

Call to Worship

Teach me your way, O LORD, that I may walk in your truth; unite my heart to fear your name. I give thanks to you, O Lord my God, with my whole heart, and I will glorify your name forever. For great is your steadfast love toward me; you have delivered my soul from the depths of Sheol.

Psalm 86:11-13

Worshiping God by Singing

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's depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way
I yield my flickering 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 liftest 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

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Worshiping God by Confessing Our Faith

For we ourselves were once foolish, disobedient, led astray, slaves to various passions and pleasures, passing our days in malice and envy, hated by others and hating one another. But when the goodness and loving kindness of God our Savior appeared, he saved us, not because of works done by us in righteousness, but according to his own mercy, by the washing of regeneration and renewal of the Holy Spirit, whom he poured out on us richly through Jesus Christ our Savior, so that being justified by his grace we might become heirs according to the hope of eternal life.

Titus 3:3-7

Worshipping God by Singing

Not What my Hands

Not what my hands have done can save my guilty soul;
not what my toiling flesh has borne can make my spirit whole.

Not what I feel or do can give me peace with God;
not all my prayers and sighs and tears can bear my awful load.

These guilty hands are raised, filthy rags are all I bring
And I have come to hide beneath your wings
These holy hands are raised, washed in the fountain of your grace
And now I wear your righteousness.

Thy work alone, oh Christ, can ease this weight of sin
Thy blood alone, oh Lamb of God, can give me peace within
Thy love to me, oh God, not mine, oh Lord, to thee
Can rid me of this dark unrest and set my spirit free

These guilty hands are raised, filthy rags are all I bring
And I have come to hide beneath your wings
These holy hands are raised, washed in the fountain of your grace
And now I wear your righteousness

Thy grace alone, oh God, to me can pardon speak
Thy power alone, oh Lamb of God, can this sore bondage break
No other work save thine, no other blood will do
No strength but that which is divine can bear me safely through

These guilty hands are raised, filthy rags are all I bring
And I have come to hide beneath your wings

These holy hands are raised, washed in the fountain of your grace
And now I wear your righteousness

I praise the God of grace; I trust his truth and might
He calls me his, I call him mine, My God, my Joy, my Light
My Lord has saved my life and freely pardon gives;
I love because he first loved me, I live because he lives.

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My Soul Finds Rest in God Alone

My soul finds rest in God alone,
my rock and my salvation
A fortress strong against my foes,
and I will not be shaken
Though lips may bless and hearts may curse,
and lies like arrows pierce me
I'll fix my heart on righteousness,
I'll look to Him who hears me

O praise Him, hallelujah,
my Delight and my Reward
Everlasting, never failing,
my Redeemer, my God

Find rest my soul in God alone,
amid the world's temptations

When evil seeks to take a hold,
I'll cling to my salvation
Though riches come and riches go,
don't set your heart upon them
The fields of hope in which I sow,
are harvested in heaven

O praise Him, hallelujah,
my Delight and my Reward
Everlasting, never failing,
my Redeemer, my God

I'll set my gaze on God alone,
and trust in Him completely
With ev'ry day pour out my soul,
and He will prove His mercy
Though life is but a fleeting breath,
a sigh too brief to measure
My King has crushed the curse of death,
and I am His forever

O praise Him, hallelujah,
my Delight and my Reward
Everlasting, never failing,
my Redeemer, my God

Prayer

Missionary of the Week:	Larry and Sandy Rockwell MTW - Peru
Community Church of the Week:	Westside Baptist Church Rev. Aaron Reed
Presbytery Church of the Week:	Faith Presbyterian Church Rev. John Irwin

Worshiping God by Hearing His Word

Series:	<i>Rest in a Restless World</i>
Sermon:	<i>Resting to Listen to Jesus</i>

³⁸ Now as they went on their way, Jesus entered a village. And a woman named Martha welcomed him into her house. ³⁹ And she had a sister called Mary, who sat at the Lord's feet and listened to his teaching. ⁴⁰ But Martha was distracted with much serving. And she went up to him and said, "Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Tell her then to help me." ⁴¹ But the Lord answered her, "Martha, Martha, you are anxious and troubled about many things,

⁴² but one thing is necessary. Mary has chosen the good portion, which will not be taken away from her.”

Luke 10:38-42

Jesus offers us rest from the many _____ that
_____ and _____ us.

_____ to _____ to
Jesus is _____ than anything else we
can do.

_____ with Jesus is “the _____
_____” that will _____ be taken away
from us.

Action point:

_____ with
_____.

Let’s resist what _____ us from _____ and
find _____ and _____ spending time with
him.

Commissioning the Belize Missions Team

Worshiping God by Singing

Trust You

Father of heavenly lights, Fount of wisdom and love
All is laid bare in Your sight, You know my ways
I believe You will provide all I need in my life
I will not fear anymore for I will ever

Trust You, Jesus, Trust You, Jesus
Trust You with my life

You hold the world in Your hands, God of mercy and might
Knew me before I was born, Called me by name
How could I ever respond, But to fall and adore
I live to know You more, Lord, I will ever

Trust You, Jesus, Trust You, Jesus
Trust You with my life
Trust You, Jesus, Trust You, Jesus
Trust You with my life

Let not the wise trust in their wisdom
Let not the strong boast in their might
Let not the rich glory in riches, I will trust You

Let not the wise trust in their wisdom
Let not the strong boast in their might
Let not the rich glory in riches, I will ever

Trust You, Jesus, Trust You, Jesus
Trust You with my life
Trust You, Jesus, Trust You, Jesus
Trust You with my life

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Benediction

May you grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. To him be the glory both now and to the day of eternity. Amen.

2 Peter 3:18