

EVENING WORSHIP
MARCH 1, 2020

The Call to Worship

The Psalm

The Stars Declare His Glory

The stars declare his glory; the vault of heaven springs mute witness of the Master's hand in all created things, and through the silences of space their soundless music sings.

The dawn returns in splendor, the heavens burn and blaze, the rising sun renews the race that measures all our days, and writes in fire across the skies God's majesty and praise.

So shine the Lord's commandments to make the simple wise; more sweet than honey to the taste, more rich than any prize, a law of love within our hearts, a light before our eyes.

So order too this life of mine, direct it all my days; the meditations of my heart be innocence and praise, my rock and my redeeming Lord, in all my words and ways.

Words by Timothy Dudley-Smith based on Psalm 19, music by David Haas
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The Invocation

The Confession of Faith Westminster Shorter Catechism #67-69

Leader: Which is the sixth commandment?

People: The sixth commandment is, "You shall not murder."

Leader: What is required in the sixth commandment?

People: The sixth commandment requires all lawful endeavors to preserve our own life, and the life of others.

Leader: What is forbidden in the sixth commandment?

People: The sixth commandment forbids the taking away of our own life, or the life of our neighbor unjustly, or whatsoever tends thereunto.

The Scripture Reading

Mark 3:7-35
Pew Bible Page 838

The Hymn Sing

The children are dismissed to their choirs.

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Mr. Roger Qi

Proverbs 4
Pew Bible Page 529

Ancient Wisdom for the Contemporary World

The Hymn

Spirit of God

Have You not bid me love you, God and King with all my own, soul, heart and strength and mind. I see Your cross, there teach my heart to cling; O let me seek You, and O let me find.

Spirit of God, descend upon my heart. Wean it from sin, through all its pulses move; stoop to my weakness, mighty as You are, and make me love You as I ought to love.

Teach me to feel that You are always nigh, teach me the struggles of the soul to bear, to check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh, teach me the patience of unanswered prayer. *Chorus*

I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies, no sudden rending of the veil of clay, no angel visitant, no op'ning skies, but take the dimness of my soul away. *Chorus*

Teach me to love You as Your angels love, one holy passion filling all my frame; the baptism of the heav'n descended Dove, my heart an altar and Your love the flame. *Chorus*

Words by George Croly, 1854, alt. Margaret Sprow.
Music by Margaret Sprow © 2006 Music from the Orchard

The Benediction

