The Call to Worship

The Hymn

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

The sands of time are sinking, the dawn of heaven breaks. The summer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn awakes. Dark, dark had been the midnight, but dayspring is at hand. And glory, glory dwelleth, in Emmanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty, without a veil is seen. It were a wellspent journey, though seven deaths lay between. The Lamb with His fair army, doth on Mount Zion stand. And glory, glory dwelleth, in Emmanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep sweet well of love. The streams of love I've tasted, more deep I'll drink above. There to an ocean fullness, His mercy doth expand. And glory, glory dwelleth, in Emmanuel's land.

The Bride eyes not her garment, but her dear Bridegroom's face. I will not gaze at glory, but on my King of Grace! Not at the crown He giveth, but on His pierced hand. The Lamb is all the glory of Emmanuel's land.

Oh! I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine! He brings a poor vile sinner, into His house of wine. I stand upon His merit, I know no other stand. Not e'en where glory dwelleth, in Emmanuel's land. Words by Anne Ross Cundell Cousin, music by Phillip Palmertree © 2001 Phillip Palmertree Music

The Invocation

The Confession of Faith Westminster Larger Catechism #64-66

Leader: What is the invisible church?

Leader and People: The invisible church is the whole number of the elect, that have been, are, or shall be gathered into one under Christ the head. Leader: What special benefits do the members of the invisible church enjoy by Christ?

Leader and People: The members of the invisible church by Christ enjoy union and communion with him in grace and glory.

Leader: What is that union which the elect have with Christ?

Leader and People: The union which the elect have with Christ is the work of God's grace, whereby they are spiritually and mystically, yet really and inseparably, joined to Christ as their head and husband; which is done in their effectual calling.

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 Scripture Reading

The Hymn No. 662 *As the Hart Longs for Flowing Streams* (Psalm 42)

The Ministry Report Brad Hatchett and Jennifer Kimbrough

Children ages 4 through completed 6th grade are dismissed to Super Summer Sunday Nights.

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Rev. Dean Williams

Cultural Imperatives Joshua 16-17

The Song

Eternal Weight of Glory

Now the days and hours and moments of our suffring 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. *Refrain* Words and Music: © 2015 Wendell Kimbrough

The Benediction

EVENING WORSHIP JUNE 18, 2023