

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

ORDER FOR THE PUBLIC WORSHIP of GOD

July 28, 2013

Summer in the PSALMS

Our help is in the name of the Lord

Who gives us life in Christ by His Spirit.

Jesus Christ is the light of the world,

The light no darkness can overcome.

The earth is the Lord's for he made it:

Come let us adore Him.

Stay with us, Lord, for it is evening, and the day is almost over.

Be our light in the darkness, and grant us a peaceful night.

Let our prayer be counted as incense before you,

And the lifting up of our hands as the evening sacrifice.

SINGING HIS PRAISE

Bless the Lord, O my soul, O my soul. Worship His holy name. Sing like never before, O my soul. I'll worship Your holy name.

The sun comes up, it's a new day dawning. It's time to sing Your song again. Whatever may pass and whatever lies before me, Let me be singing when the evening comes.

You're rich in love and You're slow to anger, Your name is great and Your heart is kind. For all Your goodness I will keep on singing, Ten thousand reasons for my heart to find.

Chorus

And on that day when my strength is failing, The end draws near and my time has come. Still my soul will sing Your praise unending, Ten thousand years and then forevermore.

Chorus

No. 92 "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"	Martin Luther
♦PRAYER OF ADORATION	
♦GREETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS	
HEARING GOD'S WORD	
SCRIPTURE READING	Psalm 46

SERMON "Our Refuge and Strength"

Ron Sadlow

THE PARTICIPATION OF THE BREAD AND CUP

INVITATION TO THE TABLE

PRAYERS OF CONFESSION

ASSURANCE OF DIVINE PARDON

This is the Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

WORDS OF INSTITUTION

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION

SONGS FOR THE TABLE

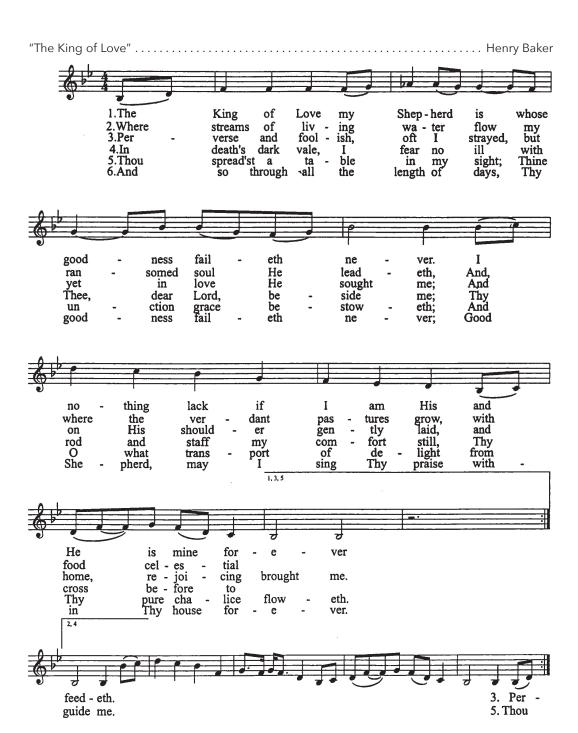
Your love is extravagant, Your friendship intimate – I find I'm moving to the rhythms of Your grace. Your fragrance is intoxicating, in our secret place – Your love is extravagant.

Spread wide in the arms of Christ is the love that covers sin.

No greater love have I ever known; You considered me a friend.

Capture my heart again.

Gracie Donoghue, soloist · Colin Donoghue, guitar



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

SENDING OUT GOD'S PEOPLE

†BENEDICTION