

**Articles and Sermons :: Worshiping God begins and ends at the cross by Frank Mceleny****Worshiping God begins and ends at the cross by Frank Mceleny - posted by sermonindex (), on: 2023/3/6 18:38**

Worshiping God begins and ends at the cross. We worship a God who died for us, who shed His blood for us. The love we discovered at the cross is all consuming. It is life and death. It transcends feelings, it is so much deeper than that. It hurtles past the outer limits of our soul and penetrates into the depths of our spirits.

Our love for our Lord is based on the firm foundation that He first loved us and that He died for us! When that is the basis of your salvation then you shall not be easily shaken. God Himself will be your life and wild horses shall not drag you out of His hand. He is your reason for living, He is the very air that you breathe, He is your very sanity, In short, you know you exist solely because of Him.

The cross tears away a man's soul. It penetrates every part of him, nothing is left un-examined, nothing is ever the same. Now this new creature takes up his cross, in the shadow of Calvary, ^{acknowledging,} not in the head, but in the deepest recesses of his heart, that His Lord suffered more than he ever could and it is an enormous privilege to follow in His footsteps. This is worship.

Singing is marvelous, I love to sing. I love to sing the praises of the living God. It lifts my spirit as I lift Him up, yet even this must stand upon the immovable foundation of Calvary, it cannot stand upon the shifting sands of our emotions. If my singing only penetrates to the soul then in the end it is but a noise, much like the clamor of the world. If however, my worship springs forth, like a river from the foundations of the cross, then everywhere that river goes it shall heal.

And I shall be drawn into the depths of this river. Not ankle deep nor even up to the waist but rather fully immersed in the river of life whose current shall take me where it takes me. And in the end, this river shall take me back to its very own source; the very depths of the Father's heart. There I am transformed, little upon little, precept upon precept but one thing is for sure, I'll never be the same. And the proof of it? Look and see the cross upon my back which I gladly take up, designed specifically for me and the death of my flesh.