



SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, 2021, MORNING MESSAGE

REVEREND EDWARD DUNN

Psalm 84 begins with these words, *How lovely is your dwelling place, O Lord of hosts! My soul longs, indeed it faints for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh sing for joy to the living God. (vv.1-2).* The words of this song invite us to consider our true home. The Presbyterian Hymnal and our newest denominational hymnbook, *Glory to God*, contain a beautiful arrangement of those words but their arrangement in Johannes Brahms' *Requiem* are my favorite.

As we consider the passages from Psalms and First Kings, a little backstory is helpful. King David had become settled in his own palace and considered that he should build a dwelling place for God, but God had other plans in mind. David would not be the one to build the temple. That task would be left for his son, Solomon to complete. Our reading from First Kings gives us a glimpse of the dedication of the newly built temple.

God declared to David that no structure could contain God. Solomon's dedicatory prayer pleads, *"Will God indeed on the earth? Even heaven and the highest heaven cannot contain us, much less this house that I have built!"* and still humanity has tried again and again to contain God - to confine God within boxes or buildings - in order to control God or to cast God in our image.

Psalm 84 invites us to consider what it is like to live in God's presence. In the lyrics of this ancient song we celebrate the joy of our ultimate destination and paints a picture of God's house, reminding us of everything to which we look forward.

Blessings,  
Edward