

F O R



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*Hymns for a Kid's Heart*

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Published by Crossway Books

A division of Good News Publishers

1300 Crescent Street

Wheaton, Illinois 60187

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Design: UDG | DesignWorks, Sisters, Oregon

First printing: 2003

Printed in Italy

ISBN 1-58134-505-4 Book and CD set (sold only as a set)

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOGING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA

Tada, Joni Eareckson.

*Hymns for a kid's heart* / Joni Eareckson Tada, Bobbie Wolgemuth.

p. cm.

Summary: Recounts the historical and devotional stories behind the words of many familiar Christian hymns.

ISBN 1-58134-505-4 (hc : alk. paper)

1. Hymns--History and criticism--Juvenile literature. [1. Hymns.] I.

Wolgemuth, Bobbie. II. Title.

BV315.T33 2003

264'.23--dc21

2003002480

PBI 11 10 09 08 07 06 05 04 03  
14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

*For*

BLADE ZELLER

*Thank you for hiding hymns*

*in your little 5-year-old heart!*

*Joni Eareckson Tada*



*To my grandmothers,*

VELZETTA MAY GARDNER

and NANCY ELLA FARMER

*who tuned my ears to hear*

*from heaven by singing hymns and opened the door to the*

*musical garden where Jesus still meets me.*

*Bobbie Wolgemuth*

## Introduction

*to Grown-ups Who Love Children*



**M**ost of us would say that our scrapbooks and photo albums are among our most prized possessions. These are filled with treasured memories of people we love. They're priceless. Irreplaceable.

For us, in addition to the photographs we cherish, some of our best memories are wrapped in the unforgettable strains of music—hymns that we were taught by caring musical encouragers . . . people who loved us, held us, and sang to us.

On the late night shores of the Chesapeake Bay, a crackling fire sending sparks heavenward like fireflies and our arms squeezed around our knees to protect us from the chill, a hymn-loving daddy softly begins to sing. My sisters and I join in.

*This is my Father's world, and to my listening ears,  
All nature sings and 'round me rings, the music of the spheres.*

I loved my daddy more than a little girl could express, but to think that my Heavenly Father sprinkled the dark sky with a countless panoply of stars filled me with wonder. The words helped me to love Him too.

From her Virginia farmhouse kitchen my grandma spontaneously dished up hymns along with coconut cake and red Jello. Then, after dinner,

the spot next to her on the piano bench was mine. Her hands seemed to glide across the keys; her voice was strong and sure.

*Take my life and let it be,  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.*

That was what I wanted too. I wanted to love God like she loved Him. I wanted to grow up to be just like her. So I learned the words and sang along.

Today every time we sing a hymn, our voices are thumbing through our priceless musical scrapbooks. We hear our daddy's voice, and we feel our grandma's touch. We're surrounded by these people who mattered to us, people who invested in us, celebrated with us, and sang to us. Precious people who wait in heaven for us to join them.

*When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise than when we've first begun.*

Like us, many years from now, the special child with whom you're sharing this book will look back. And what you are about to do together just may become one of those indelible, life-altering memories.

The lyrics of the hymns will give them hope . . .

*Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone, and our defense is sure.*

encourage them when they are in pain . . .

*When through the deep waters I call you to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow.*

and give them a perfect picture of a loving God who created them . . .

*Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee  
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.*

And even though you may be in heaven waiting for this little one to join you, they'll remember you. And like our memories of a faithful daddy and a tender grandma . . . or a mother, an aunt, a neighbor, a grandfather, or a Sunday school teacher . . . their hearts will be filled with deep gratitude.

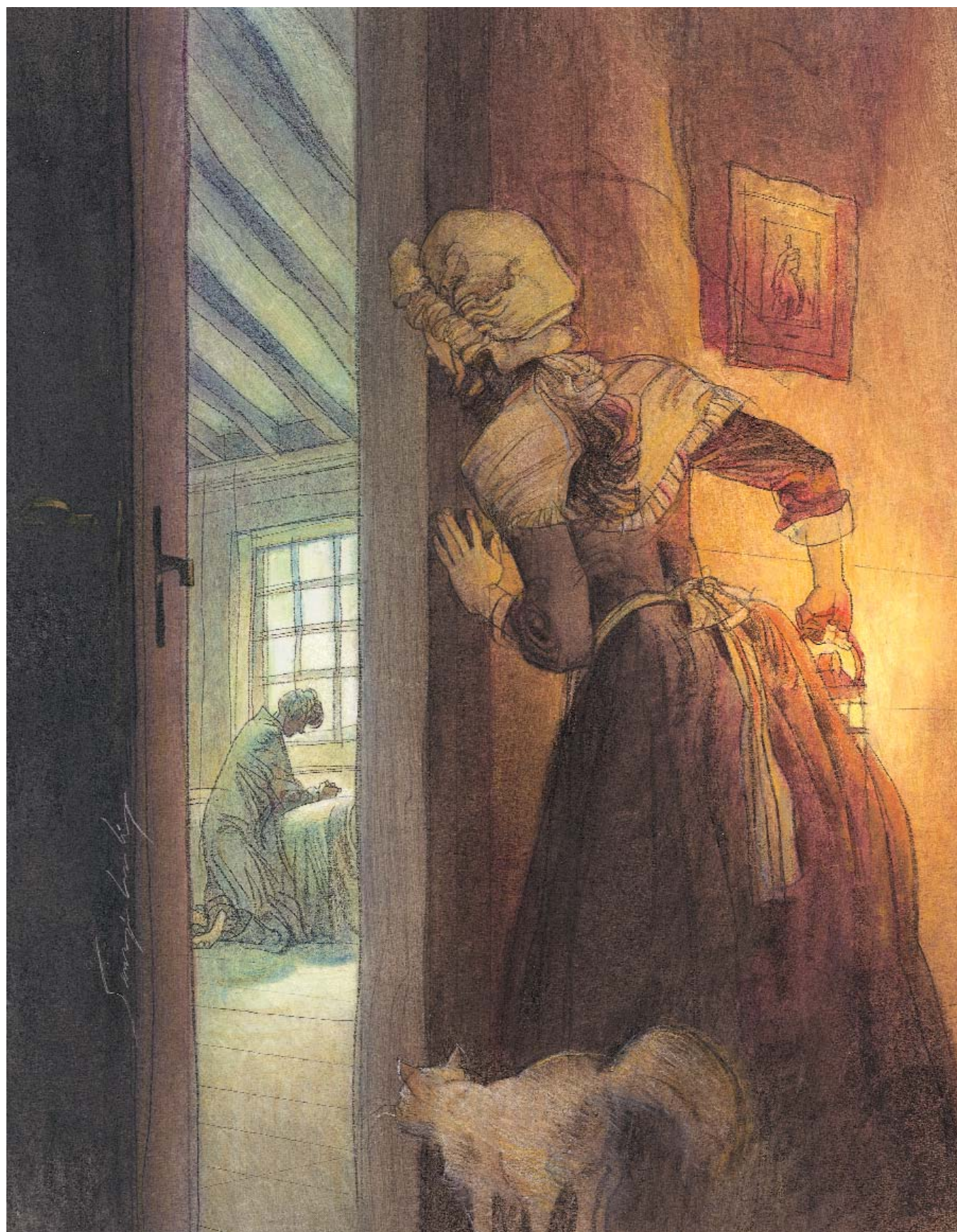
Somewhere, somehow there's a little moment waiting for you to use to teach a child a hymn. This book and CD have been created to help you do just that. It may be in the car, while you chop vegetables, or while on the porch rocker or at a holiday table . . . everyday moments.

We want to share the bounty of a lifetime of hymn-singing with you and your little ones. The deep truths that have sustained us, cheered us, and tenderly tied us to those people we cherish are waiting to be poured into the hearts of the children whom you love.

So we invite you to join us on a journey through the stories and the musical poetry of the past . . . a journey deep into the heart of a child. There we'll all celebrate together.

Welcome to the adventure of making priceless memories.

Bobbie Wolgemuth      Joni Eareckson Tada  
Orlando, Florida      Agoura Hills, California



*Holy, Holy, Holy!*

## The Boy Who Thanked God

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826

Two wonderful things about a young boy named Reginald Heber amazed everyone who knew him well. First, he just loved books. He was a very fortunate boy to be brought up in a well-to-do home in England with a large library. Reginald was surrounded by all kinds of books, but he especially loved stories, poetry, and the Bible. From the time he could read, he loved meeting new people and going places inside his books. When he went to school, he would tell stories in such a lively way that all the children would sit around him and listen with delight.

The other special thing about Reginald was his love for God. Even when he was just a boy, he understood things in the Bible and made up his mind to become truly wise. He studied diligently in school and received top honors. He read a lot about Jesus and wanted to be like Him. He read that Jesus grew and became wise, and that both God and people loved Him.

There was a contest at Reginald's school one year, and he wrote a poem that won the top prize. He knew that God had given him the ability to write. After the ceremony, Reginald decided to go back to his room to thank God. He forgot to tell his mother where he was going. She was very proud of him for getting the award and came to find him. When she opened the door to his room, there was Reginald on his knees telling God how thankful he was for the poem that had won first place. So you see, Reginald was turning out to be like Jesus. He talked to God all the time

about everything. And Reginald had a grateful heart. No wonder everyone liked to be around him.

Reginald wrote “Holy, Holy, Holy!” and some call it “the world’s greatest hymn.” He always told his friends that any words used to address God should be excellent and pure. He wanted the best language possible to be used when anyone talked about God or to God. That’s why he says “holy” three times in the first line. There really isn’t a word perfect enough to describe God. So he used the words that the Bible says the angels sing when they worship God in heaven.

Just like the children who used to gather around young Reginald at school to hear his stories, we can picture ourselves gathered around the throne of God. And we can sing the words the angels sing as they take their golden crowns off and place them on the ground in front of Jesus, just like Reginald did when he took his award and knelt down to give it to Jesus.

Aren’t you glad a boy named Reginald studied hard and decided to let God help him write poems? Today you can ask God to help you, and He will give you new ideas. Tell Him you want to be like Jesus. Tell Him you want to have a grateful heart. You’re never too young to do that!

BOBBIE WOLGEMUTH



*From My Heart to You*

## A Kaleidoscope of Color

**H**ave you ever secretly wondered if heaven is boring? Will we get tired of praising God after a few hundred years? No way! Heaven is *not* boring. The seraphim\*—the big angels that surround God’s throne—show us why. The Bible says that the seraphim call out day and night, “Holy, holy, holy.” You would think they would get tired of repeating that, but they don’t. That’s because God is so great and glorious that no one—not even the highest order of angels—can ever run out of reasons to praise Him. There’s always something new to discover about God!

Think of a beautiful diamond ring and how it sparkles every time you look at it from a different angle. Or a kaleidoscope and how its shapes and colors keep changing and glittering as it turns. Understanding the beauty of God is a little like looking at a diamond or gazing into a kaleidoscope. The longer you look, the more beauty you see. I can picture the seraphim catching a glimpse of God from one angle and gasping, “Wow, God is awesome!” But then they see some other aspect of God and shout again, “Whoa, we had no idea You were *this* wonderful, God!” Again and again God keeps revealing new aspects of His beauty and His holiness and His love.

The seraphim never get tired of shouting, “Holy, holy, holy” because God never stops revealing great and wonderful things about Himself. It’s impossible to ever grasp all of God’s wonderful-ness. And *that’s* why heaven will never be boring!

JONI EARECKSON TADA

\*All words marked in this way are defined in the “Do You Know What It Means?” section at the back of this book.

# Holy, Holy, Holy!

C Am G<sup>7</sup> C F C<sup>sus</sup> C  
Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y!

G C G Am G C G D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee.

C G C F C<sup>sus</sup> C  
Ho-ly, Ho-ly Ho-ly! Mer-ci-ful and might-y!

Am Em F A D<sup>7</sup>min G C  
God in three per-sons, Bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

John B. Dykes, 1861

2. Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim<sup>+</sup> and seraphim<sup>+</sup> falling down before Thee,  
Who wert, and art, and evermore shall be.
3. Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.
4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea.  
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!<sup>+</sup>



## *A Verse for My Heart*

And one called to another and said: "Holy, holy, holy is the LORD of hosts;  
The whole earth is full of his glory!" —Isaiah 6:3

## *A Prayer from My Heart*

O Lord, You are perfect and holy. Thank You for Jesus.  
I want to be like Him. Help me to be wise today and to have a  
grateful heart. I know that I'm not too young to hear Your voice.  
And I won't forget to thank You when You send good ideas my way!  
Amen.