

Series: Psalm 23

Sermon: The Lord is Our Victor

Scripture: Psalm 23:5-6

Teacher: Jeff Norris

Date: July 31, 2022

Psalm 23 (ESV)

¹ *The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.*

² *He makes me lie down in green pastures.*

He leads me beside still waters.

³ *He restores my soul.*

He leads me in paths of righteousness

for his name's sake.

⁴ *Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,*

I will fear no evil, for you are with me;

your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

⁵ ***You prepare a table before me***

in the presence of my enemies;

you anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.

⁶ ***Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me***

all the days of my life,

and I shall dwell in the house of the LORD forever.

The Lord is our extravagant host. (v. 5)

Ephesians 6:12 (ESV)

For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the cosmic powers over this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places.

John 10:10-11 (ESV)

The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy. I came that they may have life and have it abundantly. I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep.

The Lord is our faithful friend. (v. 6)

“The August 14th, 2006 edition of Newsweek featured a picture of Billy Graham on its cover and an eight-page article about the then 87 year old evangelist. It began:

Earlier this summer, on a warm Carolina evening, Billy Graham awoke in the middle of the night...He lay in the darkness, trying to recite the 23rd Psalm from memory. He begins: 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' Then, for a moment, he loses the thread, but soon the last line comes back to him: 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' Relieved, he drifts back to sleep.”

(Quoted from *A Sheep Remembers* by David B. Calhoun, p. 117)

From David Powlison ...

I'm on my own.

No one looks out for me or protects me.

I experience a continual sense of need.

Nothing's quite right.

I'm always restless.

I'm easily frustrated and often disappointed.

It's a jungle — I feel overwhelmed.

It's a desert — I'm thirsty.

My soul feels broken, twisted, and stuck.

I can't fix myself.

I stumble down some dark paths.

Still, I insist: I want to do what I want, when I want, how I want.

But life's confusing.

Why don't things ever really work out?

I'm haunted by emptiness and futility — shadows of death.

I fear the big hurt and final loss.

Death is waiting for me at the end of every road,

but I'd rather not think about that.

I spend my life protecting myself.

Bad things can happen.

I find no lasting comfort.

I'm alone . . . facing everything that could hurt me.

Are my friends really friends?

Other people use me for their own ends.

I can't really trust anyone.

No one has my back.

No one is really for me — except me.

And I'm so much all about ME, sometimes it's sickening.

I belong to no one except myself.

My cup is never quite full enough.

I'm left empty.

Disappointment follows me all the days of my life.

Will I just be obliterated into nothingness?

Will I be alone forever, homeless, free-falling into void?

Sartre said, "Hell is other people."

I have to add, "Hell is also myself."

It's a living death,

and then I die.