

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

ORDER FOR THE PUBLIC WORSHIP of GOD

February 10, 2013

# FREEDOM

#### A STUDY OF GALATIANS

♦GATHERING SONG: "Hosanna" .........................Brooke Ligertwood

I see the king of glory
Coming down the clouds with fire—
The whole earth shakes, the whole earth shakes.

I see his love and mercy Washing over all our sin— The people sing, the people sing.

> Hosanna, Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna, Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!

I see a generation Rising up to take their place— With selfless faith, with selfless faith.

I see a near revival Stirring as we pray and seek– We're on our knees, we're on our knees.

Chorus

Heal my heart and make it clean; Open up my eyes to the things unseen. Show me how to love like You Have loved me.

Break my heart for what breaks Yours Everything I am for Your kingdom's cause As I walk from earth into eternity.

Chorus

### SINGING HIS PRAISE

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 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.

How deep the Father's love for us, How vast beyond all measure, That He should give His only Son To make a wretch His treasure. How great the pain of searing loss; The Father turns His face away, As wounds which mar the Chosen One Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon a cross,
My sin upon His shoulders;
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
Call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
Until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything
No gifts, no power, no wisdom;
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer.
But this I know with all my heart:
His wounds have paid my ransom.

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

**GREETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS** 

TESTIMONY ...... Chase Parsons

University of Memphis Senior

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

ASSURANCE OF PARDON

 \$SONG OF ASSURANCE: "Jesus, Thank You"
 Pat Sczebel

The mystery of the cross I cannot comprehend, The agonies of Calvary. You, the perfect Holy One, crushed Your Son Who drank the bitter cup reserved for me.

Your blood has washed away my sin: Jesus, thank You. The Father's wrath completely satisfied: Jesus, thank You. Once Your enemy, now seated at Your table: Jesus, thank You.

By Your perfect sacrifice I've been brought near; Your enemy You've made Your friend. Pouring out the riches of Your glorious grace; Your mercy and Your kindness know no end.

Chorus

Lover of my soul: I want to live for You.

Chorus

## **HEARING GOD'S WORD**

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound— That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost but now I'm found, Was blind but now I see!

> Hallelujah, grace like rain falls down on me. Hallelujah, all my stains are washed away. Hallelujah, grace like rain falls down on me. Hallelujah, all my stains are washed away, washed away.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed!

Chorus

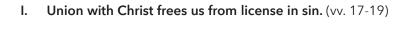
When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to sing Your praise Than when we first begun.

Chorus

SENDING OUT GOD'S PEOPLE

**†**BENEDICTION

#### **SERMON NOTES**



II. Union with Christ frees us from legalism in righteousness. (vv. 20-21)

"Particularly when you hear an immature and unripe saint trumpet that he knows very well that we must be saved by the grace of God, without our own works, and then pretend that it is a snap for him, well, then have no doubt that he has no idea what he is talking about and will probably never find out. For this is not an art that can be completely learned or of which anyone could boast that he is a master. It is an art that will always have us as pupils... (the pupils of grace) sense it like a wonderful taste or odor they greatly desire and pursue; and are amazed that they cannot grasp it or comprehend it as they would like. They hunger and thirst and yearn for (the grace of God) more and more..." — Martin Luther