

EVENING WORSHIP
AUGUST 14, 2022

The Call to Worship

The Hymn

Arise My Soul, Arise

Arise, my soul, arise. Shake off your guilty fears. The bleeding Sacrifice in my behalf appears. Before the throne my Surety stands, before the throne my Surety stands, my name is written on His hands.

Arise (arise), Arise (arise), Arise, Arise my soul arise. (repeat). Shake off your guilty fears and rise.

He ever lives above for me to intercede, His all-redeeming love, His precious blood to plead. His blood atoned for every race, His blood atoned for every race, and sprinkles now the throne of grace. *Chorus*

Five bleeding wounds He bears, received on Calvary. They pour effectual prayers, they strongly plead for me. "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry, "forgive him, O forgive," they cry, "nor let that ransomed sinner die." *Chorus*

My God is reconciled, His pard'ning voice I hear. He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear. With confidence I now draw nigh, with confidence I now draw nigh, and Father, Abba Father, cry! *Chorus*

Words by Charles Wesley, music by Kevin Twit ©1996 Kevin Twit Music

The Invocation

The Confession of Faith

The Heidelberg Catechism #126

Leader: What does the fifth petition mean?

Leader and People: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" means: Because of Christ's blood, do not impute to us, poor sinners that we are, any of the transgressions we do or the evil that constantly clings to us.

Forgive us just as we are fully determined, as evidence of your grace in us, wholeheartedly to forgive our neighbors.

The Song

Come Behold the Wondrous Mystery

Come, behold the wondrous mystery in the dawning of the King. He the theme of heaven's praises, robed in frail humanity. In our longing, in our darkness, now the light of life has come. Look to Christ, who condescended, took on flesh to ransom us.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery, He the perfect Son of Man. In His living, in His suffering, never trace nor stain of sin. See the true and better Adam, come to save the hell-bound man. Christ the great and sure fulfillment of the law; in Him we stand.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery, Christ the Lord upon the tree. In the stead of ruined sinners hangs the Lamb in victory. See the price of our redemption, see the Father's plan unfold. Bringing many sons to glory, grace unmeasured, love untold.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery, slain by death the God of life, but no grave could e'er restrain Him, praise the Lord; He is alive! *What a foretaste of deliverance, how unwavering our hope. Christ in power resurrected as we will be when he comes. (repeat)*

Words and Music by Matt Bowell, Matt Papa, Michael Bleecker © 2013 Getty Music Songs

The Scripture Reading

Judges 11

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The Psalm

I'll Not Be Shaken (Psalm 62)

For God alone, I wait in silence; my soul is still before the Lord. He is my rock and my salvation, my fortress strong; I trust in Him.

I'll not be shaken! I'll not be shaken, for all my hope is in His love. From God alone comes my salvation; I wait and trust His steadfast love!

Put not your hope in gain of riches; seek not your rest in empty wealth. The rich are weak; the poor are mighty, who turn to God alone for help. *Chorus*

Pour out your heart to God our refuge and trust in Him to hear you cry. No other hope will never fail you; no other love will not run dry. *Chorus*

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

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Mr. Dylan Halter

Second Letter, Same Doctrine

The Song

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

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; heav'n 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.

Soul, then know thy full salvation. Rise o'er sin and fear and care. Joy to find in every station, something still to do or bear. Think what Spirit dwells within thee, think what Father's smiles are thine, think that Jesus died to win thee, child of heaven, canst thou repine?

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.

Words by Henry Lyte, music © 2001 Bill Moore Music

The Benediction