

EVENING WORSHIP

OCTOBER 6, 2019

The Call to Worship

The Hymn

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*

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

The Invocation

The Confession of Faith

Westminster Shorter Catechism #40

Romans 2:14-16

Leader: What did God at first reveal to man for the rule of his obedience?

People: The rule which God at first revealed to man for his obedience, was the moral law.

Leader: How are we taught this truth in Romans 2:14-16?

People: "For when Gentiles, who do not have the law, by nature do what the law requires, they are a law to themselves, even though they do not have the law. They show that the work of the law is written on their hearts, while their conscience also bears witness, and their conflicting thoughts accuse or even excuse them on that day when, according to my gospel, God judges the secrets of men by Christ Jesus."

The Psalm

Psalm 51

God, be merciful to me, on Thy grace I rest my plea; Plenteous in compassion Thou, blot out my transgressions now; Wash me, make me pure within, cleanse, O cleanse me from my sin.

My transgressions I confess, grief and guilt my soul oppress; I have sinned against Thy grace, and provoked Thee to Thy face; I confess Thy judgment just, speechless, I Thy mercy trust.

I am evil, born in sin; Thou desirest truth within. Thou alone my Savior art, teach Thy wisdom to my heart. Make me pure, Thy grace bestow, wash me whiter than the snow.

Broken, humbled to the dust, by Thy wrath and judgment just, let my contrite heart rejoice, and in gladness hear Thy voice; from my sins O hide Thy face, blot them out in boundless grace.

Gracious God, my heart renew, make my spirit right and true; Cast me not away from Thee, let Thy Spirit dwell in me; Thy salvation's joy impart, steadfast make my willing heart.

Sinners then shall learn from me, and return, O God, to Thee. Savior, all my guilt remove and my tongue shall sing Thy love. Touch my silent lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall praise accord.

Words from Scottish Psalter, music by Christopher Miner, ©1997 Christopher Miner Music.

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The Scripture Reading

Esther 3

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The Hymn

Eternal Weight of Glory

Now the days and hours and moments of our suffering 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.

Words and Music: © 2015 Wendell Kimbrough

4-year-olds – 6th grade are dismissed to children's choirs.

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Rev. Caleb Cangelosi

Ephesians 5:22-27

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The S-Word and the L-Word

The Hymn

Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide. The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide. When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile, and though rebellious and perverse meanwhile, Thou hast not left me, as I oft left Thee. On to the close Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour. What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless, ills have no weight, tears lose their bitterness. Where is thy sting death? Where grave thy victory? I triumph still, abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes, shine through the gloom and point me to the skies. Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee. In life, in death, Lord, abide with me.

Words by Henry Lyte and Justin Smith ©2007 Justin Smith Music CCLI600485

The Benediction

