

God of Grace (Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah)

GATHERING

Prelude

Welcome, Check-in, & Announcements

Carol Ann Webber

Responsive Call-to-Worship

Servant: In the presence of God ...

People: Toes tap to some heavenly chorus,

Servant: Tears emerge from a hidden ache,

People: Silence descends like a gentle mist,

Servant: Joy ascends like a rocket in the sky.

All: God is here...

Servant: Glad hearts are refreshed.

People: Sorrowing hearts find comfort,

Servant: Broken hearts discover healing,

People: Searching hearts find home.

Servant: Here in the presence of God,

All: We are made whole and sing our joyful songs of praise.

Hymn

I Sing the Almighty Power of God

#6

I sing the al-mighty pow'r of God, that made the mountains rise,

That spread the flowing seas abroad, and built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained the sun to rule the day;

The moon shines full at God's command, and all the stars obey.

Hymn (continued)

I Sing the Almighty Power of God

#6

I sing the goodness of the Lord, who filled the earth with food,

Who formed the creatures through the Word, and then pronounced them good.

Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed, where'er I turn my eye,

If I survey the ground I tread, or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flow'r below, but makes Thy glories known,

And clouds arise, and tempests blow, by order from Thy throne;

While all that borrows life from Thee is ever in Thy care;

And everywhere that we can be, Thou, God, art present there.

Invocation

O God, we trust in your power, even as it is often found in weakness; in your wisdom, even as it is expressed in seeming foolishness; in your wholeness, even as it comes to us amid brokenness. We come simply to worship you. Touch us this day, O Lord, sinners that we are, that we might become your saints, your body, your children, your church. For this temple of your Spirit is built not upon our own abilities, knowledge or skill, but upon you, in Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Written Word Psalm 84 NRSV

How lovely is your dwelling place, O Lord of hosts! My soul longs, indeed it faints for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh sing for joy to the living God. Even the sparrow finds a home, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, at your altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God. Happy are those who live in your house, ever singing your praise. (Selah)

Happy are those whose strength is in you, in whose heart are the highways to Zion. As they go through the valley of Baca they make it a place of springs; the early rain also covers it with pools. They go from strength to strength; the God of gods will be seen in Zion. O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob! (Selah)

Behold our shield, O God; look on the face of your anointed. For a day in your courts is better than a thousand elsewhere. I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than live in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and shield; he bestows favor and honor. No good thing does the Lord withhold from those who walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, happy is everyone who trusts in you.

Mission/Stewardship Moment

Tithes & Offerings

The Written Word Psalm 34: 15–22 The Message

God keeps an eye on his friends, his ears pick up every moan and groan. God won't put up with rebels; he'll cull them from the pack. Is anyone crying for help? God is listening, ready to rescue you. If your heart is broken, you'll find God right there; if you're kicked in the gut, he'll help you catch your breath. Disciples so often get into trouble; still, God is there every time. He's your bodyguard, shielding every bone; not even a finger gets broken. The wicked commit slow suicide; they waste their lives hating the good. God pays for each slave's freedom; no one who runs to him loses out.

Special Music Solid Rock Medley Carol Ann Weber

Prayers of the People

Here in this time of worship, O Lord, we offer ourselves, fully to you. May your will be our guide. May your love be the pattern of our lives. May your way be our hope. May your path be our help. Lord, we surrender to you our hopes, dreams, our goals, and ambitions. We place into your loving care our families, friends; our life, our future. Care for them with your loving care!

We release into your loving care our fears and sorrows; our sense of loss, pain and numbness, our sadness and hurt. Fill us, Lord, here and now, with a deep sense of your presence and a strong sense of your empowering Spirit. Take this time of prayer to renew our faith and replenish our hearts. Rebirth our spirits so that we may live with hope and confidence this day and every day, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Hymn He Hideth My Soul #35

A wonderful savior is Jesus my Lord, A wonderful Savior to me He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of pleasure I see He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shadows a dry, thirsty land He hideth my life in the depths of his love And covers me there with his hand And covers me there with his hand

A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord, He taketh my burden away
He holdeth me up and I shall not be moved, He giveth me strength as my day
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shadows a dry, thirsty land
He hideth my life in the depths of his love, And covers me there with his hand
And covers me there with his hand

Hymn (continued) He Hideth My Soul #35

With numberless blessings each moment He crowns, and, filled with His fullness divine, I sing in my rapture, O glory to God For such a Redeemer as mine!

He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shadows a dry, thirsty land

He hideth my life in the depths of his love, And covers me there with his hand

And covers me there with his hand

When clothed in His brightness, Transported I rise to meet Him in Clouds of the sky His perfect salvation, His wonderful love, I'll shout with the millions on high He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock That shadows a dry, thirsty land He hideth my life in the depths of his love And covers me there with his hand And covers me there with his hand

Video The Work of the People

Sermon Text John 6: 56–69

Those who eat my flesh and drink my blood abide in me, and I in them. Just as the living Father sent me, and I live because of the Father, so whoever eats me will live because of me. This is the bread that came down from heaven, not like that which your ancestors ate, and they died. But the one who eats this bread will live forever." He said these things while he was teaching in the synagogue at Capernaum.

When many of his disciples heard it, they said, "This teaching is difficult; who can accept it?" But Jesus, being aware that his disciples were complaining about it, said to them, "Does this offend you? Then what if you were to see the Son of Man ascending to where he was before? It is the spirit that gives life; the flesh is useless. The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life. But among you there are some who do not believe." For Jesus knew from the first who were the ones that did not believe, and who was the one that would betray him. And he said, "For this reason I have told you that no one can come to me unless it is granted by the Father." Because of this many of his disciples turned back and no longer went about with him. So Jesus asked the twelve, "Do you also wish to go away?" Simon Peter answered him, "Lord, to whom can we go? You have the words of eternal life. We have come to believe and know that you are the Holy One of God."

Sermon Faith Choices Rev. Mark Rambo

Hymn My Savior's Love #338

I stand amazed in the presence Of Jesus the Nazarene,
And wonder how he could love me, A sinner, condemned, unclean.
How marvelous! How wonderful! And my song shall ever be;
How marvelous! How wonderful! Is my Savior's love for me!

For me it was in the garden He prayed, "Not my will, but thine;"
He had no tears for his own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
How marvelous! How wonderful! And my song shall ever be;
How marvelous! How wonderful! Is my Savior's love for me!

He took my sins and my sorrows, He made them his very own; He bore the burden to Calv'ry, And suffered and died alone. How marvelous! How wonderful! And my song shall ever be; How marvelous! How wonderful! Is my Savior's love for me!

When with the ransomed in glory His face I at last shall see, 'Twill be my joy through the ages To sing of his love for me. How marvelous! How wonderful! And my song shall ever be; How marvelous! How wonderful! Is my Savior's love for me!

Weekly Challenge

Postlude A Festal Fanfare ⋅ IS Bach Carol Ann Weber

Benediction Walk Humbly • Love Completely • Live Differently