

CONCLUDING THE LORD'S DAY IN WORSHIP

MARCH 31, 2019 • PRELIMINARY PREPARATION • 5:45 P.M.

In the Sanctuary—INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE

In the Westminster Room—PRAYER FOR THE SERVICE WITH THE MINISTERS

Scripture Calls Us to Worship Mr. Howell

Gathering Hymn No. 103 *Holy, God, We Praise Your Name* GROSSER GOTT, WIR LOBEN DICH

Opening Prayer

Hymn Medley *How Deep the Father's Love for Us* (see page 2)
I Will Glory in My Redeemer (see page 3)

The Responsive Reading Psalm 130 Page 833 in the *Trinity Hymnal*

Evening Prayer Tommy Bopp, *elder*

Evening Scripture Lesson John 7:25-44 Page 1136 in the Pew Bible

Hymn No. 182 *My Song Is Love Unknown* ST. JOHN

Interlude *Children are dismissed to attend their classes.*

Homily THE GLORY OF JESUS Mr. Pendley
"Flow, River, Flow!"

Closing Prayer and Benediction

Closing Chorus

More like You, Jesus, more like You. Fill my heart with Your desire to make me more like You.
More like You, Jesus, more like You. Touch my lips with holy fire, and make me more like You.

The Benediction of God's Grace

How Deep The Father's Love

1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us How
 2. Be - hold the man u - pon a cross My
 3. I will not boast in an - y - thing No

vast be - yond all mea - sure That
 sin u - pon His shoul - ders A -
 gifts no pow'r no wis - dom But

He should give His on - ly Son To
 shamed I hear my mock - ing voice Call
 I will boast in Je - sus Christ His

make a wretch His trea - sure How
 out a - mong the scof - fers It
 death and re - sur - rec - tion Why

great the pain of sear - ing loss The
 was my sin that held Him there Un -
 should I gain from His re - ward I

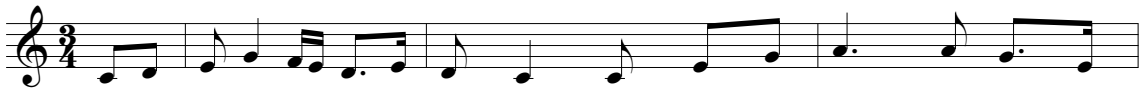
Fa - ther turns His face a - way As
 til it was ac - comp - lished His
 can - not give an an - swer But

wounds which mar the Cho - sen One Bring
 dy - ing breath has brought me life I
 this I know with all my heart His

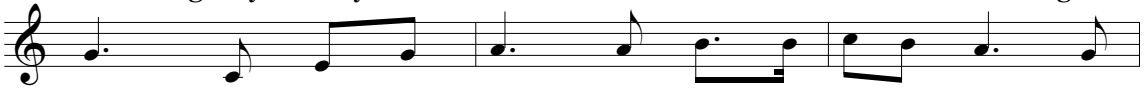
ma - ny sons to glo - ry
 know that it is fi - nished
 wounds have paid my ran - som

Words and music by Stuart Townend
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I Will Glory In My Redeemer



I will glo-ry in my Re-deem-er Whose price-less blood has ran-somed
I will glo-ry in my Re-deem-er; My life He bought, my love He
I will glo-ry in my Re-deem-er Who car-ries me on ea-gle's



me. Mine was the sin that drove the bit-ter nails, and
owns. I have no long-ings for an-oth-er; I'm
wings. He crowns my life with lov-ing-kind-ness; His



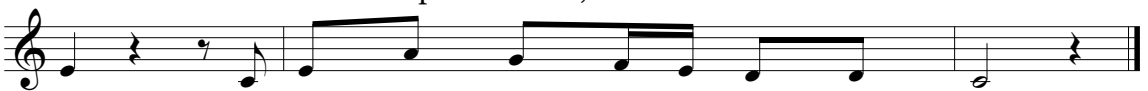
hung Him on that judg-ment tree. I will glo-ry in my Re-
sat-is-fied in Him a-lone. I will glo-ry in my Re-
tri-umph song I'll ev-er sing. I will glo-ry in my Re-



deem-er Who crushed the pow'r of sin and death; My on-ly
deem-er, His faith-ful-ness my stand-ing place; Though foes are
deem-er Who waits for me at gates of gold; And when He



Sav-ior be-fore the ho-ly Judge; The Lamb, who is my right-eous-
might-y and rush up-on me, my feet are firm, held by His
calls me it will be par-a-dise; His face for-ev-er to be-



ness, the Lamb, Who is my right-eous-ness.
grace, my feet are firm held by His grace.
hold, His face for-ev-er to be-hold.



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