

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

Service Music

Pre-Service - I KNOW WHO HOLDS TOMORROW - I. Stanphil

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ONE OF HIS OWN - M. Lister © 1957 Lillenas Publishing Co.

Prelude - PEACE IN THE MIDST - S. Adams © 1978 Pilot Point Music



*In my day of fear
I put my trust in you,
God most high.*

All day long I am under attack, my enemies are always near;
lying in wait, waiting their chance, intending to harass and fight.

In God's word I have put my faith, in You I trust, O Lord, most high.
Therefore I need no longer fear, for what could mortals ever do?

All day long they wound me with words, and every word is meant to harm;
banding together, plotting their worst, they slyly watch my every move.

But You, O Lord, You have noted my grief and seen my endless misery;
kept all my tears stored in Your flask, the tears recorded in Your book.

I will declare with due gratitude how God has kept my soul from death;
thus in God's presence I gladly walk, in presence of the light of life.

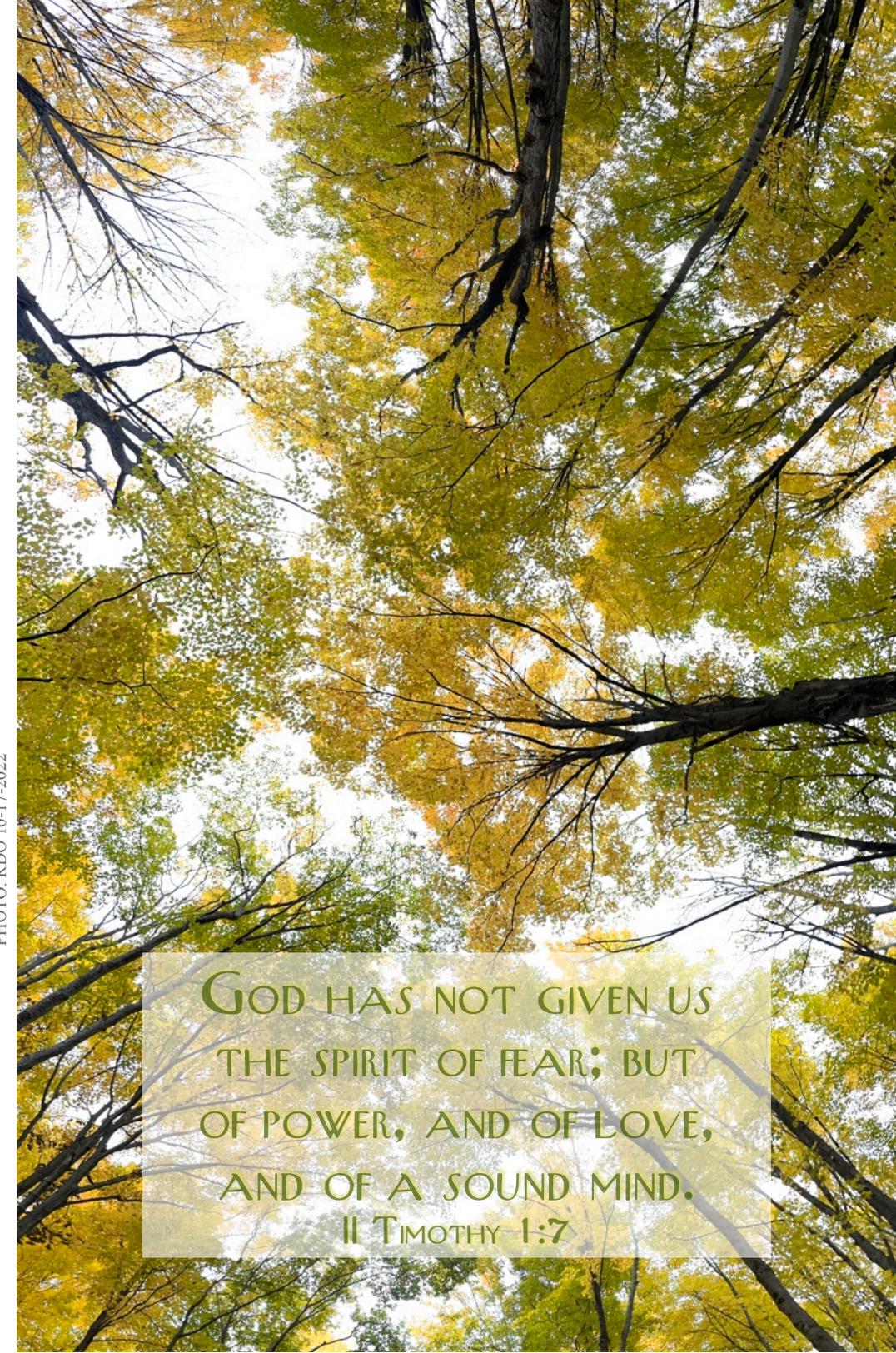
*In my day of fear
I put my trust in you,
God most high.*

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Spiritual “To Do List”
(things God has shown me today)

PHOTO: RDO 10-17-2022



GOD HAS NOT GIVEN US
THE SPIRIT OF FEAR; BUT
OF POWER, AND OF LOVE,
AND OF A SOUND MIND.
II TIMOTHY 1:7

Come, Thou Fount

ROBERT ROBINSON

ASAHEL NETTLETON



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace.
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, Bind my yield - ed heart to Thee.



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.
Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Let me know Thee in Thy full - ness; Guide me by Thy might - y hand



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
Till, transformed, in Thine own im - age In Thy pres - ence I shall stand.



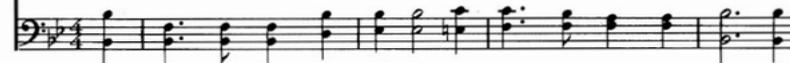
It's Just Like His Great Love

EDNA R. WORRELL

CLARENCE B. STROUSE



1. A Friend I have, called Je - sus, Whose love is strong and true And
2. Some - times the clouds of troub - le Be - dim the sky a - bove. I
3. When sor - row's clouds o'er - take me And break up - on my head, When
4. Oh, I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of



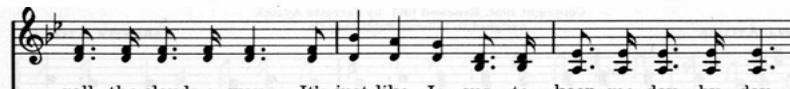
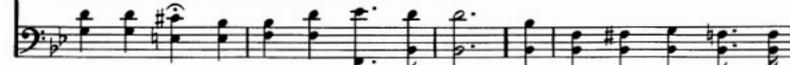
nev - er fails, how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do. I've sinned a -
can - not see my Sav - iour's face; I doubt His won - drous love. But He, from
life seems worse than use - less And earth - ly hopes are dead, I take my
all His care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine. His love is



gainst this love of His; But when I knelt to pray, Con - fess - ing all my
heav - en's mer - cy seat, Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
grief to Je - sus then; Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He
in and o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey When Je - sus whis - pers,



guilt to Him, The sin - clouds rolled a - way.
clouds be - tween, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers Like sun - shine af - ter rain.
"Peace, be still!" And rolls the clouds a - way.



roll the clouds a - way. It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day.



It's just like Je - sus all a - long the way. It's just like His great love.



Let the Beauty of Jesus Be Seen in Me

ALBERT ORSBORN

TOM JONES

Let the beau-ty of Je-sus be seen in me—

All His won-der-ful pas-sion and pu-ri-ty!

O Thou Spir-it di-vine, All my na-ture re-fine

Till the beau-ty of Je-sus be seen in me.

Blessed Assurance

FANNY J. CROSBY

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light! Vi-sions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest. I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His burst on my sight! An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS

Spir-it, washed in His blood!
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long. This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.