

## EVENING WORSHIP

FEBRUARY 20, 2022

The Call to Worship

The Hymn

*On Jordan's Stormy Banks*

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wishful eye to Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie.

All o'er those wide, extended plains, shines one eternal day; there God, the Son forever reigns, and scatters night away.

*I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the Promised Land. I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the Promised Land.*

No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath, can reach that healthful shore. Sickness, sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more.  
*Chorus*

When shall I reach that happy place, and be forever blest? When shall I see my Father's face, and in His bosom rest? *Chorus*

Words by Samuel Stennett, music by Christopher Miner © 1997 Christopher Miner Music

The Invocation

The Confession of Faith

The Heidelberg Catechism #86-87

Leader: Since we have been delivered from our misery by grace through Christ without any merit of our own, why then should we do good works?

***Leader and People: Because Christ, having redeemed us by his blood, is also renewing us by his Spirit into his image, so that with our whole lives we may show that we are thankful to God for his benefits, and that he may be praised through us and further, so that we may be assured of our faith by its fruits, and by our godly living our neighbors may be won over to Christ.***

Leader: Can those be saved who do not turn to God from their ungrateful and unrepentant ways?

***Leader and People: By no means. Scripture tells us that no unchaste person, no idolater, adulterer, thief, no covetous***

***person, no drunkard, slanderer, robber, or the like will inherit the kingdom of God.***

The Psalm

*Psalm 121 (I Lift My Eyes)*

I lift my eyes up to the hills; from where does my help come? My help comes from the Maker of the heavens and the earth. He will not let my foot be moved; He keeps my journey safe.

*O my soul, praise the Lord most high; strong to save, He upholds my life. Forevermore He will be my light; I lift my eyes up to the Lord most high.*

He is the shade at my right hand, my shelter in the storm; no sun by day, nor moon by night, shall ever bring me harm. He will not slumber, will not sleep; He watches all my ways. *Chorus*

I lift my eyes up to the hills; from where does my help come? My help comes from the Maker of the heavens and the earth, The God of Israel is my guide, wherever I may go, and in his strength I will abide, until he leads me home.

*O my soul, praise the Lord most high; strong to save, He upholds my life.*

*Forevermore He will be my light; I lift my eyes up to the Lord most high. I lift my eyes up to the Lord most high.*

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The Scripture Reading

Exodus 34:11-35

The Song

*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

*The children are dismissed to their choirs.*

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Mr. Scott Miller

**John 11:25-26, Hebrews 2:14-15**  
***Dealing with Death in These Last Days***

The Song

***Yet Not I, But Through Christ in Me***

What gift of grace is Jesus my Redeemer, there is no more for heaven now to give. He is my joy, my righteousness and freedom, my steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace. To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus, for my life is wholly bound to his. Oh, how strange and divine, I can sing: all is mine! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

The night is dark but I am not forsaken, for by my side, the Savior He will stay. I labor on in weakness and rejoicing, for in my need, His power is displayed. To this I hold, my Shepherd will defend me; through the deepest valley He will lead. Oh, the night has been won and I shall overcome! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven. The future sure, the price it has been paid. For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon and He was raised to overthrow the grave. To this I hold, my sin has been defeated; Jesus now and ever is my plea. Oh, the chains are released, I can sing; I am free, yet not I, but through Christ in me.

With every breath I long to follow Jesus, for He has said that He will bring me home; and day by day I know He will renew me until I stand with joy before the throne. To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus, all the glory evermore to Him. When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat, "Yet not I, but through Christ in me."

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The Benediction