

JUNE 13, 2021

THE LORD'S DAY

10:00 AM Sunday School
10:35 AM Congregational Prayer
11:00 AM **Morning Service**

— PRELUDE —

Announcements

Call to Worship

***Hymn #79** "Though Troubles Assail Us"
JOANNA

Though troubles assail us, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail us, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

The birds, without garner or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust God for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

When Satan assails us to stop up our path,
And courage all fails us, we triumph by faith.
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

No strength of our own, and no goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known of the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide:
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

*Prayer of Invocation

Scripture Reading Luke 9:1-22

Choral Anthem "E'en So, Lord Jesus, Quickly Come"

Pastoral Prayer

***Psalter Hymn #145C** Psalm 145:15-21
ROCKINGHAM

The eyes of all upon Thee wait; their food in season Thou dost give;
Thine opened hand doth satisfy the wants of all on earth that live.

The LORD is just in His ways all;
In all His works His grace is shown;
The LORD is nigh to all that call, who call in truth on Him alone.

He will the just desire fulfill of such as do Him fear indeed;
Their cry regard and hear He will, and save them in the time of need.

The LORD doth safely keep all those
Who bear to Him a loving heart,
But workers all of wickedness destroy will He and clean subvert.

Then with my mouth and lips I will
Jehovah's name with praise adore.
And let all bless His holy name forever and for evermore.

Sermon "The Creator's Compassion for Our Needs"

*Benediction

— POSTLUDE—

6:00 PM Evening Service

— PRELUDE —

***Hymn #506** "Why Should Cross and Trial Grieve Me?"
WARUM SOLLT' ICH MICH DENN GRAMEN

Why should cross and trial grieve me? Christ is near with his cheer;
Never will he leave me. Who can rob me of the heaven
That God's Son for my own to my faith hath given?

God oft gives me days of gladness; Shall I grieve if he give
Seasons, too, of sadness? God is good and tempers ever
All my ill, and he will wholly leave me never.

Death cannot destroy for ever; from our fears, cares, and tears
It will us deliver. It will close life's mournful story,
Make a way that we may enter heav'nly glory.

Lord, my Shepherd, take me to thee. Thou art mine; I was thine,
Even ere I knew thee. I am thine, for thou hast bought me;
Lost I stood, but thy blood free salvation brought me.

Thou art mine; I love and own thee. Light of Joy, ne'er shall I
From my heart dethrone thee. Saviour, let me soon behold thee
Face to face,—May thy grace evermore enfold me!

*Prayer of Invocation

Scripture Reading Hebrews 13:1-25

Announcements

***Supplement Hymn #35** "My Song Is Love Unknown"
LOVE UNKNOWN

My song is love unknown, my Savior's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown, that they might lovely be.
O who am I, that for my sake
My Lord should take, frail flesh and die?

He came from His blest throne salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none the longed for Christ would know:
But O! my Friend, my Friend indeed,
Who at my need His life did spend.

Sometimes they strew His way, and His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day hosannas to their King:
Then "Crucify!" is all their breath,
And for His death they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done? what makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight,
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these
Themselves displease, and 'gainst Him rise.

They rise and needs will have my dear Lord made away;
A murderer they saved, the Prince of life they slay,
Yet cheerful He to suffering goes,
That He His foes from thence might free.

In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have;
In death no friendly tomb but what a stranger gave.
What may I say? Heav'n was His home;
But mine the tomb wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine;
Never was love, dear King! never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend, in Whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.

Sermon "Lessons from the End"

*Benediction

— POSTLUDE—

*congregation standing