

WORSHIPPING OUR TRIUNE GOD

Sunday, May 24, 2020

10:45 a.m.

"BY YOUR GREAT MERCY WILL I ENTER YOUR HOUSE"

PSALM 5: 7

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRELUDE

* CALL TO WORSHIP

Psalm 19

* INVOCATION

* SONGS OF PRAISE

On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand

©1997 Christopher Miner Music. Words: Samuel Stennett. Music: Christopher Miner.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

Chorus:

I am bound (I am bound) I am bound (I am bound)
I am bound for promised land,
I am bound (I am bound) I am bound (I am bound)
I am bound for promised land.

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness, sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

(Chorus)

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blessed?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

(Chorus x 2)

Jesus I My Cross Have Taken

Text: Henry Lyte; © 2001 Bill Moore Music.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee.
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known.
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
O while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain
I have called Thee "Abba Father",
I have stayed my heart on Thee
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer.
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide us there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

CONFESSION OF SIN

WORDS OF ASSURANCE

In Unison

Which is easier: to say to this paralyzed man, 'Your sins are forgiven,' or to say, 'Get up, take your mat and walk'? But I want you to know that the Son of Man has authority on earth to forgive sins." So he said to the man, "I tell you, get up, take your mat and go home." He got up, took his mat and walked out in full view of them all. This amazed everyone and they praised God, saying, "We have never seen anything like this!"

Mark 2: 9-12

CONFESSION OF OUR FAITH

In Unison

THE APOSTLES' CREED

PASTORAL PRAYER

OLD TESTAMENT READING

I Samuel 16

GIVING OF TITHES AND OFFERINGS

* HYMN OF PREPARATION

Be Thou My Vision
(lyrics on reverse side)

PREACHING OF THE WORD

I Timothy 6: 1-2

"Challenges Facing the Church: Part XV"

Rev. Scott V. Horne

* HYMN OF RESPONSE

All for Jesus
(lyrics on reverse side)

* BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

* Please stand if able

Be Thou My Vision

Translated by Mary Elizabeth Byrne, 1905

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
naught be all else to me, save that thou art--
thou my best thought by day or by night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, and thou my true word;
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
thou my great Father, I thy true son;
thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my battle shield, sword for my fight;
be thou my dignity, thou my delight,
thou my soul's shelter, thou my high tow'r:
raise thou me heav'n-ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
thou mine inheritance, now and always:
thou and thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, my victory won,
may I reach heaven's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

All for Jesus

Mary D. James, 1889

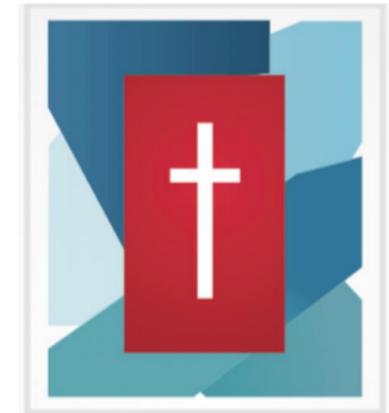
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed pow'rs:
all my thoughts and words and doings,
all my days and all my hours.

Let my hands perform his bidding,
let my feet run in his ways;
let my eyes see Jesus only,
let my lips speak forth his praise.

Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
cling to gilded toys of dust,
boast of wealth and fame and pleasure;
only Jesus will I trust.

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
so enchained my spirit's vision,
looking at the Crucified.

O what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
deigns to call me his beloved,
lets me rest beneath His wings.



REDEEMER
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, P.C.A

“Fear not, for I have redeemed you;
I have summoned you by name, and you are Mine.” Isaiah 43:1

EMBRACING the GOSPEL

EQUIPPING the CHURCH

ENGAGING the CULTURE

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