

# **L**et the glory of the Lord rise upon you. *Isaiah Ch.60*

*Arise, shine; for your light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon you. For darkness shall cover the earth and thick darkness the peoples; but the Lord will arise upon you and his glory will appear over you. Nations shall come to your light, and kings to the brightness of your dawn.*  
*Isaiah 60:1-3*

## **The Legacy, the Promise, the Implications**

### • **For Israel (Including Judah, and specifically Jerusalem)**

- The return of those who have been dispersed:
  - \_\_\_\_\_
- A new radiance:
  - \_\_\_\_\_
- The wealth of nations shall come upon you:
  - \_\_\_\_\_
- The ships of "Tarshish" will return your children:
  - \_\_\_\_\_
- Foreigners will rebuild you:
  - \_\_\_\_\_
- The world will worship God at your feet:
  - \_\_\_\_\_

### • **The implications for us**

- Does this proclamation apply to us in any way?
  - \_\_\_\_\_

*Behold, you will call a nation you do not know, and a nation which knows you not will run to you, because of the Lord your God, even the Holy One of Israel, for He has glorified you.*

*Isaiah 55:5*

- Romans 10:19-21: \_\_\_\_\_
- Our role, therefore:
  - To be the gatherer:
    - \_\_\_\_\_

- The bearer of the radiance, through \_\_\_\_\_:
  - \_\_\_\_\_
- The source of wealth
  - \_\_\_\_\_
- "Tarshish," the first ship to break the blockade:
  - \_\_\_\_\_

## **The implications for eternity**

- Jerusalem, the Zion of the Holy One (v.14): \_\_\_\_\_
- We, though are carrying the torch
  - The calling: \_\_\_\_\_
  - The bearers of justice: \_\_\_\_\_
  - The message of salvation: \_\_\_\_\_

### *The New Colossus*

*Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she  
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"*

*The New Colossus by Emma Lazarus*

*Inscription at: \_\_\_\_\_*

**Our responsibility also bears with it a warning: though we have been blessed as a nation by virtue of our naming God through Jesus Christ as our benefactor, the promise made to the children of Israel still stands, and we have assumed the burden of honoring that promise.**