

The Choral Call to Worship

**God So Loved the World**  
Praise Troop

The Call to Worship

The Song

**O Love that Will Not Let Me Go**

O love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee. I give Thee back the life I owe, that in Thine ocean depths its flow may richer fuller be.

O light that foll'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee. My heart restores its borrowed ray, that in Thy sunshine's blaze its day may brighter fairer be.

O joy that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to Thee. I trace the rainbow through the rain and feel the promise is not vain, that morn shall tearless be.

O cross that lifteth up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee. I lay in dust life's glory dead, and from the ground there blossoms red life that shall endless be.

Words by George Matheson, music by Christopher Miner ©1997 Christopher Miner Music

The Invocation

The Mission Report

Cheryl Reese  
Mission First

The Psalm

**Psalm 117**

From all that dwell below the skies (echo) O let Jehovah's praise arise! (echo) Alleluia, alleluia! And let His glorious name be sung (echo) in every land, by every tongue! (echo) O praise Him, O praise Him, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Great are the mercies of the Lord (echo) and truth eternal is His word (echo) Alleluia, alleluia! Ye nations, sound from shore to shore (echo)

Jehovah's praise for evermore! (echo) O praise Him, O praise Him, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

*The children are dismissed to their choirs.*

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

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