

THE LORD'S DAY

Celebrating The Resurrection of Jesus Christ

May 31, 2009

Matthew 9:36f "Seeing the multitudes, Jesus felt compassion for them, because they were distressed and downcast like sheep without a shepherd. Then He said to His disciples, 'The harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few. Therefore beseech the Lord of the harvest to send out workers into His harvest' ...as you go peach, saying, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse lepers, cast out demons, freely you received, freely give.'"

PRELUDE

WELCOME, INVOCATION, & CALL TO WORSHIP

PRAISE & PRAYERS

Hymns & Songs

Prayers of Adoration, Thanksgiving, & Confession

Scriptures

❖ **The Church's One Foundation Hymn #347**

The church's one foundation is Jesus Christ, her Lord; she is his new creation by water and the Word: from heav'n he came and sought her to be his holy bride; with his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.

Elect from ev'ry nation, yet one o'er all the earth, her charger of salvation one Lord, one faith, one birth; one holy name she blesses, partakes one holy food, and to one hope she presses, with ev'ry grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder men see her sore oppressed, by schisms rent asunder, by heresies distressed, yet saints their watch are keeping, their cry goes up, "How long?"

And soon the night of weeping shall be the morn of song.

The church shall never perish! Her dear Lord to defend, to guide, sustain, and cherish, is with her to the end; though there be those that hate her, and false sons in her pale, against or foe or traitor she ever shall prevail.

❖ **Faith of Our Fathers! Hymn #570**

Faith of our fathers! Living still in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy whene'er we hear God's glorious Word:

(Refrain)

**Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.**

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, were still in heart and conscience free; and blest would be their children's fate if they, like them, should die for thee: *(Refrain)*

Faith of our fathers! God's great pow'r shall draw all nations unto thee; and though the truth that comes from God his people shall indeed be free: *(Refrain)*

Faith of our fathers! We will love both friend and foe in all our strife, and preach thee, too, as love knows how by witness true and virtuous life: *(Refrain)*

(Congregation may be seated.)

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

Words: Henry Lyte. Music: Bill Moore

Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee.
Destitute, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition, all I've sought or hoped or known.
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me, they have left my Savior, too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou are not, like them, untrue.
O while Thou dost smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
foes may hate and friends disown me,
show Thy face and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me, 'twill but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me; Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me while Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure, come disaster, scorn and pain.
In Thy service, pain is pleasure, with Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba Father, I have stayed my heart on Thee.

Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
all must work for good to me.

Soul, then know thy full salvation. Rise o'er sin and fear and care.
Joy to find in every station, something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee, think what Father's smiles are thine,
think that Jesus died to win thee, Child of heaven, canst thou repine.

Haste thee on from grace to glory, armed by faith, and winged by prayer.
Heaven's eternal days before thee, God's own hand shall guide us there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
hope shall change to glad fruition, faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

(c. 2001 Bill Moore Music)CCLI 85330

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God Hymn #92

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;
our helper he amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;
his craft and pow'r are great; and armed with cruel hate,
on earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing;
were not the right man on our side, the man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be?

Christ Jesus, it is he, Lord Sabaoth his name, from age to age the same,
and he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us,
we will not fear, for God hath willed his truth to triumph through us.

The prince of darkness grim, we tremble not for him;
his rage we can endure, for lo! His doom is sure;
one little word shall fell him.

That Word above all earthly pow'rs, no thanks to them, abideth;
the Spirit and the gifts are ours through him who with us sideth.

Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;
the body they may kill:

God's truth abideth still; his kingdom is forever.

MISSIONS UPDATE

Elder Larry Smith

PRAYER OF INTERCESSION &
THE LORD'S PRAYER

OFFERING

~ OVER ~

PREACHING OF THE WORD Pastor Lindsey Williams
Matthew 9:35-10:8
"Becoming A Missional Church"

SONG OF PREPARATION

❖ *My Faith Has Found a Resting PlaceHymn #468*



SACREMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER
Pastor Lindsey Williams & The Elders

How Sweet and Awesome Is the Place.Hymn #469

How sweet and awesome is the place
with Christ within the doors, while everlasting love displays
the choicest of her stores.

While all our hearts and all our songs
join to admire the feast, each of us cries,
with thankful tongue, "Lord, why was I a guest?"

"Why was I made to hear your voice, and enter
while there's room, when thousands make a
wretched choice, and rather starve than come?"

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
that sweetly drew us in; else we had still refused
to taste, and perished in our sin.

At the Lamb's High Feast We SingHymn #420

At the Lamb's high feast we sing praise to our victorious
King, who has washed us in the tide flowing from his
pierced side; praise we him whose love divine gives his
sacred blood for wine, gives his body for the feast, Christ
the victim, Christ the priest.

Where the paschal blood is poured, death's dark angel
sheathes his sword; Israel's hosts triumphant go through
the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
paschal victim, paschal bread;
with sincerity and love eat we manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky, pow'rs of hell beneath
thee lie; death is conquered in the fight,
thou hast brought us life and light: hymns of glory and of
praise, risen Lord, to thee we raise; holy Father,
praise to thee, with the Spirit, ever be.

BENEDICTION Pastor Lindsey
Williams Williams

POSTLUDE

❖ If you are able, you are invited to stand.