



What's Next?

Abiding

[Obedience → Fruit → Joy]

John 15:1-17

A. The Vine [15:1-8]

[1] God Working In Us [1-3]

the True vine. This title describes work of Jesus as He entered and took upon himself the failure of Israel and the sinful condition of the world. [ECNT]

[2] God Working Through Us [4-8]

The subject is not salvation, but vitality as believer.
- Swindoll

B. Obedience That Leads to Joy [15:9-11]

[1] Love [Father → Jesus → Follower] [9]

[2] Obedience - activator of fruitfulness [10]

[3] Joy [the result of obedience] [11]

C. Friends of God [15:12-17]

Obedience is not what makes believers Jesus' friends but what characterizes Jesus' friends.

Discussion Questions/Prayer [Abide]

[1] Read John 15:1-3. In what areas of your life do you see God working in you?

[2] Read John 15:4-8. In what areas of your life do you see God working through you?

[3] Read John 15:9-11. What do we learn from Jesus describing how obedience leads to joy?

[4] Read John 15:12-17. What do we learn in these verses about what makes us friends of God? What does not make us His friends?

[5] Pray asking God to prune what He needs to in your life. Give Him your trust, and be confident that He knows what needs to stay and what needs to go. [ABIDE]

Jeremiah 2:21 I planted you a choice vine, wholly of pure seed. How then have you turned degenerate and become a wild vine?

John 15:1-8 "I am the true vine, and my Father is the vinedresser. ² Every branch in me that does not bear fruit he takes away, and every branch that does bear fruit he prunes, that it may bear more fruit. ³ Already you are clean because of the word that I have spoken to you. ⁴ Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit by itself, unless it abides in the vine, neither can you, unless you abide in me. ⁵ I am the vine; you are the branches. Whoever abides in me and I in him, he it is that bears much fruit, for apart from me you can do nothing. ⁶ If anyone does not abide in me he is thrown away like a branch and withers; and the branches are gathered, thrown into the fire, and burned. ⁷ If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatever you wish, and it will be done for you. ⁸ By this my Father is glorified, that you bear much fruit and so prove to be my disciples.

John 15:9-11 ⁹ As the Father has loved me, so have I loved you. Abide in my love. ¹⁰ If you keep my commandments, you will abide in my love, just as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love. ¹¹ These things I have spoken to you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full.

John 15:12-17 ¹² "This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. ¹³ Greater love has no one than this, that someone lay down his life for his friends. ¹⁴ You are my friends if you do what I command you. ¹⁵ No longer do I call you servants, for the servant does not know what his master is doing; but I have called you friends, for all that I have heard from my Father I have made known to you. ¹⁶ You did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit and that your fruit should abide, so that whatever you ask the Father in my name, he may give it to you. ¹⁷ These things I command you, so that you will love one another.

John 14:20 "I am in my Father and you are in me and I am in you"

John 14:13-14 Whatever you ask in my name, this I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. ¹⁴ If you ask me anything in my name, I will do it.

Abide With Me

Henry Francis Lyte [1793-1847]

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwel'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terror, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea.
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks,
and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

The hymn "Abide with Me" was written by pastor Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847) just before he died of tuberculosis.

The hymn was sung for the first time at his funeral, and it has been sung in Christian homes, churches, and at countless funerals ever since.

It was composed one Sabbath evening in 1847 out of a deep sadness that had settled down upon its author, the Rev. Henry F. Lyte. He had conducted his last communion service that day at the close of a pastorate of twenty-four years at Brixham, England. A fatal illness had already seized him and he was about to leave England to prolong his life, if possible, in the South.

Toward evening he walked down his garden path to the seaside and there thought out the imagery and many of the lines of his famous hymn. Into this he has woven the sense of change and of helplessness that one must feel in the presence of death, and also the trustful dependence upon Jesus Christ, the "Help of the helpless," which every true Christian must feel in that solemn hour.

Returning to his home, he wrote out the hymn, perfecting its lines and giving to the Christian world one of its tenderest prayer-hymns. He left at once for the south of France, and soon after his arrival in Nice his strength failed him, and whispering the words, "Peace! Joy!" while he was pointing his hand heavenward, he died. "Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!" [Reasonable Theplogy/Hymn Story]