

The Call to Worship

The Song

A Hymn for All the World

There is no place in all the world You do not call Your own, Creator of all peoples, every nation, every tongue. From every corner of the earth, boundless is Your reign. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, hear us sing Your praise.

We, Your people, call to You, asking for Your help. God be merciful to those whose pain we've never felt. Give them rest from worldly sorrow, bless them Lord with food to eat. We ask You, Gentle Shepherd, call the ones that are your sheep.

All seeing Lord now look to those in city and in field, who seek to spread Your fame and love, this broken world to heal. See Your persecuted children, soothe their violent wounds. In their weakness be their strength, that they might hope in You.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, may Your kingdom come in all the earth as it is in heaven, may Your will be done. In all the world in all our hearts, Jesus You are King. *We wait, we hope, we trust, we know, Your face we soon shall see.* (Repeat)

Words and music by Josh Bales © 2005 Bryan Days Music. CCLI# 600485

The Invocation

The Confession of Faith Westminster Larger Catechism #89-90

Leader: What shall be done to the wicked at the day of judgment?

Leader and People: At the day of judgment, the wicked shall be set on Christ's left hand, and, upon clear evidence, and full conviction of their own consciences, shall have the fearful but just sentence of condemnation pronounced against them; and thereupon shall be cast out from the favorable presence of God, and the glorious fellowship with Christ, his saints, and all his holy angels, into hell, to be punished with unspeakable torments, both of body and soul, with the devil and his angels forever.

Leader: What shall be done to the righteous at the day of judgment?

Leader and People: At the day of judgment, the righteous, being caught up to Christ in the clouds, shall be set on his right hand, and there openly acknowledged and acquitted, shall join with him in the judging of reprobate angels and men, and shall be received into heaven, where they shall be fully and forever freed from all sin and misery; filled with inconceivable joys, made perfectly holy and happy both in body and soul, in the company of innumerable saints and holy angels, but especially in the immediate vision and fruition of God the Father, of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Spirit, to all eternity. And this is the perfect and full communion which the members of the invisible church shall enjoy with Christ in glory, at the resurrection and day of judgment.

The Psalm

God Be Merciful to Me (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.

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

The Scripture Reading

Acts 25:1-22

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The Hymn No. 246

Man of Sorrows! What a Name

The Ministry Report

Mark Henry

The children are dismissed to Kingdom Kids and choirs.

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Sam Thoman

The Unrighteousness of Man's Anger

James 1:19-20

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

EVENING WORSHIP

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