



Second Presbyterian Church · October 1, 2017 · 6:00 p.m.

✦ **Call to Worship** Tim Johnson
Pastoral Resident

Lord, You Are Good

Lord, You are good, and Your mercy endureth forever.
People from every nation and tongue, from generation to generation:
We worship You, hallelujah, hallelujah!
We worship You for Who You are!
We worship You, hallelujah, hallelujah!
We worship You for Who You are – You are good!
You are good, all the time. All the time, You are good.

✦ **Prayer of Adoration**

Worship of God with the Gifts of God

He Knows My Name

I have a Maker; He formed my heart.
Before even time began, my life was in His hands.
He knows my name. He knows my every thought.
He sees each tear that falls and hears me when I call.
I have a Father; He calls me His own.
He'll never leave me, no matter where I go.

✦ **Prayer of Thanksgiving**

Greetings and Announcements Dick Cain
Pastoral Team Leader

Introduction of Second in the City Amy Williams
Volunteer Ministry Coordinator

Testimony Wade West
Memphis Gridiron Ministries

Scripture ReadingMatthew 5:1-16
(page 809 in the pew Bible)

This is the Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Sermon: You Are the Salt of the Earth Rufus Smith

Invitation to the Table

All who have publicly professed their faith and joined a Christian church are welcomed to receive communion tonight. We encourage children not to take communion until they have joined the church but do welcome them to come forward with their parents to receive a blessing. If you are unable to come forward, please raise your hand and an elder will serve you in your seat. Gluten-free bread is offered in the center aisle.

Prayers of Confession

Assurance of Divine Pardon

Words of Institution

Prayer of Consecration

Songs for the Table

How Deep the Father’s Love for Us

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.

There Is a Fountain

There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel’s veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains.
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day
And there may I, though vile as he, wash all my sins away,
Wash all my sins away, wash all my sins away.
And there may I, though vile as he, wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood, shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed Church of God be saved to sin no more,
Be saved to sin no more, be saved to sin no more.
Till all the ransomed Church of God be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply.
Redeeming love has been my theme and shall be till I die,
And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die.
Redeeming love has been my theme and shall be till I die.

When this poor lisp'ing stamm'ring tongue lies silent in the grave
Then in a nobler sweeter song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.
Then in a nobler sweeter song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

Hallelujah (What Can I Do?)

When I see the beauty of a sunset's glory,
Amazing artistry across the evening sky;
When I feel the mystery of a distant galaxy
It awes and humbles me to be loved by a God so high.

What can I do but thank You? What can I do but give my life to You?
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
What can I do but praise You – everyday, make everything I do,
A hallelujah, a hallelujah, hallelujah?

When I hear the story of a God of mercy
Who shared humanity and suffered by our side;
Of the cross they nailed You to, that could not hold You—
Now You're making all things new by the power of Your risen life!

The Wonderful Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride.
See from His head, His hands, His feet, sorrow and blood flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?

O the wonderful cross, O the wonderful cross
Bids me come and die and find that I may truly live.
O the wonderful cross, O the wonderful cross
All who gather here, by grace draw near and bless Your name.

Were the whole realm of Nature mine, that were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all!
Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all!

✠Prayer of Thanksgiving

✠Benediction

✠*Indicates standing*

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