

WALKER BAPTIST CHURCH

DIGITAL BULLETIN
JULY 19, 2020

Order of Service:

Welcome and Announcements - Wally Whidby

Prayer and Call to Worship - Wally Whidby (Psalm 5:1-8)

Worship through Song - Open the Eyes of My Heart

Worship through Song - I'll Fly Away

Scripture and Prayer - Andy Wolverton (PASSAGE)

Worship through Song - Nothing but the Blood

Sermon - Chuck McElhannon: "When God Seems...Unfair" from Matthew 20:1-16

Song of Response - How Deep the Father's Love for Us

Benediction - Cooper Twit (2 Corinthians 13:14)

Song Lyrics & Scripture Passages

Psalm 5:1-8 (CSB)

1 Listen to my words, Lord;
consider my sighing.

2 Pay attention to the sound of my cry,
my King and my God,
for I pray to you.

3 In the morning, Lord, you hear my voice;
in the morning I plead my case to you and watch expectantly.

4 For you are not a God who delights in wickedness;
evil cannot dwell with you.

5 The boastful cannot stand in your sight;
you hate all evildoers.

6 You destroy those who tell lies;
the Lord abhors violent and treacherous people.

7 But I enter your house
by the abundance of your faithful love;
I bow down toward your holy temple
in reverential awe of you.

8 Lord, lead me in your righteousness
because of my adversaries;
make your way straight before me.

Open the Eyes of My Heart

Words and Music by Paul Baloche

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord / Open the eyes of my heart
I want to see You / I want to see You
(repeat)

To see You high and lifted up / Shinin' in the light of Your glory
Pour out Your power and love / As we sing holy, holy, holy

Holy, holy, holy / Holy, holy, holy
Holy, holy, holy / I want to see you
(Repeat)

To see You high and lifted up / Shinin' in the light of Your glory
Pour out Your power and love / As we sing holy, holy, holy

Holy, holy, holy / Holy, holy, holy
Holy, holy, holy / I want to see you
(Repeat)

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord / Open the eyes of my heart
I want to see You / I want to see You

I'll Fly Away

Words and Music by Albert E. Brumley

Some glad morning when this life is o'er / I'll fly away
To that home on God's celestial shore / I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by
I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have grown / I'll fly away
Like a bird from prison bars has flown / I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by
I'll fly away

Oh how glad and happy when we meet / I'll fly away
No more cold, iron shackles on my feet / I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by
I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then / I'll fly away
To a land where joys shall never end / I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by
I'll fly away

Philippians 2:12-18 (NIV-1984)

12 Therefore, my dear friends, as you have always obeyed--not only in my presence, but now much more in my absence--continue to work out your salvation with fear and trembling, 13 for it is God who works in you to will and to act according to his good purpose. 14 Do everything without complaining or arguing, 15 so that you may become blameless and pure, children of God without fault in a crooked and depraved generation, in which you shine like stars in the universe 16 as you hold out the word of life--in order that I may boast on the day of Christ that I did not run or labor for nothing. 17 But even if I am being poured out like a drink offering on the sacrifice and service coming from your faith, I am glad and rejoice with all of you. 18 So you too should be glad and rejoice with me.

Nothing but the Blood

Words and Music by Robert Lowry

What can wash away my sin? / Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again? / Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Oh! precious is the flow / That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, / Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my cleansing this I see— / Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
For my pardon this my plea— / Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

Oh! precious is the flow / That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, / Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can my sin erase / Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
Naught of works, 'tis all of grace— / Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

Oh! precious is the flow / That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, / Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace— / Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
This is all my righteousness— / Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

Oh! precious is the flow / That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, / Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Matthew 20:1-16 (NIV)

1 “For the kingdom of heaven is like a landowner who went out early in the morning to hire workers for his vineyard. 2 He agreed to pay them a denarius[a] for the day and sent them into his vineyard.

3 “About nine in the morning he went out and saw others standing in the marketplace doing nothing. 4 He told them, ‘You also go and work in my vineyard, and I will pay you whatever is right.’ 5 So they went.

“He went out again about noon and about three in the afternoon and did the same thing. 6 About five in the afternoon he went out and found still others standing around. He asked them, ‘Why have you been standing here all day long doing nothing?’

7 “‘Because no one has hired us,’ they answered.

“He said to them, ‘You also go and work in my vineyard.’

8 “When evening came, the owner of the vineyard said to his foreman, ‘Call the workers and pay them their wages, beginning with the last ones hired and going on to the first.’

9 “The workers who were hired about five in the afternoon came and each received a denarius. 10 So when those came who were hired first, they expected to receive more. But each one of them also received a denarius. 11 When they received it, they began to grumble against the landowner. 12 ‘These who were hired last worked only one hour,’ they said, ‘and you have made them equal to us who have borne the burden of the work and the heat of the day.’

13 “But he answered one of them, ‘I am not being unfair to you, friend. Didn’t you agree to work for a denarius? 14 Take your pay and go. I want to give the one who was hired last the same as I gave you. 15 Don’t I have the right to do what I want with my own money? Or are you envious because I am generous?’

16 “So the last will be first, and the first will be last.”

How Deep the Father’s Love for Us

Words and Music by Stuart Townend

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

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

2 Corinthians 13:14 (NIV)

May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all.