

The Call to Worship

The Hymn No. 111

This Is My Father's World

The Invocation

The Confession of Faith Westminster Larger Catechism #18, 20

Leader: What are God's works of providence?

Leader and People: God's works of providence are his most holy, wise, and powerful preserving and governing all his creatures; ordering them, and all their actions, to his own glory.

Leader: What was the providence of God toward man in the estate in which he was created?

Leader and People: The providence of God toward man in the estate in which he was created, was the placing him in paradise, appointing him to dress it, giving him liberty to eat of the fruit of the earth; affording him communion with himself; instituting the Sabbath; entering into a covenant of life with him, upon condition of personal, perfect, and perpetual obedience, of which the tree of life was a pledge; and forbidding to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, upon the pain of death.

The Song

His Mercy Is More

What love could remember no wrongs we have done? Omniscient, all knowing, He counts not their sum. Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore, our sins they are many, His mercy is more.

Praise the Lord, His mercy is more. Stronger than darkness, new every morn. Our sins they are many, His mercy is more.

What patience would wait as we constantly roam? What Father, so tender, is calling us home? He welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor. Our sins they are many, His mercy is more. *Chorus*

What riches of kindness he lavished on us. His blood was the payment, His life was the cost. We stood 'neath a debt we could never afford. Our sins they are many, His mercy is more. *Chorus*

Music and words by Matt Boswell and Matt Papa. © 2016 Messenger Hymns CCLI 600485

The Scripture Reading

Judges 20:29-48

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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 Ps. 130, music by Christopher Miner © 1997 Christopher Miner Music

Children ages 4 through completed 6th grade are dismissed to their choirs.

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Rev. Dean Williams

The Road to Everlasting Peace

Micah 5:5-15

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

EVENING WORSHIP
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