

## Jerusalem, My Happy Home

By Joseph Bromehead (1795)

①

Jerusalem, my happy home, when shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

②

O happy harbor of the saints, O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow may be found, no grief, no care, no toil.

③

Thy saints are crowned with glory great; they see God face to face;  
They triumph still, they still rejoice: most happy is their case.

④

There David stands with harp in hand as master of the choir:  
Ten thousand times that man were blest that might this music hear.

⑤

Jerusalem, my happy home, would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end, thy joys that I might see!

We celebrate the Lord's Supper weekly—and in a circle, at the end of worship. A word of direction is given, and with this everyone stands and moves to the walls. The cup is passed in two forms: in a chalice and then in small individual cups. You are free to choose.

And as this is the Supper of the Lord Christ, please listen to the instructions we give as to what qualifies a visitor to participate. **But whether you intend to take communion or not, please join us in the circle.**



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## Old Orchard Church

August 22, 2010 - 10:15 to 11:45 a.m.

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City of Prague, Czech Republic

Let us, then, go to Jesus outside the camp,  
bearing the disgrace he bore. For here we do  
not have an enduring city, but we are looking  
for the city that is to come. —Hebrews 13:13-14

**Celebrating Jesus,  
Fulfiller of the Covenant Made With David:  
The Kingdom of God Coming—Jerusalem,  
City of the Great King**

**Oh when shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above?  
And from the flowing fountain  
Drink everlasting love?**

**I'm on my way to Canaan,  
To the New Jerusalem.**

**When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin?  
And with my blessed Jesus  
Drink endless pleasures in?**

**Through grace I am determined  
To conquer, though I die;  
And then away to Jesus  
On wings of love I'll fly.**

**I'm on my way to Canaan,  
To the New Jerusalem!**

*—John Leland (1754 -1841)*



**Scripture Readings**

Old Testament Lesson: Psalm 122  
New Testament Lesson: Hebrews 12:18-29

**Sermon**

“Breaking Points 2”  
Job 10:18 and Jonah 4:3

*Richard Winter, professor of Practical Theology and Counseling,  
Covenant Seminary, preaching*

**Made for More than We've Had**

There is a very old wisdom, quite out of fashion today, that says we are not *supposed* to be happy here. In fact no one is really happy here, and the “pursuit of happiness,” which the American Declaration of Independence declares one of our “inalienable rights,” is in fact the silliest and surest way to unhappiness. This is not a wisdom we like to hear, and for that reason we had better give it extra hearing. It is a wisdom not just from the past but also from within, from the soft spot in us that we cover up with our hard surface, from the vulnerable little child in us that we mask with our invulnerable adult. Our adult pretends to want pleasure, power, wealth, health, or success, then gets it, then pretends to be happy. But our child knows what we want—nothing less than infinite joy—and, as children, we know we don't have it. Romanticists are wrong: children are not happy. They're too honest with themselves for that illusion.

No one is really happy. The phenomenon is universal, not peculiar to some temperaments, for it is not a matter of temperament or feelings, which always undulate like waves. (We are all somewhat manic-depressive.) Beneath this surface, beneath the waves of satisfaction alternating with dissatisfaction of surface desires, the deep hunger of the heart remains unsatisfied.

Because it is not a matter of temperament, this deep unhappiness appears most clearly not when one would expect, when life is full of fears or sufferings. If it appeared mainly at such times, we might dismiss it as escapism. But it is precisely when life treats us best that the deepest dissatisfaction arises. As long as we lack worldly happiness, we can deceive ourselves with the “if only” syndrome: If only I had this or that, I would be happy. But once we have all our thises and thats and are still unhappy, the deception is exposed. That's why rich and powerful modernity is not happier than previous cultures. That's the answer to Freud's question: “Why aren't we happy?”

Our greatest bitterness comes not only in the sham sweetness of riches and power but also in the middle of our truest earthly sweetness: hearing a symphony, seeing a sunset, complete sexual love. It is highest life that sets us longing for something more than this life....

At the heart of our greatest pleasures lies a still greater sadness, a sadness larger than the world, crouched there like a crocodile ready to devour the world like an apple. It's no wonder we “put on a happy face” and keep very busy at the ridiculous task of trying to turn earth into paradise. It's no wonder, but it's no wisdom either.

**Heaven: The Heart's Deepest Longing, Peter Kreeft (1980)**