

A Study of David!

Overview

I'm giving Jacob a little rest this morning. I've been speaking about him quite a bit and I'm focused this morning rather on David. David. I've spent some time talking about David in times past that I've endeavored to bring to your attention the fact that David came from a very dysfunctional home. And again this week I was doing some research to verify that which I, not my own conclusions. I wasn't verifying my conclusions but I was looking at the conclusions that people have made and I just wanted to see if it lined up through other theologians and studiers.

It's most interesting that David's mother is not the same mother as all his brothers. And the reason that David was rejected was probably because of a challenge in the house and when David's mother became pregnant it was assumed that she'd played the part of the harlot. And she'd committed adultery and going on from there David was not considered a worthy son of Jesse. So intriguing. And then when you read in Psalm 69 and verse 7 it's David writing and he says, because for your sake I have borne reproach, shame has covered my face. I become a stranger to my brothers and an alien to my mother's children because zeal for your house has eaten me up. And the reproaches of those who reproach you have fallen on me. When I wept and chastened my soul with fasting that became my reproach. I also made a sackcloth for my garment. I became a byword to them. Those who sit in the gate speak against me and I'm the song of the drunkards.

David is lamenting what he has inherited from his family. And yet he's called a man after God's own heart and in spite of all the difficulties in the household of Jesse, David was a man who knew God. And it's David who introduces to us what's called Davidic worship, which is the highest form of worship. It's just so powerful, Davidic worship. And so it's the most interesting thing that David's own brothers, when they were summoned by their pa, Jesse, you come, the prophet has come with a horn of oil in his hand.

Clearly the prophet was about to anoint somebody not to be a priest because they were not of the family of Levi. So obviously the anointing oil was for a king or for a prophet. It was a mighty moment. And the sons of Jesse lined up and God spoke into the prophet's heart and said, no. Finally, he asks, are these all your sons? And Jesse must have started stuttering because Jesse did not want to introduce David. David was a source of embarrassment.

He did not want. And he could not even pass by the thought that God was going to have his son, David, going for anything because you see David was unworthy. Marvelous thing that when David came running into the presence of Samuel the prophet had to be one of the greatest moments in his life as the oil was poured down upon him. In copious amounts, David never would have forgotten that glorious moment in his life when these are my words I'm putting into the prophet's mouth. David son of Jesse, God has a glorious plan for your life.

And I'm sure whatever words, words like that or better words than that, whatever he said over David's life, that kept David steadfast throughout his days. And when he really got into a very difficult and a hard place, he would remember that God has a plan and this is not it. God has a plan for me. Something is going to break in my favor. I've mentioned to some of you in times past about a friend of mine. I met him in Longview, Washington.

His name is Melvin. And he made an appointment with me, a specific appointment. So David lets you and I have a visit. So I walked into his office this beautiful summery morning and he opened up the drawer of his desk and he pulled out a gigantic button. When you see these big conventions, when they're getting ready to vote and whatever, they wear these huge buttons, you know, vote for Bill or vote for whoever. It was that side.

It was a big button. And it was the strangest wording on it said, I color my elephants gray. He said, I want you to do something for me. I'm going to tell you my story and I want you to wear my button while I tell you my story. So in a very cumbersome fashion, I took this pin hoping not to stab myself. I mounted this button on my shirt. I color my elephants gray. He told me quite a saga about when he was born.

And I don't remember any detail about it and maybe that's because he had no detail to give. But neither his mother or his father wanted him. And he ended up as a ward of the children's society that managed children. And he told me that he never was adopted out, but he lived in various homes for periods of time, but never very long in any one of those locations. And he said there was some woman that was assigned his file. And he said he quaked when he saw that woman standing at the door of whatever house he happened to be living in at this time. Because he kept on getting changed from house to house to house.

When he saw this woman coming with her briefcase in hand, he knew I'm leaving this house now. I have to go to another house. He told me how troublesome it was, not having a mom and dad that loved him, that he was living with some people that for reasons would have changed from person to person. He never really got the sense that anybody cared about him. And you had to learn new rules every time you went to another location. When you think about it, you leave your shoes at the door.

And next house, no, you put them on this shelf. You wash your hands before you eat, you do this, you do that. Something I was never allowed to do in my house, April never sees me doing it. I get away with it now. But after I put the jam on my toast, I look to see if she's looking and I. But that was never allowed in a particular house, right? He did show that. But in another situation, he watched the man of the house licking his knife and so he would take the opportunity to do so. In one house, he was challenged. You make your bed. I don't do all of this for you. You make your own bed. But in another house, you're not going to do it right. I'll do it. And what are your slippers doing out over here?

I told you your slippers always go under your bed. And I told you to do it this way and I told you to do it that way. But in the next house, the rules were totally different. He told me in one situation, he was introduced to a home where there was already at least one other child, a boy child. But that boy child saw Melvin as a challenge. And so he brutalized Melvin. He hated Melvin.

And Melvin dare not fight back. Melvin's body became bruised often because this kid got to abuse him without retribution. And so he was brutalized. He was terrified. His life was a disaster. When I think about my life where I've come from, I'm a blessed man. And hopefully you feel like you're a blessed person too. I just got to wondering how many of you might have been blessed like I was to have your own bunny ball.

How many don't know what I'm talking about? Oh poor out. You've lived a very, oh wait a minute, you're from England. Sorry. Sorry. Well, it's a product of an outfit called Bunnykins. And all around the rim are little rabbits running. And it's very beautiful.

Like there's nice colors to it and whatever. But it's very shallow. And it's obvious this bull is not for an eager eater. It's not going to be that much room in there for volume. But when I was a kid, I had my own bunny ball. And my brother never even suggested he touch my bunny ball. That's my bunny ball. When I think about Melvin, he never got any privilege.

He never got to do anything like that. Nothing belonged to him. All his belongings were in a tiny suitcase that would have been shoved underneath whatever caught or bad that he slept in. I thought about something else about the blessings that I had in my life. The first house I recall was downtown in the heart of the city of Hamilton. And it was a house, a big, big house, a big porch on the front. And it had several staircases in it.

And it seemed to me like it was Jacob's stairs to heaven. Like how my mom ever did all those stairs to do all her housework. And I remember her calling me upstairs on this one occasion. And I had to go up to the third floor. She said, I want you to come in and see what I've done for you. And so I walk into this room. And it's a tiny room because this is right up at the top of the house. And the roof line is coming down like, and so my mom couldn't really stand up straight.

But it was just perfect for me. It was a crowded little place. She said, David, this is your room. And I was so excited. I have my own ball. And I have my own room. And I remember that she had placed the bed in such a way that the pillow and of the bed was right at the window.

And the window came right down quite low. The window sill was down here. So I could lay on my bed and not even have to prop up my chin. I could just let my chin plop down into the feathery pillow. And I could look outside down onto the street. Now, in Hamilton, it's still this way now. There are big light poles, but there aren't very many of them on a particular street. Enough light for you to navigate in the evening.

But when I looked out my window, there was a light pole directly across from my bed. And I relished the evenings, and I would lay there and I would watch as the night came, because oftentimes, I don't remember how often, but all of a sudden, I'd see all these people assembling under the light across from my window. It was a salvation army band. And there they would, under the light of that window, play the most wonderful tunes. And it was at that time that I remember looking down there. Now, they had a variety of instruments.

They had the trombone. They had a big bass drum. But the one instrument that I heard above all of that was the trumpet. Oh, yes. And so as a boy, as a boy watching the Salvation army band playing across the street from my house, I fell in love with the trumpet. Couldn't get near one. I mean, it was way down across the street.

I didn't know anybody that owned one, but I was determined as a little cricket fella. Someday I'm going to play my trumpet. That little message from me got through to my mom and there came a time when I was a little bit older and could appreciate things that she said, David, if I pay for lessons for you, we rent you a trumpet. Would you like to learn? Oh, yeah. And so I learned to play the trumpet from a fella who was a continuous smoker, sitting in that tiny little room that was all set up so the noise wouldn't go out. It was too small a room. So I was smoking as heavily as he was. It was totally disgusting. But I learned to play the trumpet and I didn't take all that many lessons from there. I told my mom I didn't like him and I didn't want to take those lessons anymore. Do you want to give up the trumpet? Oh, no.

And so my mom bought me a cheap one. I mean, probably a Walmart spec. No, I'm not Walmart. Do you remember towers? It was just a junky special, probably \$1.44 a day. What do I know? And so I got this tin horn and I would play that thing and play that thing.

And I'm just going to tell you right now, I got good at it. Until by the time I'm in high school, I got to sit and play what's called first trumpet. That means that you were at the top of the line. And I got to do solos here and there. And I did invite it out. I'd go to different places and they pay me a few dollars to play a few tunes. I played in wonderful orchestras. I came down here to Buffalo on one occasion and played my trumpet on the streets of Buffalo,

New York. I just love that trumpet. But you see, that was a privilege that was afforded to me because I had a family. I belong to people. And when they became aware of what I needed or what I thought would be good for me, I was blessed with that kind of thing. And being able to play the trumpet, I kind of became an important piece of church back in the day because the large churches in PLC, we used to have.

Big orchestras. And I love to play. We always did at the offering. We always have to play as special as they call it. And so all of those little things that were going on in my life, all along the way, they were paving the way. Those little special opportunities that became a blessing for me were packaging up my life. I took my trumpet with me up to Peterborough to the college and there I got to play it as well. And wherever I went, I had my trumpet under my arm. And my life isn't all about the trumpet, but I'm saying that I know my life is all about the bull. I had a special, special privilege. Melvin tells a story, told me this story then, that nobody, he came to the conclusion, nobody loved him.

He wouldn't have thought in exactly those terms, but he was an unwanted child and he knew that. He was unwanted, unappreciated. And it was very early on in his childhood. Again, he mentioned that he was in different schools. He'd only been in school for two months and that lady would come. Melvin, follow me. And so now he'd be taken into a new house. These are your new parents.

The last lady wanted to be called Nana. This lady wanted to be called Mrs. You know, it was, the rules were just constantly changing, changing. And then he would be introduced to a classroom. And here these kids already had their chairs and he always ended up with a chair that I guess nobody else wanted. Always the last.

And he was always the last to be served, always the last to be recognized. He really was an orphan surrounded by people. He told me the story that on one occasion, the teacher walked through the classroom and handed out what you would call a coloring book page. And on each piece of paper that she handed out was some kind of an animal, African animals. So some kid got a lion, somebody got a zebra, whatever. And Melvin got an elephant. And the teacher said, now I've put a box of crayons on everybody's desk.

And I want you to think really hard. Have you seen something in a magazine? Have you seen something in a book? Can you think of what the right colors of that animal should be? I want you to see, I want you to do the best you can. So children were sitting there scratching their heads, whatever. And Melvin picked through the crayons. Purple wasn't going to be it.

No, it's not going to be orange. And as he filtered through them by the process of elimination, he decided it's the gray crayon. He tried to be very careful, he said, as he colored in between the lines. When he got all done, all the children were finished. The teacher came down through the classroom and was collecting these papers. And then the teacher's sitting up at her desk and she's filtering through these different pictures. And she paused. And she looked at this one page.

And then she looked up and her eyes were trained on Melvin. She held up that piece of paper and said, Melvin, please stand. Melvin stood, but he was scared to death. What have I done now? And as he stood there, she said, Melvin, is this your elephant? Is this your crayon work? He was afraid to answer. He mumbled something.

She said, I don't hear you. Is this your page? Yes, ma'am. Well, I want you to come up to my desk, please. His walk forward was very halting. He didn't know if he was going to get a yardstick over his backside. He didn't know what this was about. She opened the drawer on her desk and she pulled out these little boxes and opened the lid on each one.

Each box had a series of little sticky stars. And you remember this from school? Red ones and green ones and gold ones. And she said, Melvin, you pick whatever color you want. And as he's looking through these little stars, he picked the one and she said, look at this, everybody. Melvin colored his elephant gray. What do you think about that?

And she encouraged them to give a little applause. And he looked at me and his eyes filled up with tears in his office and long view, Washington, his eyes filled with tears. And he said, David, that was the first time in my life that I remember that somebody said, Melvin did something good. We're proud of Melvin. He said, why don't you follow me and bring your paper with you? She went over to a little bulletin board on the wall.

And she pinned up his picture on the wall and had him lick the little star and put it up with the gray elephant. He said it was on that bulletin board for some time to come. Every time I walked in that classroom, I had to pause and look at my gray elephant. Can you imagine that being the highest point in his life? The highest moment to that day. And here I am now talking to a man who's in his 50s and it's still as he looks back.

That was the highest point in his entire life because when she said, look at this, everybody, Melvin did his elephant gray. That set him up on a course for success. Changed his mind about his own self. There's a lot of empty-headed people these days talking about white privilege. That's a racist comment in my estimation. The white people are bad now. And little children in the United States, I hope this isn't in our school here.

Little white children are being told, you're a bad person because you're white. You're white. And it's your fault that our country is in such a horrible way. And all of the terrible things that have hurt people who are non-white, it's your family's fault. And so those children are made to feel like I did something wrong. Children who are being raised in normal families, circumstances, children who were wanting to achieve and do well are now told because of what you see in the mirror, you're less than.

This is a terrible thing that's happening among children and in society as a whole. People who could get ahead somehow or other are being pushed back because of racial tensions. I was thinking this week about a little song. Jesus loves the little children, all the children of the world, red and yellow, black and white, all are precious in his sight. Jesus loves the little children of the world. Little children are the purest. They're not always perfect.

Some of them are real brats, but they'll get out of that. But when you look at a new little child that can barely say words, whatever, you're looking at purity at its best. And we lose something when we try and drive into that tender little learning mind, things that this is what you need to think. And this is how you must be. We don't do anybody a favor when we're carrying on like that. It was quite an experience I had when our son was attacked in a grocery store situation where a boy went to the office and it was just a matter of that boy disliking my son. My son was a great hard worker and the boss was paying extra attention to our son because he was such a diligent worker. So somebody got jealous. But somebody was of a different color. And so that fellow went to the boss and said, he called me thus and so. So we got a phone call at our house. You need to come in.

And so I went in and there stood that boy who claimed that my son had said so and so about him. I was crushed. I looked at my son. My son was shaking his head. No dad. No dad. You know better than that.

Well, of course I did. But you know it's a matter of what he says, she says that there's no winning in a situation like that. But people will use the race card in order to gain some kind of an advantage or to put somebody else down. David was a fellow who suffered because somebody had determined and probably wrongfully as I read about David's heritage and how come his mother was a different person than his brother's mother.

As I researched this and drilled down on it, I learned and I can't repeat for you because he got a little, it got a little distorted from my little two by four made mostly of splinters. As I was trying to think about it and I thought, I'm not going to pass that on to the show. They don't care about that. But something about that, who was the mother really of this child was kind of hidden. It was kind of put aside. And David ended up carrying that all his life. Do you know that even when he was a being anointed king in whatever?

I mean, there was a rumbling throughout the land. He's not worthy. He's not worthy. He's not worthy. But because he had been so successful against the Philistines and against the giant, whatever, that seemed to overwhelm and make up the difference for his life. He went through some desperately difficult times. His own father did not acknowledge him.

His brothers did not acknowledge him. When he went to the campment, when his brothers were part of the army and they're trying to fight the Philistines, his brother said, what are you doing here? Well, Dad sent me to send you this food and whatever. Well, you can go home now. Well, what's going on? How come you guys aren't fighting the battle today?

And why are you so afraid of the giant? And they just put him down something fierce. And when he was willing to go out there and fight, they mocked him. And yet they had been present when the prophet had spoken over him and poured the oil over his head. Sometimes it seems that no matter how many positive elements can be introduced to a story, people's minds are made up and they're not going to change it. Mr. Gretzky, 99, those of you who are hockey buffs, you know what I just said. Wayne Gretzky is still thought of as probably to date the greatest hockey player that any country ever produced. I read a book about him amongst some other people. People who had, the book was about people who had done extremely well against incredible odds.

The story of Wayne Gretzky was included. It wasn't mentioned there that his father, Mr. Gretzky Sr. , was a true believer in the Lord. I don't know what church he attended as it doesn't matter to us. But he really was a godly man. But there are those who would say, well, Wayne probably, he had some kind of a leg up. He was a white fellow. See, he got probably, he got this, he got that, none of that's accurate, none of it.

How come he got so good at hockey? Was he so incredibly gifted that he was destined for this? There's some questions about that because when you read this book, you learned that before Wayne could stand up properly on a pair of skates, he was not unlike our son. The first time I took his skates in to trade them to get the next year's set up, you could take them to a skate exchange because we got him enrolled in hockey for little guys, right? And when I took his skates in to trade them in, the guy said, did he ever use these?

I said, yeah. Our son pretty well spent most of his time with his ankles turned down. I don't think the blades ever touched the ice. It was incredible. So Wayne was on a pair of skates before he could hardly do anything because his dad, Mr. Gretzky, every year as the fall time came, he would win the backyard and he'd put up these boards.

And then as soon as there was frost and it was a likely time, he would fill in around those boards with water and it would freeze, of course. And Mr. Gretzky, senior, spent every evening after supper, set up a little bit of a lighting affair and every night, dad Gretzky was out with his son and saying, come on, son, you can score on me now. You can do it every night and every night and every night, all winter, every winter, on and on and on until Wayne was looking for a bigger rink and maybe somebody else who could put some more stuff into him. The number of hours that Wayne Gretzky spent on the ice learning was nothing short of incredible. I can't quote for you the numbers, but it was determined based on how many hours each evening and how many months over the winter and then how many years, the number of hours that he spent on skates was nothing short of incredible. But part of his success had to do with who his daddy was. I remember talking to Mr. Gretzky, senior, on an occasion in Brantford.

I went into a McDonald's and I saw firsthand what I heard about Mr. Gretzky. It was true. Mr. Gretzky would go into a McDonald's. I don't even know if he ordered anything, but Mr. Gretzky would go from table to table and talk to everybody in the store. The manager never messed with him. He was not a problem. He was not seen as a problem. And people when they look at him, they would recognize him and they were all fussed because he would come by there. And the people were asking, how's Wayne? How's he doing this? How's he doing that?

And I sat there and I had a nice little chat with him myself. I didn't go on and on and on. I just took a moment with him and then left him to go and visit the other people. But it was so intriguing to watch this. And I thought, look at this. Here's Mr. Gretzky, his son, who knows what. And here he is in McDonald's.

The cheapest place, well, it used to be the cheapest place. We used to be able to get a huge dinner for the price. You'd pray for a burger now, 12 bucks for a burger. Give me a break. And so there he is. No wonder Wayne Gretzky did have some support factors because he had a dad like that. He had a dad like that who genuinely cared about people. I'm a blessed man.

My mom, my dad, I have a brother that's in the ministry today. And we have a son who's a candidate, I guess, today for a church on the other side of Toronto. We're a blessed family. We're a blessed family, not because of the color of skin, but I believe it's because of Jesus. It's because of Jesus and it's because of our walk as a family with him. And you are blessed people. Every one of you are blessed people.

And regardless of your upbringing, here's David came from the most obscure circumstances that he was despised. He was the son of that woman who was an adulteress. And that was such a huge affair back in those days. Like he was terrible because of that. You see, no, you're not worthy. Get out of my sight. And from all of that, he became known as a powerful man of God and ruled in Israel in a remarkable fashion. God was on his side and God's on your side. Can you say amen? Heavenly Father, we thank you, Lord God. Every one of us has a different past. Every one of us has some unique history. And if everyone had a chance to tell their story, I believe it would be nothing short of remarkable.

We're a blessed people. And we thank you, Lord, that you brought us together. It's such a privilege to know the people who are sitting in this room today. What a blessing that is. We bless each other's person as we interact with them in their life. I pray, Father God, for the people who are not with us today, and enjoying the outdoors, on the highway, visiting family. Oh, God, bless them abundantly.

Bless them abundantly and keep them strong. And Lord, for Siegfried Tepper and for the other Siegfried Tepper as well, I pray, Lord Jesus, for your divine healing touch.

And for other people in our church that are going through difficult times just now, I pray, Lord, that you will, with your healing touch, bring restoration.

We ask it in Jesus' name.

Amen.

And amen.