

Jehovah-Shammah

Jehovah is Present

(ie) Jehovah-Shammah: A Glorious Name for the New Year
January 4th, 1891. Delivered by C. H. SPURGEON.

The title given by Ezekiel to Jerusalem, which was seen by him in vision (Ezek. 48:35)

"And the name of the city from that time on will be:

THE LORD IS THERE." – Ezekiel 48:35

Isaiah 7:14 Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. (Hebrew)

Matthew 1:23 Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, (Greek) which being interpreted is, **God with us**.

Hebrews 4:13 Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

Hebrews 13:5 Be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

Because God has said, "Never will I leave you; never will I forsake you."

What about when God fails you, or is not there?

(ie) Phillip Yancy, Where Is God When It Hurts

(ie) Sir Ernest Shackleton's from F.W.Boreham's "A Casket Of Cameos",

(ie) 9/11 Survivor, Genelle Guzman McMillan

(ie) Joseph, Job, Jonah, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,

Psalms 34:7 The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

Psalms 46:1 God *is* our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Psalms 139

1. O LORD, you have searched me and you know me. 2. You know when I sit and when I rise; you perceive my thoughts from afar. 3. You discern my going out and my lying down; you are familiar with all my ways. 4. Before a word is on my tongue you know it completely, O LORD. 5. You hem me in--behind and before; you have laid your hand upon me. 6. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, too lofty for me to attain. 7. **Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence?** 8. **If I go up to the heavens, you are there; if I make my bed in the depths, you are there.** 9. **If I rise on the wings of the dawn, if I settle on the far side of the sea, 10. even there your hand will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast.** 11. If I say, "Surely the darkness will hide me and the light become night around me," 12. even the darkness will not be dark to you; the night will shine like the day, for darkness is as light to you. 13. For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. 14. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well. 15. My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in the secret place. When I was woven together in the depths of the earth, 16. your eyes saw my unformed body. All the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be. 17. How precious to me are your thoughts, O God! How vast is the sum of them! 18. Were I to count them, they would outnumber the grains of sand. When I awake, **I am still with you.**

Not Alone, Not Forgotten, Not Forsaken

Isaiah 43:2

But now, this is what the LORD says-- he who created you, O Jacob, he who formed you, O Israel: "**Fear not**, for I have redeemed you; I have summoned you by name; you are mine. 2. When you pass through the waters, **I will be with you**; and when you pass through the rivers, they will not sweep over you. When you walk through the fire, you will not be burned; the flames will not set you ablaze. 3. For I am the LORD, your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior; 5. Do not be afraid, **for I am with you**;

Isaiah 49:13. Shout for joy, O heavens; rejoice, O earth; burst into song, O mountains! For the LORD comforts his people and will have compassion on his afflicted ones. 14. But Zion said, "The LORD has forsaken me, the Lord has forgotten me." 15. "Can a mother forget the baby at her breast and have no compassion on the child she has borne? Though she may forget, I will not forget you! 16. See, **I have engraved you on the palms of my hands**; your walls are ever (continually) before me.

Isaiah 63:9

In all their distress he too was distressed, and the angel of his presence saved them. In his love and mercy he redeemed them; **he lifted them up** and **he carried them** all the days of old.

Exodus 19:4 Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and ***how I bare*** you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself.

Joseph, Job, Jonah, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,

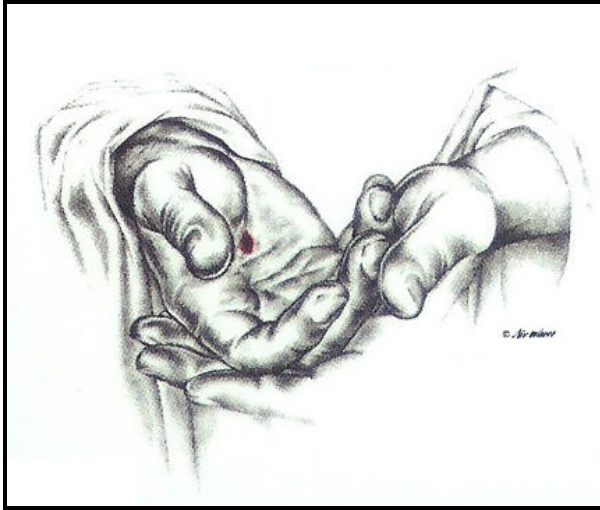
Job 1:22

In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.

Jonah 1:3 But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the LORD, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the LORD.

Joseph: Genesis 50:20 But as for you, ye thought evil against me; *but* God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as *it is* this day, to save much people alive.

Daniel 3:28 *Then* Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, Blessed *be* the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, **who hath sent his angel**, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God.



- 1. Not Alone**
- 2. Not Forgotten**
- 3. Not Forsaken**

God knows
God sees
God hears
God holds your hand

1. You are not alone – Isaiah 43:2, Psalm 34:7
2. You are not forgotten – Isaiah 49:16 graven on my hands
3. You are not forsaken – Isaiah 63:9 | Hebrews 13:5

Sir Ernest Shackleton's (F W Boreham) From F.W.Boreham's "A Casket Of Cameos", (Epworth Press London, 1926 pages 32 - 43)

'One, two, three-four !' counted the king, as he gazed in astonishment upon the Babylonian furnace.

'One, two, three--four !' exclaimed the explorer, in reverent delight, as he forced his hazardous way over the snowdrifts and glaciers of the terrible Antarctic.

'We all felt that there were, not three, but four of us' said Sir Ernest Shackleton. He was speaking at a banquet given in London in his honor, and was describing the thrilling adventures of the Rescue Expedition, as, after the sinking of the Endurance, they made their way in an open boat-a twenty-foot whaler over eight hundred miles of storm-swept sea, and then crawled and clambered over the dizzy peaks and slippery glaciers of South Georgia-the gate of the Antarctic-in order that they might obtain succor for their twenty comrades marooned on Elephant Island.

'When,' he says, 'I look back upon those days, with all their anxiety and peril, I cannot doubt that our party was divinely guided, both over the snowfields and across the storm-swept sea. I know that, during that long and racking march of thirty-six hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia, it seemed to me, very often, that we were, not three, but four! I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me: "Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was Another Person with us."

Crean confessed to the same idea. One feels the dearth of human words, the roughness of mortal speech in trying to tell of things intangible, but a record of our journeys would be incomplete without a reference to a subject very near our hearts.'

*' If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, **even there** shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me'*

' Even there ! ' ' Even there ! '

Genelle Guzman-McMillan

Now they are on the 13th floor (Pasquale believes they were actually about nine floors higher, but Genelle remembers 13), and she stops to take her shoes off. She loves shoes. It seems as if she buys a pair a week, so many that she hides them from Roger. She is wearing black leather heels today, and they hurt. It will be easier in bare feet. As Genelle is unstrapping them, she's holding Rosa's hand.

*And then she hears a huge noise—Pasquale describes it as a dozen safes being tossed down the stairs. Lieut. Mickey Kross, who survived with a group of his fellow fire fighters in the lower part of stairway B that didn't collapse, recalls in *Report from Ground Zero* (Viking) that "there is now a sense of tremendous energy, like being on a locomotive track with a train coming at you." Something big comes through one wall at Genelle and Rosa and pushes them back. They fall, but Rosa recovers her footing. Genelle stays on the floor and starts to crawl downward. All this happens quickly, but there is time for them to separate. Rosa moves as if she is headed back up the stairs.*

Genelle is jostled like a pinball and struck by debris from everywhere. As the great noise begins to subside, she is lying on her right side, and her right leg is pinned hard. Her head is now caught between something—the floor maybe?—and some concrete. Finally, it's all quiet, and it's dark, but somehow she is here. She is alive. Soon she says the first of many prayers, asking God to continue to shepherd her to safety. Not far away, a man is calling, "Help! Help!" His voice falters and disappears. She won't hear him again.

She is asking God for strength now. A couple of hours have passed, and her head is still pinned. It hurts badly. She's not sure if she can move it. "Help me, Lord," she asks. And she pulls free, painfully scraping her head but winning some ability to move it forward and back; she still can't move it laterally. Everything against her is hard. Her whole body is starting to ache. On her right side, something sharp is poking her groin. She keeps reaching for the object, trying to move it, but it's heavy concrete. Still, she persists, feeling all around the area. Her hand now brushes against something soft. She knows reflexively that it is a body, but she tries to push the thought from her mind.

It's a fireman. He's dead. That's his leg.

No! It doesn't matter. It's soft. She just wants to move the rubble and lie on the ... the corpse ... the softness, just to get some relief, just to get close to something that gives a little. A crack in the concrete above her is stingy with the light, allowing just a glare. Slowly the hours pass, and she sleeps on and off. Now the glare dims. Nightfall.

In her dreams, God is a white man. He is holding his hands out. Not to her, but to his angels. But maybe she's not dreaming; maybe she's just remembering a picture she has seen. She can't tell the difference now. She is so hungry. She fancies macaroni pie from Bake & Things, a Trinidadian restaurant in Brooklyn. Now she dreams of her mother. Her mom is talking to one of Genelle's sisters, but Genelle can't hear them. She sleeps.

When she wakes, she prays again. She feels a bit better. She will probably be found, she thinks. She prays more, and then she opens her eyes and hears voices. "I'm here!" she screams as loud as she can. "Hey! I'm right here!" A rescue worker responds, "Do you see the light?" She doesn't, so she bangs a chunk of stone against the concrete over her. The rescuers find the noise. When she reaches her left hand out through an opening, one of the workers can grab it. OH GOD, THANK YOU.

The workers have been drawn to her spot in the vast acres of destruction by a fire fighter's uniform. Civilian clothes blend with the rubble, but reflective bands in the uniforms stand out. There is a uniform just below Genelle: the soft man. It takes 20 long minutes, and then she is saved.

Genelle Guzman-McMillan was the last person found alive in the debris of Ground Zero. Genelle Guzman McMillan, 30, a secretary at the Port Authority, was in Stairway "B" on the 13th floor of the North Tower when it collapsed. She survived in an air pocket for 27 hours before she was rescued.

She remembers a hand. Then a voice. His name was Paul. And as he reached through the dusty darkness of the rubble of the World Trade Center, wrapping one hand, then another around her outstretched hand, he asked her name.

"Genelle," she said.

"OK, Genelle, I won't leave you," he replied.

But then, as rescuers reached her and took her to a hospital, where she spent the next five weeks, Paul vanished, never to be seen or heard from again.

"An angel," she says.

Genelle Guzman McMillan often thinks of that voice and those comforting hands, especially now, as she prepares to give birth to a baby in mid-October. Paul was her connection to heaven on a hellish day, she says. He kept her alive, she believes, not just for the baby she carries, but also for a singular place in history.

Footprints

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed
he was walking along the beach with the LORD.

Across the sky flashed scenes from his life.
For each scene he noticed two sets of
footprints in the sand: one belonging
to him, and the other to the LORD.

When the last scene of his life flashed before him,
he looked back at the footprints in the sand.

He noticed that many times along the path of
his life there was only one set of footprints.

He also noticed that it happened at the very
lowest and saddest times in his life.

This really bothered him and he
questioned the LORD about it:

"LORD, you said that once I decided to follow
you, you'd walk with me all the way.
But I have noticed that during the most
troublesome times in my life,
there is only one set of footprints.
I don't understand why when
I needed you most you would leave me."

The LORD replied:

"My son, my precious child,
I love you and I would never leave you.
During your times of trial and suffering,
when you see only one set of footprints,
it was then that I carried you."