

“Joy Comes in the Morning,” Psalm 30  
Tom Johnson, June 6, 2010

King David’s wanted to build a temple in Jerusalem. For generations, the Israelites worshiped God in the tabernacle—a portable tent-like structure. David wanted a temple made of stone and cedar decorated with precious gems and gold.

But God’s message to David was that he will not build the temple. His son Solomon would build the temple (1 Chron 17). This did not stop David from doing all he could to make a beautiful temple a reality.

David had plans drawn up for the temple. David provided cedar, stone, and gold for the temple (1 Chron 28). He had everything prepared to build a glorious temple. All Solomon had to do was give the word.

But there was one other thing that David gave for the dedication of the temple: a song—Psalm 30. When the temple would be dedicated, God’s people would sing, **“Sing praises to the LORD, O you his saints, and give thanks to his holy name!”** Come into the temple and enjoy!

The temple gates are open. David wants everyone to enter and praise and give thanks to God. If we feel helpless or sick, David gives us a song, **“O Lord my God, I cried to you for help, and you have healed me.”**

If we have escaped death and the clutches of evil, David gives us a song, **“O Lord, you have brought up my soul from Sheol, you restored me to life from among those who go down to the pit.”**

If we are afraid that God will punish us for our sins, David gives us a song, **“For his anger is but for a moment, but his favor is for a lifetime.”** God’s grace is a million times greater than his judgment.

If we feel hopeless, lonely, depressed, or oppressed, the gates of the temple are open for us to call to God with cries for help. If we feel joy, satisfaction, hope, and victory the gates of the temple are open for us to give God our shouts of praise.

No matter where we’re coming from—no matter how we feel, God wants our worship. Sometimes we find excuses from withholding our prayers and songs. We may become complacent and think that life is always a bowl of cherries.

It can be difficult for us to enter the gates of the temple to praise God and give thanks because we really don’t believe that every good thing we enjoy is a precious gift from God. We may find ourselves spiritually asleep, dreaming the American dream unconscious to our daily need for a relationship with God.

It is also difficult to worship and keep our eyes on Jesus through the difficult times. We wonder where God is in the midst of our questions and trials. We wonder where God’s blessing is in the midst of suffering.

There seems to be a prolonged sadness—an extended period of grief—a cloud of depression that does not seem to ever lift—up late at night worried about what the new day may bring—overwhelmed with negative thoughts—unable to see how things can work out for the better. **“Weeping may tarry for the night.”**

Last week I was sharing this psalm with one of our shut-ins, Margaret Young. From memory, she began to recite a poem: **“God hath not promised skies always blue, Flower strewn pathways all our lives through; God hath not promised sun without rain, Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.”**

This was a poem that Margaret’s grandmother had up on her wall. She would have Margaret read this to her periodically to remember that **“we walk by faith, not by sight”** (2 Cor 5:7).

**“Weeping may tarry for the night but joy comes in the morning.”** He will not let us wither away in loneliness. God will not abandon us in darkness. The light will break through. The sun will rise again. Joy will return in the morning. **“Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will not fear.”**

David points out the silver lining on the thunderclouds. He points to the faint light at the end of the tunnel. He points out the turning of the tide. He points to the hint of dawn on the cold, dark horizon. He says, **“Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy comes in the morning.”**

And this “joy” is not the same thing as “happiness.” It is a spiritual comfort. It is a supernatural contentment that God has provided for all of our needs. It is a peace that surpasses human understanding. It is a confident faith in a good and gracious God and that he is with me and will not give me more than I can handle.

It is faith in Jesus Christ who is the light shining in the darkness. It is confidence in Jesus who is the dawn of creation and the light of the world. Shame over our sin, grief over death, and feeling alone may linger for a while but its power has been broken. Christ has died. Christ has risen. We are forgiven. We have eternal life.

**“This is the day that the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it”** (Ps 118:24). **“The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases; his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness”** (Lam 3:22-23).

At the end of Revelation, we have Jesus’ last words in the Bible: **“I am the root of David, the bright morning star”** (Rev 22:16). Jesus is the bright morning star. Every time you are up early and see Venus shining brightly in the horizon, take comfort! God has written the gospel in the twilight sky.

Jesus has risen out of the darkness. He is our forerunner in the sky. That bright planet’s light is the assurance and promise of a new day. When the morning star rises, the new day will follow. The sun will shine on us.

**“God hath not promised skies always blue, Flower strewn pathways all our lives through; God hath not promised sun without rain, Joy without sorrow, peace without Pain.”**

Margaret’s grandmother’s poem goes on: **“But God hath promised strength for the day, Rest for the labor, light for the way, Grace for the trials, help from above, Unfailing sympathy, undying love.”**

**“Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy will come in the morning.”**