

In the Garden

Greeting and Opening Prayer

Hymns of Worship

Just a Closer Walk with Thee - p. 10
Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us - p. 11
'Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus - p. 12

Devotional Summary: "In the Garden"

Satisfied

By Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697-1769. Translator unknown.
Edited and language updated for Christian Concourse by Jerry Johnson.

Draw me to You, till far within Your rest,
In stillness of Your peace, Your voice I hear -
Forever quieted upon Your breast,
So loved, so near.
By mystery of Your touch my spirit thrilled,
O Magnet all Divine;
The hunger of my soul forever stilled,
For You are mine.
For me, O Lord, the world is all too small,
For I have seen Your face,
Where Your eternal love illuminates all
Within Your secret place.
And therefore from all other, from all else,
Draw my soul with You to be.
Yes! - You have broken the enchanter's spells,

In You I am free!
Now in the haven of untroubled rest
I land at last,
The hunger, and the thirst, and weary quest
Forever past.
There, Lord, to lose, in bliss of Your embrace
My renegade will;
There, in the radiance of Your blessed Face,
Be hushed and still;
There, speechless at Your nail-pierced Feet
See no one else beside,
And know nothing else but this -
That You are sweet,
...and...
That I am satisfied.

Scripture Text (John 20:1-16 NKJV):

- 1 Now on the first day of the week Mary Magdalene went to the tomb early, while it was still dark, and saw that the stone had been taken away from the tomb.
- 2 Then she ran and came to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and said to them, "They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we do not know where they have laid Him."
- 3 Peter therefore went out, and the other disciple, and were going to the tomb.
- 4 So they both ran together, and the other disciple outran Peter and came to the tomb first.
- 5 And he, stooping down and looking in, saw the linen cloths lying there; yet he did not go in.
- 6 Then Simon Peter came, following him, and went into the tomb; and he saw the linen cloths lying there,
- 7 and the handkerchief that had been around His head, not lying with the linen cloths, but folded together in a place by itself.
- 8 Then the other disciple, who came to the tomb first, went in also; and he saw and believed.
- 9 For as yet they did not know the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead.
- 10 Then the disciples went away again to their own homes.
- 11 ¶ But Mary stood outside by the tomb weeping, and as she wept she stooped down and

looked into the tomb.

12 And she saw two angels in white sitting, one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13 Then they said to her, "Woman, why are you weeping?" She said to them, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid Him."

14 Now when she had said this, she turned around and saw Jesus standing there, and did not know that it was Jesus.

15 Jesus said to her, "Woman, why are you weeping? Whom are you seeking?" She, supposing Him to be the gardener, said to Him, "Sir, if You have carried Him away, tell me where You have laid Him, and I will take Him away."

16 Jesus said to her, "Mary!" She turned and said to Him, "Rabboni!" (which is to say, Teacher).

If you remember, Mary Magdelene was the poor woman from whom Jesus had cast seven demons. Scripture does not give us a description of her symptoms, nor are we given any details about what transpired at the time she was set free. We can only imagine the suffering and the degradation Mary endured at the hands of her spiritual tormentors.

But she was free! If we are left to imagine her deplorable state as host to seven demons, then let us fail not to imagine the thankfulness and relief she experienced when Christ set her free from the power of satan and his minions! Just think what joy and what peace and what overwhelming gratitude must have gripped Mary when she first looked upon Jesus without the darkness of hell blinding her spiritual eyes. As Jesus said, He whom the Son sets free, is free indeed!

Do you remember when your eyes were opened to the reality of our Precious Savior? When the light of heaven first flooded your heart with the joy of true salvation at the foot of the cross of Christ? Those were some exhilarating days, were they not?

Well, Mary Magdelene had walked faithfully with her Teacher for some time. She had probably helped to support Him with her financial resources. At the risk of ridicule and excommunication and even bodily harm, she had traveled with His band of followers, probably hanging on His every word, always at His beck and call.

But now she was alone. She had witnessed His execution by cruel, rough Roman soldiers. Only God knows the horror she must have felt as she helplessly stood by to watch the life ebb out of His tortured body. She had seen Him breathe His last breath, this One to whom she had given her life. She saw Him hastily laid in the rich man's tomb. Her deliverer, her Savior, her Teacher was gone. Who would defend her now? How could she possibly survive, unprotected from those taunting demons?

What sorrow! What a broken heart! How deep a pit of loneliness! How tight the grip of hopelessness with no end in sight!

Many of you have walked faithfully with your Lord for years and years. You have tasted the joys of His presence. You have smelled the sweet fragrance of His love wafting through the difficulties of your life. You have heard His precious call early in the morning for a stroll by His side. He has always been with you, ever so faithful, ever so caring.

But now you may feel a bit like Mary as she pulls herself to His tomb to anoint His body with

spices. Where is her dear Deliverer now? He is gone. There is nothing but memories left for her to hold on to. Life has lost all its sweetness. Every day is a drudge and a waste. The confusion and the doubts are overwhelming. All that the Master taught her just does not fit into the prison walls closing in around her now. The tears of loneliness are real. The fear and the dread are real. It is useless trying to choke back the bitterness and the disappointment welling up from your broken heart.

There is nothing for Mary to do but resign herself to tending to the memories and lose herself in the unknown troubles of tomorrow.

But the Lord had not forsaken Mary. Jesus knew exactly where she was. He knew her state as she reeled from the blows of unavoidable circumstances. How her heart must have leaped within her breast as she heard her name on His lips! "Mary."

She turned and all she could say was, "Teacher!"

Indeed, what a lesson He had taught with only the whisper of her name. He was alive! All was not lost! The light of heaven flooded her aching heart and the brilliance of His presence illuminated her life again!

Dear soul, see here your hope, your joy! Recall the tender moments you have spent with your Master. Seek Him in the garden of your heart, where you have spent so many precious hours in fellowship and joy. He has not left you. He is alive! Listen for His voice. He is there. He walks by your side. Take His hand. See the nail-prints. Let Him teach you still!

Closing Hymn (read or sing a cappella)

In the Garden

C. Austin Mills

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the Voice I hear, falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

He speaks and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet, the birds hush their singing,
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

And He walks with me and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

And He walks with me and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

Prayer Requests and Corporate Prayer

The Lord's Prayer

Recessional

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