

Dealing with the Enemy

CONDEMNATION

CHRONICLE

COMFORT



First, notice...

I. The inevitable **ATTACK**



THE INVINCIBLE SOLDIERS

THE INTIMIDATING STRATEGY



_____ *“trust”*
“On whom dost thou trust?”
really

told

tance is futile _____

Resis-

B. THE INHIBITING OF SPEECH



Now notice...

II. The invincible ANSWER

PLEA *desperation*



came

called

confessed

counted

PROPHECY *deliverance*

"blast"

PROPAGANDA *destain*



PRAYER *dependance*



commendable model



Exalt the Character of God

crisis *character*

Express your Confidence in God

troubles

trust

Explain your Concern for God's honor

Entrust your Circumstance to God

"SAVE US



thou are THE God, even thou alone"
thou art THE Lord, even thou only

hear

Accessible

Awesome

“gods”

Thou art THE God

Able

heed

*“**Incline** thine ear... **open**
thine eyes... **hear** all the words...”*

➡ _____

honor

PROCLAMATION *defense*



arrogance

"AGAINST"

The Preacher's Commentary

The Preacher's Commentary

provision

defense

"David's sake

PROTECTION *defeat*

"dead corpses."

"departed ... went ... returned ... dwelt

SUMMATION

The Destruction of Sennacherib:

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
 Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
 For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!
 And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,

And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.