A photograph of a dirt road winding through a forest. Sunlight filters through the trees, creating a warm, golden glow. The road is unpaved and leads into the distance. The text "choose joy" is overlaid in a large, orange, cursive font.

choose joy

STUDY THROUGH PHILIPPIANS



All Context Study

**But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace,
patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness,
gentleness, self-control.**

Galatians 5:22

Choose Joy

**Believers can choose joy
because our peace comes
from God, not our
circumstances.**

A photograph of a dirt path leading into the distance under a dark sky. The path is illuminated by a warm, golden light, possibly from a low sun or a street lamp, creating a strong contrast with the dark surroundings. The path is slightly curved and leads towards a vanishing point in the distance. The sky is dark and textured, suggesting a night or twilight setting. The overall mood is contemplative and hopeful.

Choose Joy

Philippians 1:1

**¹Paul and Timothy, servants of Christ Jesus,
To all the saints in Christ Jesus who are at
Philippi, with the overseers and deacons:**

**²Grace to you and peace from God our Father and
the Lord Jesus Christ.**



Horatio Spafford

1828-1888

*It is Well with My
Soul*

**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 has 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!**

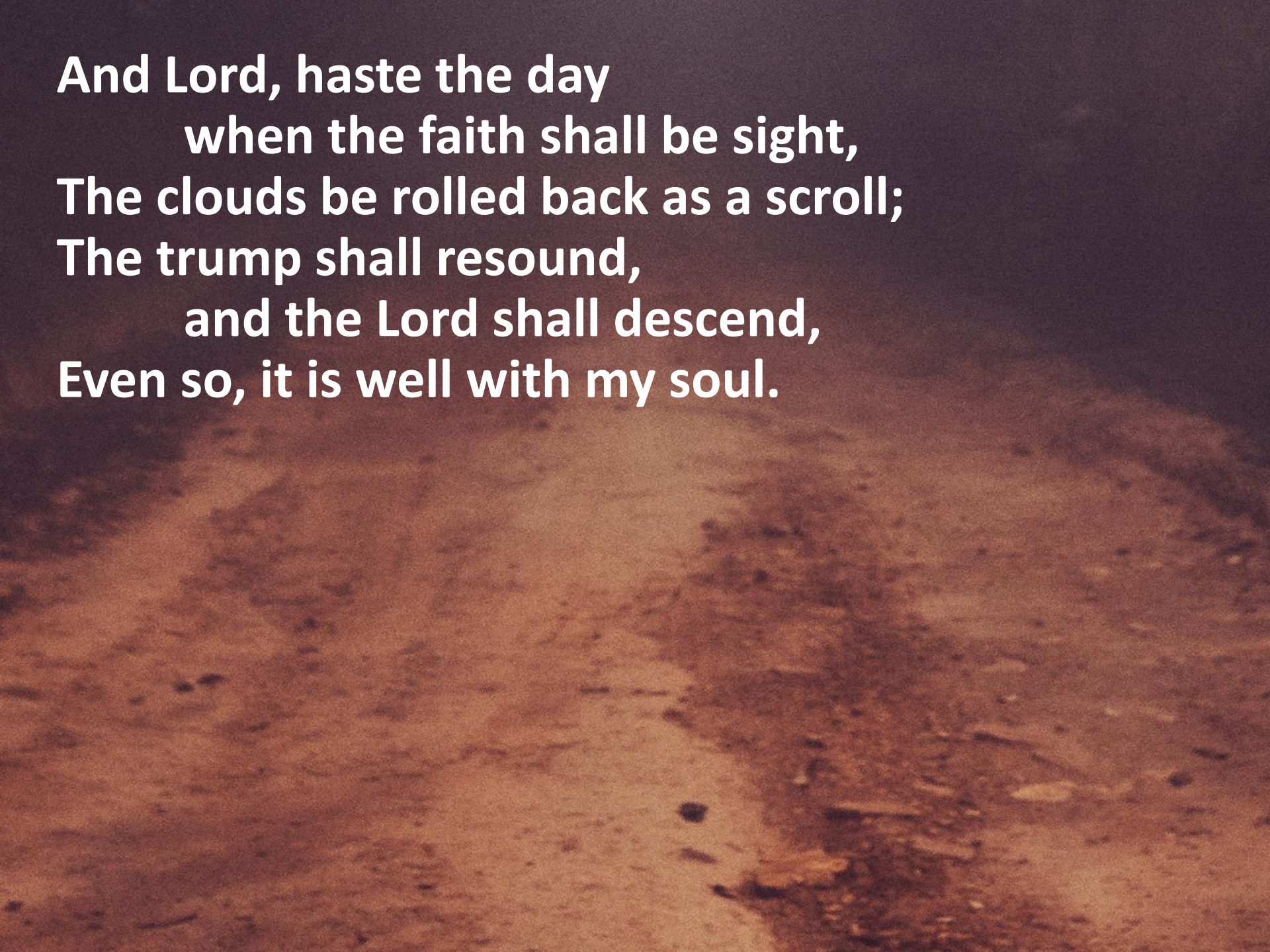


For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life,
Though wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.



**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,
Even so, it is well with my soul.