THE STORY CHAPTER 3

Joseph: From Slave to Deputy Pharaoh

September 24-25, 2016

Appearing on the Big Screen…

You’ll get through this. It won’t be painless. It won’t be quick. But God will use this mess for good. In the meantime, don’t be foolish or naïve. But don’t despair either. With God’s help, you will get through this.

*From Max Lucado’s sermon series on the life of Joseph, “You’ll Get Through This”*

1. God’s providence: he **sustains** everything.

The Son is the radiance of God’s glory and the exact representation of his being, sustaining all things by his powerful word. After he had provided purification for sins, he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty in heaven.

*Hebrews 1:3 NIV*

If it were his intention and he withdrew his spirit and breath, all humanity would perish together and mankind would return to the dust.

*Job 34:14-15 NIV*

1. God’s providence: he **uses** everything.

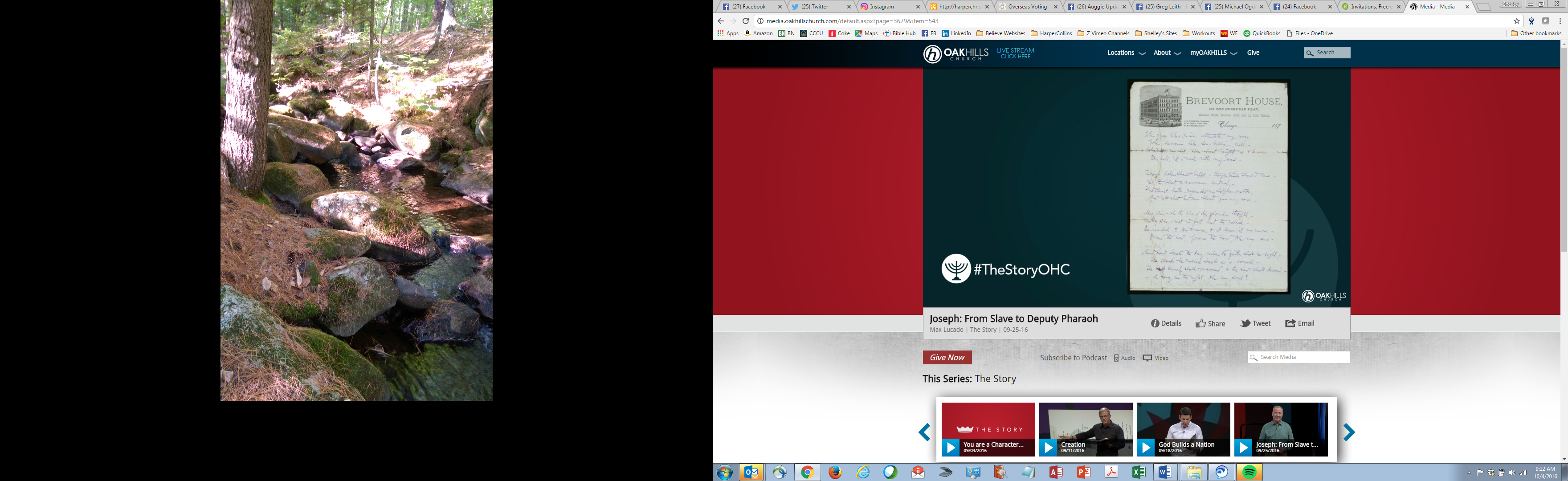
In him we were also chosen, having been predestined according to the plan of him who works out everything in conformity with the purpose of his will…

*Ephesians 1:11-12 NIV*

“You intended to harm me, but God intended it for good to accomplish what is now being done, the saving of many lives.”

*Genesis 50:20 NIV*

*I*



*Original handwritten lyrics to “It Is Well With My Soul” by Horatio Spafford*

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—

My sin, not in part but the whole,

Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:

If Jordan above me shall roll,

No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life

Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, ’tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,

The sky, not the grave, is our goal;

Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!

Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,

The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;

The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,

A song in the night, oh my soul.

It is well,

With my soul,  
It is well,

it is well

with my soul.

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Max Lucado

Oak Hills Church, San Antonio, TX

September 24-25, 2016

**To view The Story Chapter 3 sermon video,** [**CLICK HERE**](http://media.oakhillschurch.com/default.aspx?page=3679&item=543)**.**

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