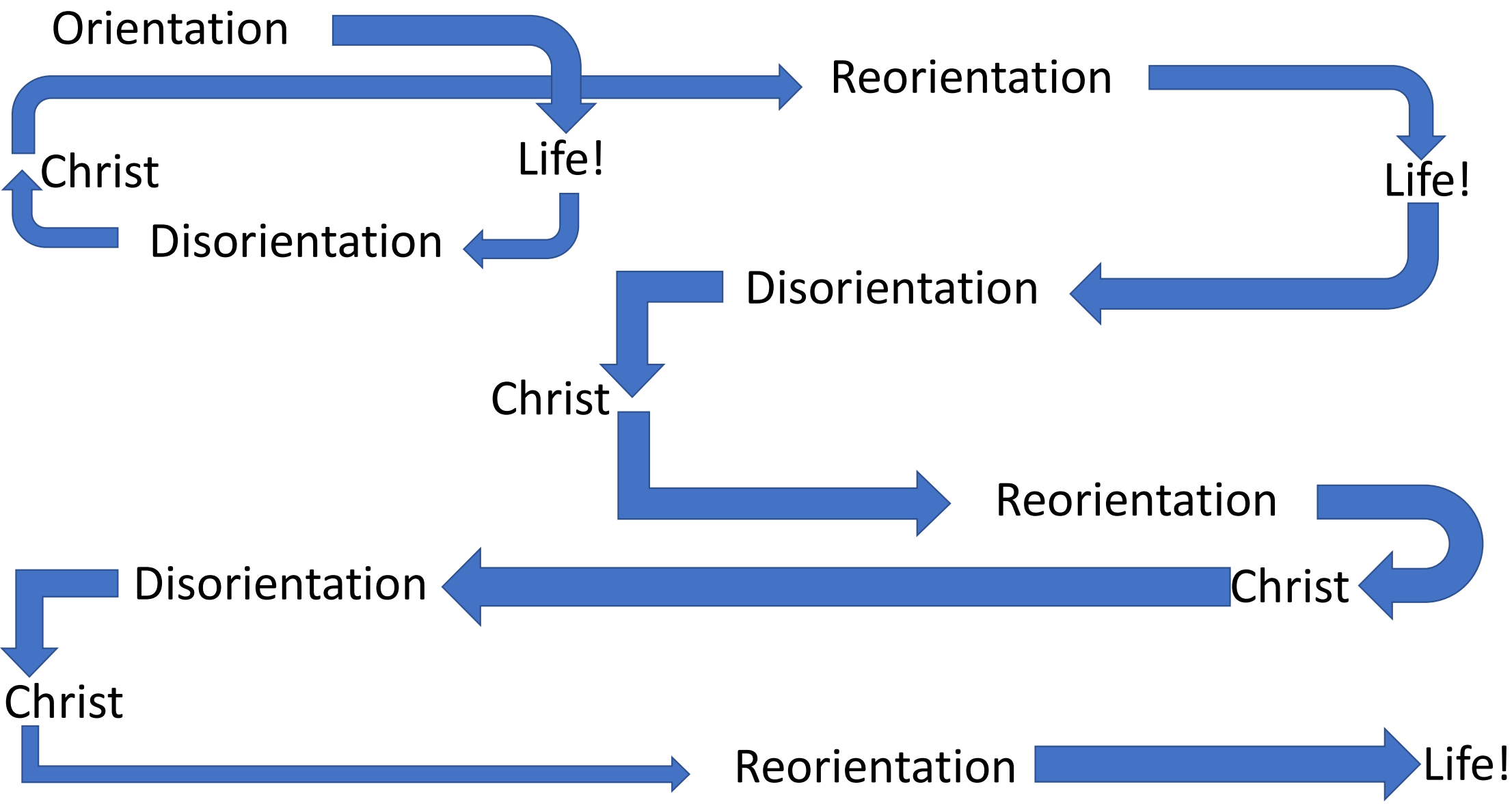
**147**

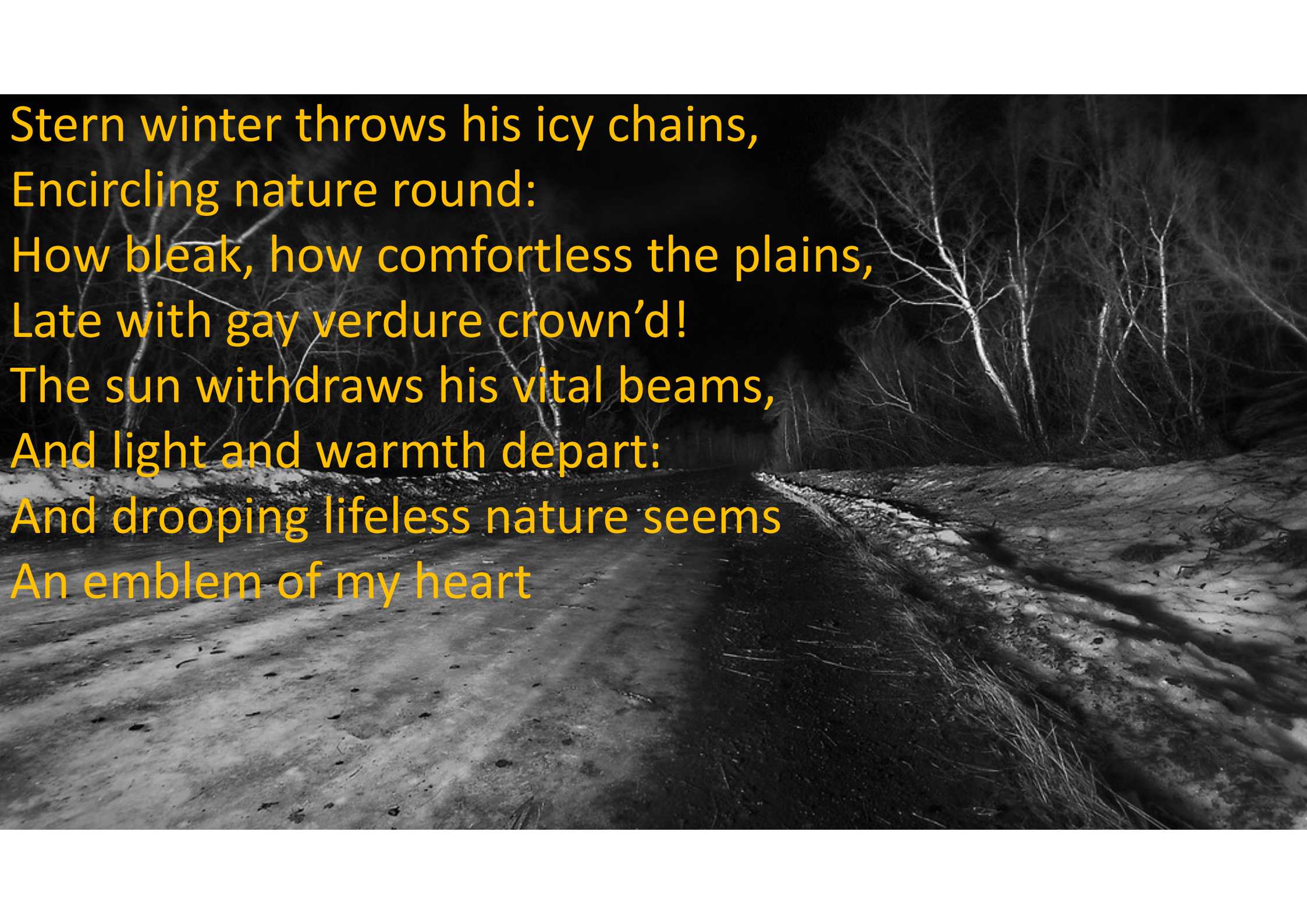
**148**

**149**


**150**








Stern winter throws his icy chains,  
Encircling nature round:  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crown'd!  
The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart:  
And drooping lifeless nature seems  
An emblem of my heart



My heart, where mental winter reigns  
In night's dark mantle clad,  
Confined in cold inactive chains;  
How desolate and sad!  
Return, O blissful sun, and bring  
Thy soul-reviving ray;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
This darkness cheerful day.

A black and white photograph of a snowy landscape. In the foreground, a path or road is partially covered in snow, leading towards a line of bare trees in the background. The trees are silhouetted against a dark sky. The overall mood is quiet and serene.

O happy state, divine abode,  
Where spring eternal reigns;  
And perfect day, the smile of God,  
Fills all the heavenly plains.  
Great Source of light, thy beams display,  
My drooping joys restore:  
And guide me to the seats of day,  
Where winter chills no more.

Annie Steele