

EVENING WORSHIP

MAY 24, 2020

The Call to Worship

The Hymn

Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God. He whose word cannot be broken, formed thee for His own abode. On the rock of ages founded, what can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters, springing from eternal love; well supplies Thy sons and daughters and all fears of want removes. Who can faint while such a river, ever flows their thirst to quench? Grace, which like the Lord the giver, never fails from age to age.

Blest inhabitants of Zion, washed in the Redeemer's blood. Jesus, whom their souls rely on, makes them kings and priests to God. 'Tis His love His people raises, over self to reign as kings; and as priests, His solemn praises, each for a thank offering brings.

Savior, if of Zion's city, I, through grace, a member am, let the world deride or pity, I will glory in Thy name. Fading is the worldling's pleasure, all his boasted pomp and show; solid joys and lasting treasure, none but Zion's children know.

Words by John Newton, music by Kevin Twit © 1998 Kevin Twit Music. CCLI 600485

The Invocation

The Confession of Faith

Westminster Shorter Catechism #83-84

Leader: Are all transgressions of the law equally heinous?

People: Some sins in themselves, and by reason of several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God than others.

Leader: What does every sin deserve?

People: Every sin deserves God's wrath and curse, both in this life, and that which is to come.

The Song

Jesus Cast a Look on Me

Jesus cast a look on me, give me sweet simplicity. Make me poor and keep me low, seeking only Thee to know.

All that feeds my busy pride, cast it evermore aside. Bid my will to Thine submit, lay me humbly at Thy feet.

Make me like a little child, of my strength and wisdom spoiled. Seeing only in Thy light, walking only in Thy might.

Leaning on Thy loving breast, where a weary soul can rest. Feeling well the peace of God, flowing from His precious blood.

In this posture let me live, and hosannas daily give. In this temper let me die, and hosannas ever cry!

Words by John Berridge, music by Matthew Perryman Jones © MPJ Music

The Scripture Reading

Mark 9:30-49

The Psalm

My Times are in Thy Hand (Based on Psalm 31)

My times are in thy hand; my God, I wish them there; my life, my friends, my soul, I leave entirely to thy care.

My times are in thy hand, whatever they may be; pleasing or painful, dark or bright, as best may seem to thee.

My times are in thy hand; why should I doubt or fear? My Father's hand will never cause his child a needless tear.

My times are in thy hand, Jesus the Crucified; those hands my cruel sins had pierced are now my guard and guide.

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Rev. Dean Williams

Proverbs 30:7-9

Honesty and Sufficiency

The Hymn

Take My Life, and Let It Be

Take my life, and let it be, consecrated, Lord, to thee. Take my moments and my days; let them flow in ceaseless praise, let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move, at the impulse of thy love. Take my feet, and let them be, swift and beautiful for thee, swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing, always, only, for my King. Take my lips, and let them be, filled with messages from thee, filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold; not a mite would I withhold. Take my intellect and use, ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose, ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine; it shall be no longer mine. Take my heart, it is thine own; it shall be thy royal throne, it shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour, at thy feet its treasure store. Take my self, and I will be, ever, only, all for thee, ever, only, all for thee.

The Benediction