

EVENING WORSHIP ~ AUGUST 23, 2020

The Call to Worship

The Song

His Love Can Never Fail

I do not ask to see the way my feet will have to tread; but only that my soul may feed upon the living Bread. 'Tis better far that I should walk by faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, but oh, I know my Guide.

His love can never fail, His love can never fail. My soul is satisfied to know His love can never fail. My soul is satisfied to know His love can never fail.

And if my feet would go astray, they cannot, for I know that Jesus guides my falt'ring steps, as joyfully I go. And tho' I may not see His face, my faith is strong and clear, that in each hour of sore distress my Savior will be near. *Chorus*

I will not fear, tho' darkness come abroad o'er all the land if I may only feel the touch of His own loving hand. And tho' I tremble when I think how weak I am and frail, my soul is satisfied to know His love can never fail. *Chorus*

Words by E. S. Hall, music by Christopher Miner © 2004 Christopher Miner Music

The Invocation

The Confession of Faith Westminster Shorter Catechism #88-89

Leader: What are the outward and ordinary means whereby Christ communicates to us the benefits of redemption?

People: The outward and ordinary means whereby Christ communicates to us the benefits of redemption are, his ordinances, especially the Word, sacraments, and prayer; all which are made effectual to the elect for salvation.

Leader: How is the Word made effectual to salvation?

People: The Spirit of God makes the reading, but especially the preaching of the Word, an effectual means of convincing and converting sinners, and of building them up in holiness and comfort, through faith, unto salvation.

The Anthem

Psalm 103

O my soul with all thy powers, bless the Lord's most holy name, O my soul till life's last hours, bless the Lord, His praise proclaim. Thine infirmities He healed, He thy peace and pardon sealed. O my soul! with all thy powers, Bless the Lord's most holy name.

He with loving-kindness crowned thee, satisfied thy mouth with good, From the snares of death unbound thee, eagle-like thy youth renewed. Rich in tender mercy He, slow to wrath, to favor free. O my soul! with all thy powers, Bless the Lord's most holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul; Bless the Lord, O my soul; Bless the Lord, O my soul; Bless the Lord, O my soul, O my soul.

He will not retain displeasure, though awhile He hide His face, Nor His God-like bounty measure, by our merit, but His grace. As the heaven the earth transcends, over us His care extends. O my soul! with all thy powers, Bless the Lord's most holy name. *Chorus*

From eternity enduring, to eternity, the Lord, Still His people's bliss insuring, keeps His covenanted word. Yea, with truth and righteousness, children's children He will bless. O my soul! with all thy powers, Bless the Lord's most holy name. *Chorus*

Words by James Montgomery (alt. Kevin Twit), music by Kevin Twit
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The Scripture Reading

Mark 15:21-47

The Song

Eternal Weight of Glory

Now the days and hours and moments of our suff'ring seem so long; and the toilsome wait and wond'ring threaten silence to our song. Now our pain is real and pressing where our faith is thin and weak, but our hope is set on Jesus; and we cling to him, our strength.

Oh eternal weight of glory! Oh inheritance divine! We will see our Lord redeeming every past and future time. All our pains will be transfigured, like the scars of Christ our Lord. We will see the weight of glory, and our broken years restored.

For behold! I tell a myst'ry: at the trumpet sound we'll wake "death is swallowed up in vict'ry!" when we meet our King of Grace. Every year we thought was wasted, every night we cried "How long?" All will be a passing moment in our Savior's vict'ry song.

We will see our wounded Savior. We'll behold him face to face; and we'll hear our anguished stories sung as vict'ry songs of grace. *Chorus*

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The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Rev. Carl Kalberkamp

I Peter 4:7-11

If the End is Truly Near, How Then Shall We Live?

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 Benediction

