

## ***THE DAY OF THE LORD, PART 1: "THE DEVASTATION OF LOCUSTS"***

### **JOEL 1:1-20**

**Ps. Eric Yee**

*When the Lord brings us devastation, he calls us to turn to him.*

#### **I. The Lord brings his people devastation (1-12)**

<sup>1</sup> The word of the LORD that came to Joel, the son of Pethuel:

<sup>2</sup> Hear this, you elders;  
give ear, all inhabitants of the land!  
Has such a thing happened in your days,  
or in the days of your fathers?

<sup>3</sup> Tell your children of it,  
and let your children tell their children,  
and their children to another generation.

<sup>4</sup> What the cutting locust left,  
the swarming locust has eaten.  
What the swarming locust left,  
the hopping locust has eaten,  
and what the hopping locust left,  
the destroying locust has eaten.

<sup>5</sup> Awake, you drunkards, and weep,  
and wail, all you drinkers of wine,  
because of the sweet wine,  
for it is cut off from your mouth.

<sup>6</sup> For a nation has come up against my land,  
powerful and beyond number;  
its teeth are lions' teeth,  
and it has the fangs of a lioness.

<sup>7</sup> It has laid waste my vine  
and splintered my fig tree;  
it has stripped off their bark and thrown it down;  
their branches are made white.

<sup>8</sup> Lament like a virgin wearing sackcloth  
for the bridegroom of her youth.

<sup>9</sup> The grain offering and the drink offering are cut off  
from the house of the LORD.

The priests mourn,  
the ministers of the LORD.

<sup>10</sup> The fields are destroyed,  
the ground mourns,  
because the grain is destroyed,  
the wine dries up,  
the oil languishes.

<sup>11</sup> Be ashamed, O tillers of the soil;  
 wail, O vinedressers,  
 for the wheat and the barley,  
 because the harvest of the field has perished.  
<sup>12</sup> The vine dries up;  
 the fig tree languishes.  
 Pomegranate, palm, and apple,  
 all the trees of the field are dried up,  
 and gladness dries up  
 from the children of man.

Exodus 29:41-43, 45-46 = The other lamb you shall offer at twilight, and shall offer with it a **grain offering** and its **drink offering**, as in the morning, for a pleasing aroma, a food offering to the LORD. It shall be a regular burnt offering throughout your generations at the entrance of the tent of meeting before the LORD, where I will meet with you, to speak to you there. **There I will meet with the people of Israel**, and it shall be sanctified by my glory.... **I will dwell among the people of Israel and will be their God. And they shall know that I am the LORD their God**, who brought them out of the land of Egypt that I might dwell among them. **I am the LORD their God.**

## II. The Lord calls his people to turn to him (13-20)

<sup>13</sup> Put on sackcloth and lament, O priests;  
 wail, O ministers of the altar.  
 Go in, pass the night in sackcloth,  
 O ministers of my God!  
 Because grain offering and drink offering  
 are withheld from the house of your God.

<sup>14</sup> Consecrate a fast;  
 call a solemn assembly.  
 Gather the elders  
 and all the inhabitants of the land  
 to the house of the LORD your God,  
 and cry out to the LORD.

<sup>15</sup> Alas for the day!  
 For the day of the LORD is near,  
 and as destruction from the Almighty it comes.

<sup>16</sup> Is not the food cut off  
 before our eyes,  
 joy and gladness  
 from the house of our God?

<sup>17</sup> The seed shrivels under the clods;  
 the storehouses are desolate;  
 the granaries are torn down  
 because the grain has dried up.

<sup>18</sup> How the beasts groan!  
 The herds of cattle are perplexed  
 because there is no pasture for them;  
 even the flocks of sheep suffer.

<sup>19</sup> To you, O LORD, I call.  
For fire has devoured  
the pastures of the wilderness,  
and flame has burned  
all the trees of the field.

<sup>20</sup> Even the beasts of the field pant for you  
because the water brooks are dried up,  
and fire has devoured  
the pastures of the wilderness.

“Consider what it is to suffer extreme torment for ever and ever; and to suffer it day and night, from one year to another, from one age to another, and from one thousand ages to another, and so adding age to age, and thousands to thousands, in pain, in wailing and lamenting, groaning and shrieking, and gnashing your teeth; with your souls full of dreadful grief and amazement, your bodies full of racking torture, without any possibility of getting ease; without any possibility of moving God to pity by your cries; without any possibility of hiding yourselves from him; without any possibility of diverting your thoughts from your pain. Consider how dreadful despair will be in such torment; to know assuredly that you never, never shall be delivered from them; to have no hope: when you shall wish that you might be turned into nothing but shall have no hope of it... when you would rejoice, if you might but have any relief, after you have endured these torments millions of ages, but shall have no hope of it. After you shall have worn out the age of the sun, moon and stars... without rest day and night, or one minute’s ease, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered; after you shall have worn out a thousand more such ages you shall have no hope... but that still there are the same groans, the same shrieks, the same doleful cries, incessantly to be made by you, and that the smoke of your torment shall still ascend up for ever and ever.”

– Jonathan Edwards, *“The Eternity of Hell Torments” sermon*