

EVENING WORSHIP
JULY 10, 2022

The Call to Worship

The Song *King of Saints*
Jesus Christ, God's holy lamb, we will laud Thy lovely name; we were saved by God's decree, and all our debt was paid by Thee. Thou has washed us in Thy blood, made us kings and priests to God; take this tribute of the poor; less we can't, we can't give more.

Souls redeemed, your voices raise, sing your dear Redeemer's praise; worthy Thou of love and laud, King of saints, incarnate God.

Righteous are Thy ways and true; endless honors are Thy due; grace and glory in Thee shine; matchless mercy, love divine. We for whom Thou once was slain, we Thy ransomed sinner train, in this one request agree, "Spirit, make us more like Thee." *Chorus (repeat)*

Words by Joseph Hart, music by Clint Wells © 2005 Red Mountain Music CCLI600485

The Invocation

The Confession of Faith *The Heidelberg Catechism #122*

Leader: What does the first petition mean?

"Hallowed be your name" means: Help us to truly know you, to honor, glorify, and praise you for all your works and for all that shines forth from them: your almighty power, wisdom, kindness, justice, mercy, and truth.

And it means: Help us to direct all our living - what we think, say, and do - so that your name will never be blasphemed because of us but always honored and praised.

The Psalm *Psalm 130 (From the Depths of Woe)*
From the depths of woe I raise to Thee the voice of lamentation; Lord, turn a gracious ear to me, and hear my supplication; If Thou iniquities dost mark, our secret sins and misdeeds dark, O *who shall stand before Thee? ladies echo (repeat)*

To wash away the crimson stain, grace, grace alone availeth; Our works, alas, are all in vain; in much the best life faileth; No man can glory in Thy sight, all must alike confess Thy might, and *live alone by mercy. echo (repeat)*

Therefore my trust is in the Lord, and not in mine own merit; On him my soul shall rest, His Word upholds my fainting spirit: His promised mercy is my fort, my comfort and my sweet support; *I wait for it with patience. echo (repeat)*

What though I wait the live-long night, and til the dawn appeareth, my heart still trusteth in His might; it doubteth not nor feareth; do thus, O ye of Israel's seed, ye of the spirit born indeed; *and wait til God appeareth. echo (repeat)*

Though great our sins and sore our woes, His grace much more aboundeth. His helping love no limit knows, our utmost need it soundeth. Our Shepherd good and true is He, who will at last His Israel free *from all their sin and sorrow. echo (repeat)*

Words by Martin Luther from Psalm 130, music by Christopher Miner
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The Scripture Reading

Judges 8
Page 207

The Song *How Deep the Father's Love for Us*
How deep the Father's love for us, how vast beyond all measure, that He should give His only Son to make a wretch His treasure. How great the pain of searing loss. The Father turns His face away as wounds which mar the Chosen One bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon the cross, my sin upon His shoulders. Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice call out among the scoffers. It was my sin that held Him there until it was accomplished; His dying breath has brought me life. I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything: no gifts, no pow'r, no wisdom. But I will boast in Jesus Christ: His death and resurrection. Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer. But this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ransom.

Words and music by Stuart Townend © 1995 Thankyou Music

The Missions Report

Juban Varghese
Emmanuel Hospital Association (EHA), India

*Children ages 4 through completed 6th grade are dismissed to
Super Summer Sunday Nights.*

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Rev. Dean Williams

II Peter 2:1-3
The Enemies of Truth

The Song

Jesus, with Thy Church Abide

Jesus, with Thy church abide; be her Savior, Lord, and Guide, while on earth her faith is tried. We beseech Thee, hear us. We beseech Thee, hear us.

May she guide the poor and blind, seek the lost until she finds, and the broken-hearted bind. We beseech Thee, hear us. We beseech Thee, hear us.

Save her love from growing cold, make her watchmen strong and bold, fence her round, Thy peaceful fold. We beseech Thee, hear us. We beseech Thee, hear us.

May her lamp of truth be bright, bid her bear aloft its light, through the realms of heathen night. We beseech Thee, hear us. We beseech Thee, hear us.

May she holy triumphs win, overthrow the host of sin, gather all the nations in. We beseech Thee, hear us. We beseech Thee, hear us.

Words by Thomas Benson Pollock, music by Christopher Miner© 1997 Christopher Miner Music

The Benediction