



THE LIFE OF DAVID

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AFTER  
GOD'S  
HEART

“The Journey of Lament”  
The Psalms of David

# "Lament" - 2 Samuel 1

10/28/2018



THE LIFE OF DAVID

## AFTER GOD'S HEART

We need to deal with our emotions because they are the most honest windows into our hearts and through lament we are able to express our pain, sorrow, fear, anger, or grief to God. The following message was given by Pastor Steve Lee and is entitled "Lament" and comes from 2 Samuel 1. It comes from our sermon series on the life of David entitled, "After God's Heart".



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THE LIFE OF DAVID  
AFTER  
GOD'S  
HEART

ministering  
out of  
**brokenness**





Soong-Chan Rah

Not only had he returned after years away, but also he had returned just in time to saddle my mom with the medical bills and to further burden his family. I went back to Massachusetts but returned several weeks later when I was told that he might not have long to live. By this point, my anger had amplified along with his mounting medical bills. I went to his bedside but did not give thought to the reality of his imminent death.



Soong-Chan Rah

Later that evening I found myself in the family waiting room listening to my mom and my sisters as they began to talk in detail about the funeral arrangements, an event that would happen in just a few more days. It finally hit me with full force that my dad was really going to die. I left the waiting room, rushed over to my father's room and kicked out my nieces and nephews. Alone with my dad, I sat by his bed and clasped his hand in mine.



Soong-Chan Rah

Through tears and with a tight grip on his hand, I offered him my complete forgiveness. I asked for his forgiveness for the years of bitterness I had harbored against him. Through his tears and his tightening grip, we were reconciled just hours before his death.

The reconciliation that occurred with my father on his deathbed required an important realization on my part:



Soong-Chan Rah

my father was dying and this could be my last chance to talk to him. Our history— a history of loss and pain— took on added meaning when I acknowledged the reality of his death. That reality changed the equation.

What are the three most  
painful experiences in  
your past?



A lament is a cry to God  
in response to the pain,  
suffering, and loss we  
experience in our  
broken world.







## 2 Samuel 1:17-18

And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and Jonathan his son, and he said **it should be taught to the people of Judah**; behold, it is written in the Book of Jashar.

# Three Stages of Lament

- ◆ Honestly acknowledge and express our emotions before God
- ◆ Seek God's understanding and help
- ◆ Trust in God's goodness in spite of our present circumstances



◆ death of a loved one

◆ death of a dream

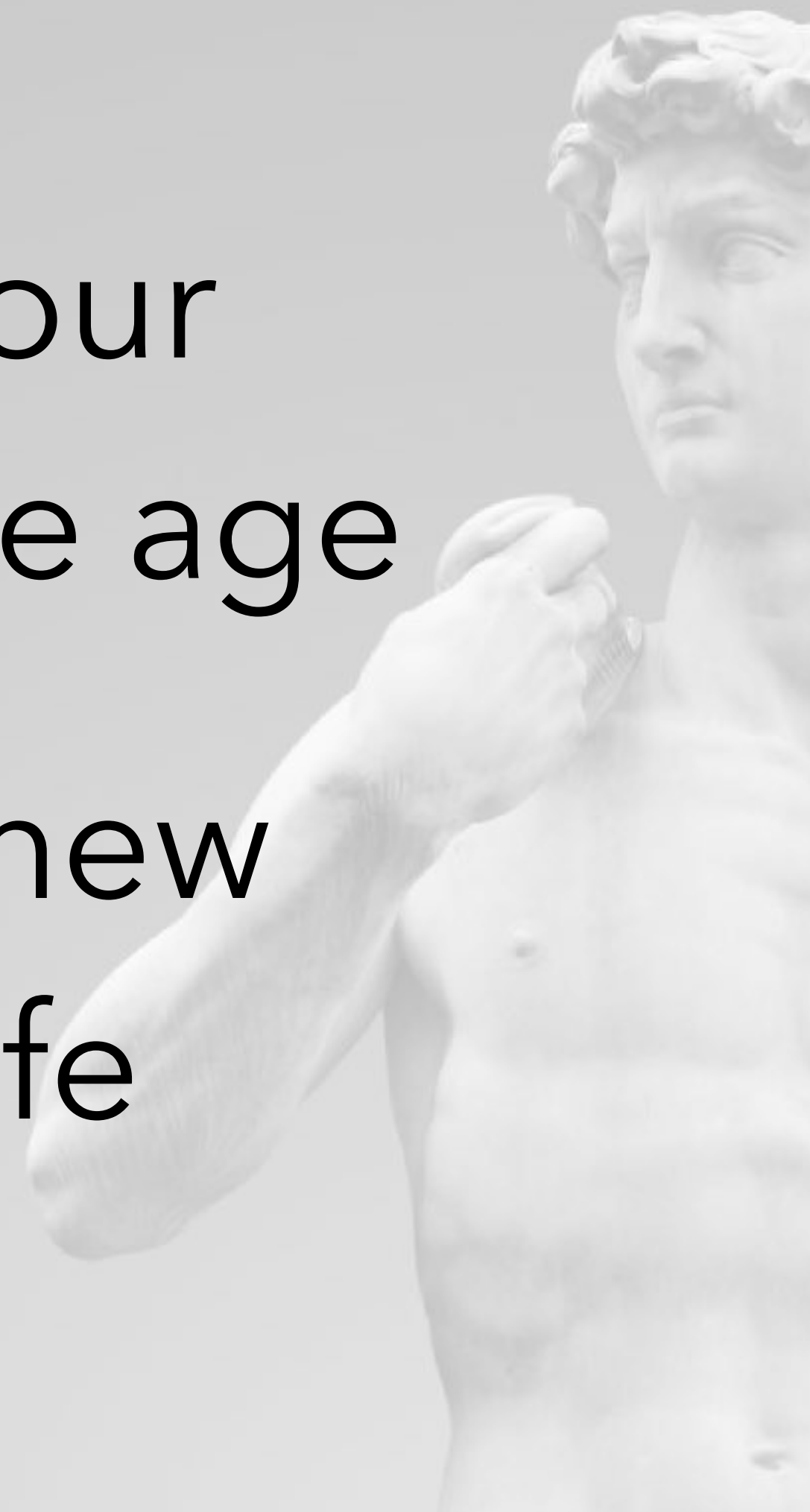
◆ broken friendships

◆ infertility

◆ suffering an injustice

◆ the loss of our health as we age

◆ entering a new season of life





## Anatole France

All changes, even the most longed for, have their melancholy; for what we leave behind is part of ourselves; we must die to one life before we can enter into another.

The starting point of  
lament is to honestly  
acknowledge and  
express our emotions  
to God.



Our emotions are not free from the effects of sin, but we still express them to God because they honestly reveal the condition of our heart.







How can we be healed  
from what we cannot  
acknowledge as the true  
struggle of our hearts?






# Psalm 142:1-2

[A MASKIL OF DAVID, WHEN HE WAS IN THE CAVE.  
A PRAYER.]

With my voice I cry out to the LORD;  
with my voice I plead for mercy to the  
LORD.

I pour out my complaint before him; I  
tell my trouble before him.



# Psalm 69:1-4 (The Message)

[TO THE CHOIRMASTER: ACCORDING TO LILIES. OF DAVID.]

God, God, save me! I'm in over my head,  
Quicksand under me, swamp water over me;  
I'm going down for the third time. I'm hoarse  
from calling for help, Bleary-eyed from  
searching the sky for God. I've got more  
enemies than hairs on my head; Sneaks and  
liars are out to knife me in the back. What I  
never stole Must I now give back?



## Psalm 109:1-6

Be not silent, O God of my praise!

For wicked and deceitful mouths are  
opened against me, speaking against  
me with lying tongues.

They encircle me with words of hate,  
and attack me without cause.



## Psalm 109:1-6

In return for my love they accuse me,  
but I give myself to prayer.

So they reward me evil for good, and  
hatred for my love.

Appoint a wicked man against him; let  
an accuser stand at his right hand.



## Psalm 109:7-15 (The Message)

When he's judged, let the verdict be, "Guilty," and when he prays, let his prayer turn to sin.

Give him a short life, and give his job to somebody else.

Make orphans of his children, dress his wife in widow's weeds;



## Psalm 109:7-15 (The Message)

Turn his children into begging street urchins,  
evicted from their homes—homeless.

May the bank foreclose and wipe him out,  
and strangers, like vultures, pick him clean.

May there be no one around to help him out,  
no one willing to give his orphans a break.





## Psalm 109:7-15 (The Message)

Chop down his family tree so that nobody even remembers his name.

But erect a memorial to the sin of his father, and make sure his mother's name is there, too—

Their sins recorded forever before GOD, but they themselves sunk in oblivion.

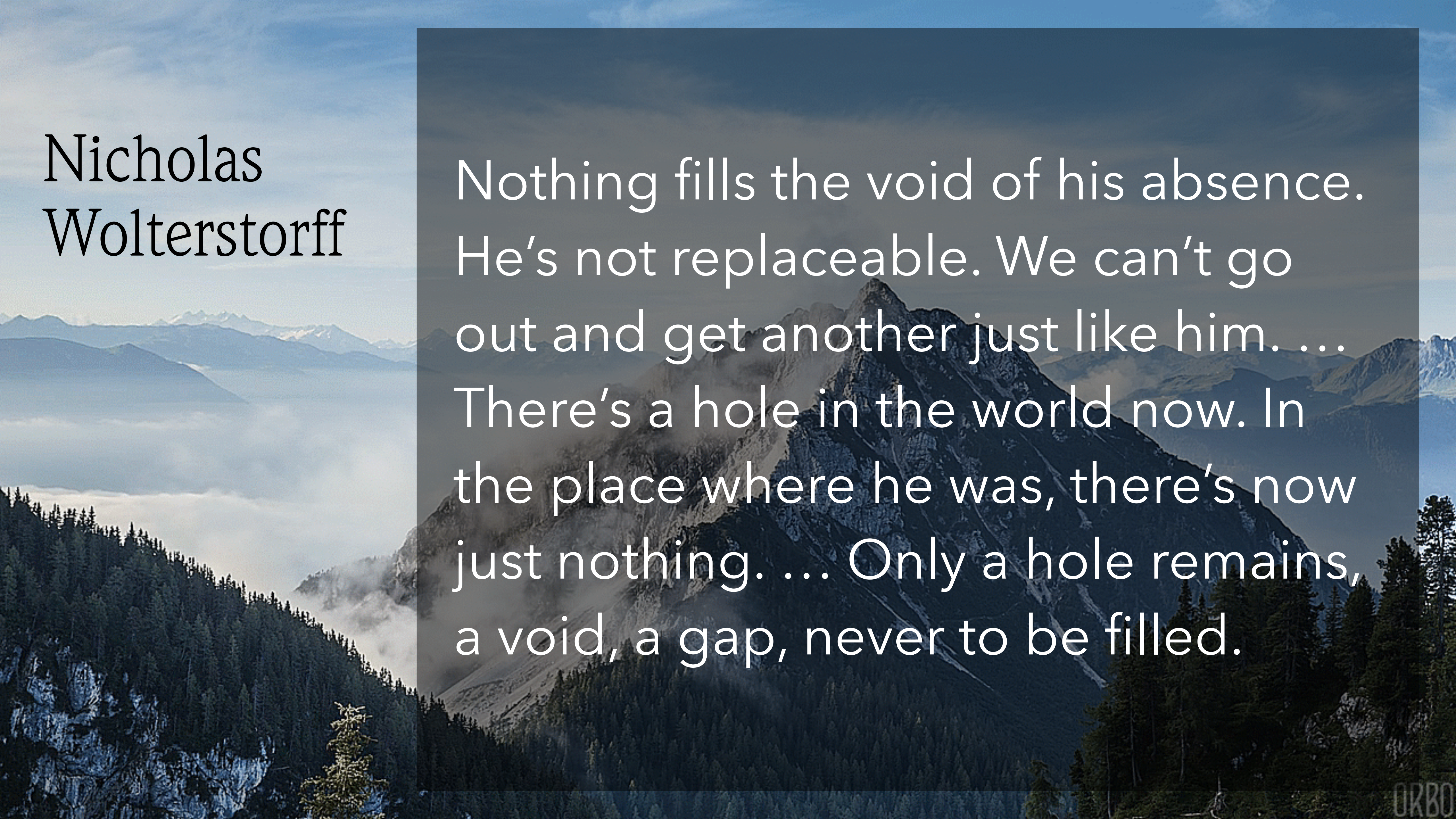


# Nicholas Wolterstorff

Elements of the gospel which I had always thought would console did not. They did something else, something important, but not that. It did not console me to be reminded of the hope of resurrection. If I had forgotten that hope, then it would indeed have brought light into my life to be reminded of it. But I did not think of death as a bottomless pit. I did not grieve as one who has no hope.

# Nicholas Wolterstorff

Yet Eric is gone, here and now he is gone; now I cannot talk with him, now I cannot see him, now I cannot hug him, now I cannot hear of his plans for the future. That is my sorrow. A friend said, "Remember, he's in good hands." I was deeply moved. But that reality does not put Eric back in my hands now. That's my grief. For that grief, what consolation can there be other than having him back? ...

A scenic mountain landscape with a dark semi-transparent overlay containing text. The background shows a range of mountains, some with snow, under a blue sky. In the foreground, there are dense evergreen forests on a slope. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

# Nicholas Wolterstorff

Nothing fills the void of his absence. He's not replaceable. We can't go out and get another just like him. ... There's a hole in the world now. In the place where he was, there's now just nothing. ... Only a hole remains, a void, a gap, never to be filled.

As our heart is revealed  
through our emotions,  
the next step of lament is  
to seek God's  
understanding and help.





## Dan Allender & Tremper Longman

Rather than focusing on trying to change our emotions, we are wiser first to listen to them. They are a voice that can tell us how we are dealing with a fallen world, hurtful people, and a quizzical God who seldom seems to be or do what we expect of Him. Although emotions are generally aroused in a human context, they always reveal something about how we are dealing with God.



## Psalm 7:1-5

O LORD my God, in you do I take refuge;  
save me from all my pursuers and deliver  
me, lest like a lion they tear my soul apart,  
rending it in pieces, with none to deliver.


O LORD my God, if I have done this, if  
there is wrong in my hands, if I have  
repaid my friend with evil or plundered





## Psalm 7:1-5

my enemy without cause, let the enemy pursue my soul and overtake it, and let him trample my life to the ground and lay my glory in the dust. *Selah*



## Psalm 7:1-5 (The Message)

GOD! God! I am running to you for dear life; the chase is wild. If they catch me, I'm finished: ripped to shreds by foes fierce as lions, dragged into the forest and left unlooked for, unremembered.

GOD, if I've done what they say—betrayed my friends, ripped off my enemies— If my hands are really that dirty, let them get me, walk all over me, leave me flat on my face in the dirt.



## Psalm 139:21-24

Do I not hate those who hate you, O LORD?  
And do I not loathe those who rise up against  
you? I hate them with complete hatred; I  
count them my enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart! Try  
me and know my thoughts! And see if there  
be any grievous way in me, and lead me in  
the way everlasting!



# Psalm 35:22-24

You have seen, O LORD; be not silent! O Lord, be not far from me!

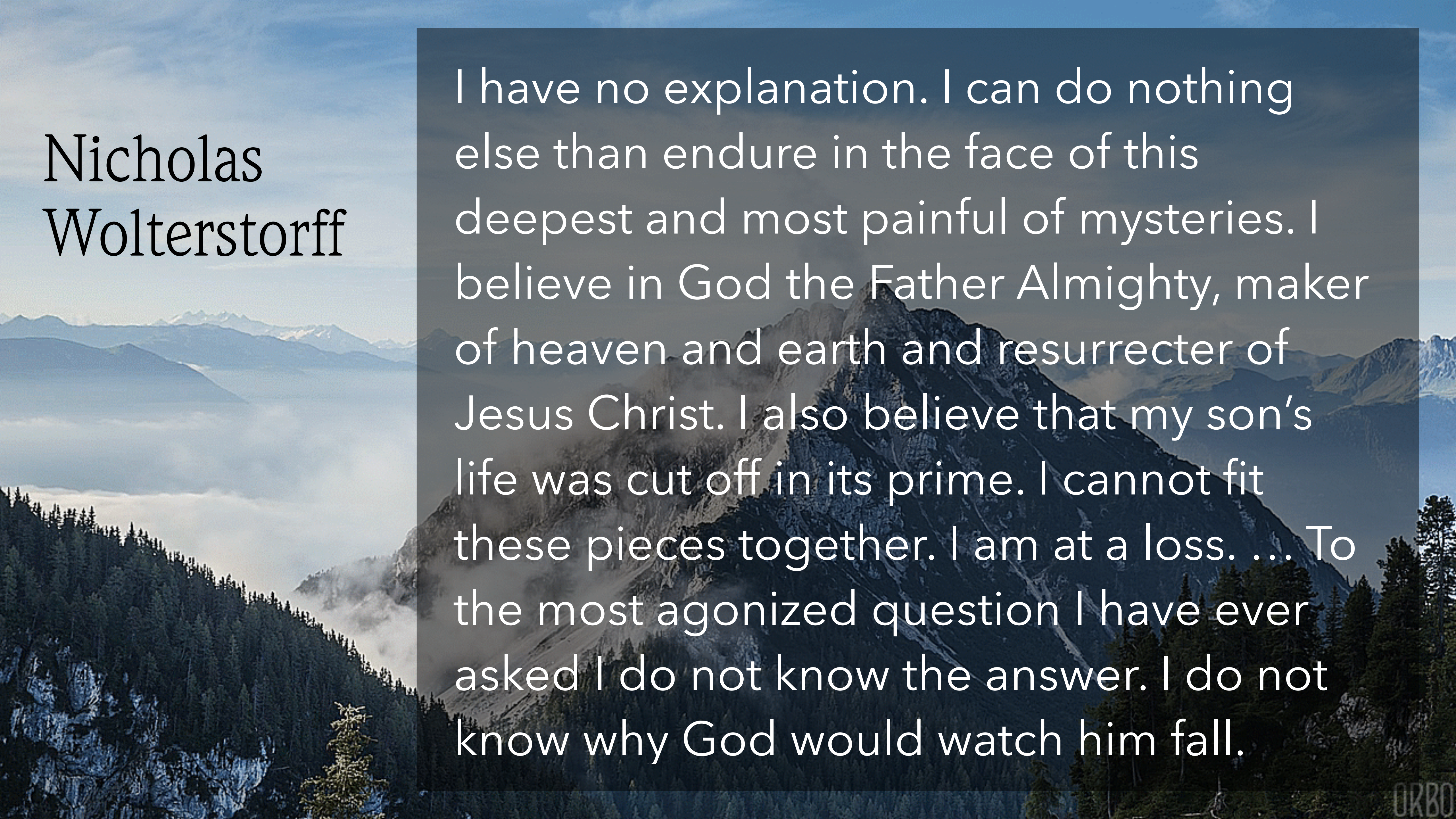
Awake and rouse yourself for my vindication, for my cause, my God and my Lord!

Vindicate me, O LORD, my God, according to your righteousness, and let them not rejoice over me!



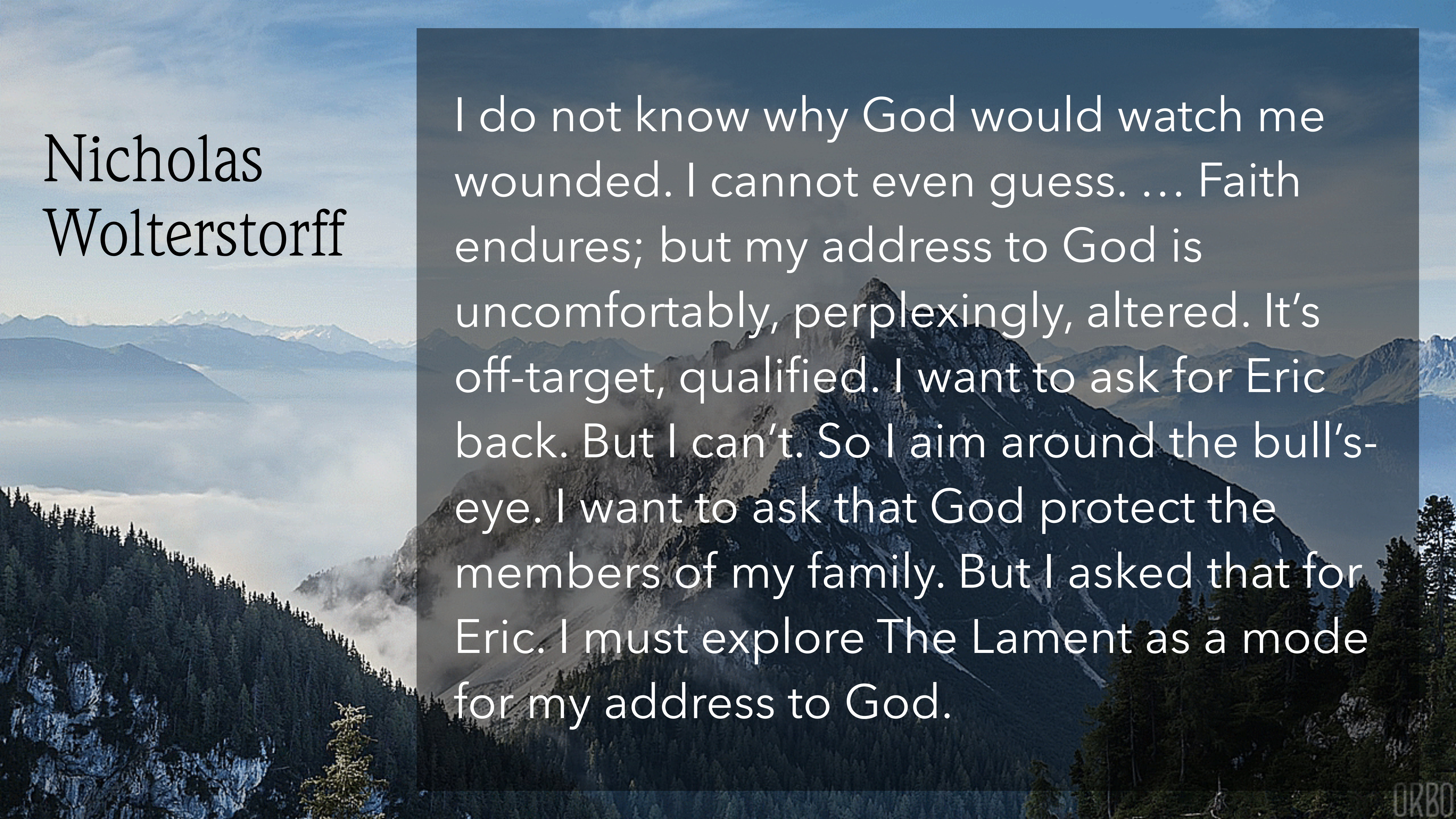
## Psalm 61:1-3

Hear my cry, O God, listen to my prayer;  
from the end of the earth I call to you  
when my heart is faint. Lead me to the  
rock that is higher than I, for you have  
been my refuge, a strong tower against  
the enemy.



# Nicholas Wolterstorff

I have no explanation. I can do nothing else than endure in the face of this deepest and most painful of mysteries. I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth and resurrecter of Jesus Christ. I also believe that my son's life was cut off in its prime. I cannot fit these pieces together. I am at a loss. ... To the most agonized question I have ever asked I do not know the answer. I do not know why God would watch him fall.

The background of the slide is a photograph of a mountain range. In the foreground, there are dark, dense evergreen trees on a slope. In the middle ground, a valley is filled with a thick layer of white mist or low clouds. In the background, several mountain peaks are visible, some with patches of snow or light-colored rock. The sky is a pale, hazy blue. A large, dark semi-transparent rectangle is positioned on the right side of the image, containing white text.

# Nicholas Wolterstorff

I do not know why God would watch me wounded. I cannot even guess. ... Faith endures; but my address to God is uncomfortably, perplexingly, altered. It's off-target, qualified. I want to ask for Eric back. But I can't. So I aim around the bull's-eye. I want to ask that God protect the members of my family. But I asked that for Eric. I must explore The Lament as a mode for my address to God.

Lament brings us lastly  
to the place of faith and  
trust in God despite our  
present circumstances.







## Psalm 54:4

Behold, God is my helper; the  
Lord is the upholder of my life.



## Psalm 56:4

In God, whose word I praise—  
in God I trust and am not  
afraid. What can mere mortals  
do to me?



## Psalm 59:9-10

O my Strength, I will watch for you,  
for you, O God, are my fortress.

My God in his steadfast love will  
meet me; God will let me look in  
triumph on my enemies.



## Psalm 71:20

You who have made me see many troubles and calamities will revive me again; from the depths of the earth you will bring me up again.

The essence of man-made religion is to try to manipulate God through our acts of devotion.



True religion is a  
relationship with God,  
trusting that he loves us no  
matter what circumstances  
we face in life.







# Nicholas Wolterstorff

How is faith to endure, O God, when you allow all this scraping and tearing on us? You have allowed rivers of blood to flow, mountains of suffering to pile up, sobs to become humanity's song—all without lifting a finger that we could see. You have allowed bonds of love beyond number to be painfully snapped. If you have not abandoned us, explain yourself. We strain to hear. But instead of hearing





Nicholas  
Wolterstorff

an answer we catch sight of God himself  
scraped and torn. Through our tears we  
see the tears of God. A new and more  
disturbing question now arises: **Why do  
you permit yourself to suffer, O God?**

... God is not only the God of the  
sufferers but the God who suffers. The  
pain and fallenness of humanity have  
entered into his heart. Through the prism  
of my tears I have seen a suffering God.

# Nicholas Wolterstorff

... And great mystery: to redeem our brokenness and lovelessness the God who suffers with us did not strike some mighty blow of power but sent his beloved son to suffer *like us*, through his suffering to redeem us from suffering and evil. Instead of explaining our suffering God shares it. ...

"Put your hand into my wounds," said the risen Jesus to Thomas, "and you will

# Nicholas Wolterstorff

know who I am.” The wounds of Christ are his identity. They tell us who he is. He did not lose them. They went down into the grave with him and they came up with him—visible, tangible, palpable. Rising did not remove them. He who broke the bonds of death kept his wounds.

