

## DAY BY DAY

In one of our services at church this past winter we sang this hymn. It was a time where I just had a bowel resection and was homebound for a long period of time. I found such comfort and encouragement in this hymn. It reminded me that a person shouldn't worry about tomorrow or look back at the challenges from yesterday. We know that the Lord will attend us and bring comfort to our anxious souls. It can be scary out there with all of the bad things that are happening, even to some of the fellow church members.

Isn't it interesting that so many of the most loved hymns were written by people who greatly suffered in their lives? One such writer is the author of this hymn. **Lina Sandell** (full name: **Karolina Wilhelmina Sandell-Berg**) (3 October 1832–27 July 1903) was a Swedish poet and author of gospel hymns. At the age of 26 she accompanied her father, Jonas Sandell, on a boat trip across Lake Vättern, during which he fell overboard and drowned in her presence. The tragedy inspired some of her first hymns as she poured out her broken heart in many of her songs.

How her struggles matured her faith. See in this hymn that she recognized heaven as our dearest treasure. And isn't that our comfort, that we have heaven. The older I get and the more I struggle through illnesses and the pains of life, the more I see this powerful truth--heaven is my home.

How keen was her understanding that our lives on earth are lives of great and meaningful service to the Lord! While we wait for the fulfillment of heaven, we have beautiful opportunities in life now. At the same time in verse three she tells how hard this life can be. But through it all the Lord hears our prayers and keeps us in his loving protection. What a marvelous hymn of faith when I needed it most. I hope reading it today will encourage your heart, too.

Matthew 6:25-34 (NIV)

<sup>25</sup>“Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothes? <sup>26</sup>Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they? <sup>27</sup>Can any one of you by worrying add a single hour to your life<sup>a</sup>?

<sup>28</sup>“And why do you worry about clothes? See how the flowers of the field grow. They do not labor or spin. <sup>29</sup>Yet I tell you that not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these. <sup>30</sup>If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today and tomorrow is thrown into the fire, will he not much more clothe you—you of little faith? <sup>31</sup>So do not worry, saying, ‘What shall we eat?’ or ‘What shall we drink?’ or ‘What shall we wear?’ <sup>32</sup>For the pagans run after all these things, and your heavenly Father knows that you need them. <sup>33</sup>But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well. <sup>34</sup>Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.



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1 Day by day, your mer - cies, Lord, at - tend me,  
 2 Day by day, I know you will pro - vide me  
 3 Oh, what joy to know that you are near me



Bring - ing com - fort to my anx - ious soul.  
 Strength to serve and wis - dom to o - bey;  
 When my bur - dens grow too great to bear;



Day by day, the bless - ings, Lord, you send me  
 I will seek your lov - ing will to guide me  
 Oh, what joy to know that you will hear me



Draw me near - er to my heav'n - ly goal.  
 O'er the paths I strug - gle day by day.  
 When I come, O Lord, to you in prayer.



Love di - vine, be - yond all mor - tal meas - ure,  
 I will fear no e - vil of the mor - row;  
 Day by day, no mat - ter what be - tide me,



Brings to naught the bur - dens of my quest;  
 I will trust in your en - dur - ing grace.  
 You will hold me ev - er in your hand.



Sav - ior, lead me to the home I treas - ure,  
 Sav - ior, help me bear life's pain and sor - row;  
 Sav - ior, with your pres - ence here to guide me,



Where, at last, I'll find e - ter - nal rest.  
 Till in glo - ry I be - hold your face.  
 I will reach at last the prom - ised land.