

CHRIST OUR SAVIOR BAPTIST CHURCH

Beloved, I urge you as sojourners and exiles to abstain from the passions of the flesh, which wage war against your soul. Keep your conduct among the Gentiles honorable, so that when they speak against you as evildoers, they may see your good deeds and glorify God on the day of visitation.

1 Peter 2:11–12

We gather this morning to praise the God who is worthy of all honor.

Welcome

Scriptural Call to Worship

Luke 15:17-24

Prayer of Invocation

(pew Bible p. 875)

Hymn

"The Sands of Time Are Sinking"

Old Testament Scripture Reading

Malachi 1:6-14

Leader: This is God's Word

(pew Bible p. 801)

Congregation: Thanks be to God!

Prayer of Adoration

Hymn

"Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted"

New Testament Scripture Reading

Galatians 5

Leader: This is God's Word

(pew Bible pp.974-975)

Congregation: Thanks be to God!

Hymn

"Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed"

Prayer for God's People

Children ages 3 years old through kindergarten who would like to participate in Children's Discipleship are dismissed to go upstairs after the Prayer for God's People.

Message

"When in Rome?"

1 Peter 2:11-12 (pew Bible pp. 1,015)

Celebration of the Lord's Supper

Corporate Confession of Sin

Scriptural Assurance of Pardon

1 John 1:8-9

Communion Hymn

"The Church's One Foundation"

After you are served communion, pass the tray down your row. An usher will be at the other end of the row to collect the trays. We will hold both the bread and the cup and take them together.

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: *Before the benediction, we will spend the next few minutes silently reflecting on our time together this morning.*

Benediction

Numbers 6:24-26

Preacher: John Young

Hymn

The Sands of Time are Sinking

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, the dawn of Hea - ven breaks,
 2. The King there in his beau - ty, with - out a veil is seen.
 3. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, the deep, deep well of love,
 4. With mer - cy and with judg - ment my web of time He wove,
 5. Oh! I am my Be - lov - ed's and my Be - lov - ed's mine!
 6. The bride eyes not her gar - ments but her dear Bride - groom's face,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn a - wakes;
 It were a well spent jour - ney though sev'n deaths lay be - tween;
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, more deep I'll drink a - bove,
 And aye the dew of sor - row were lus - tred with his love,
 He brings a poor, vile sin - ner in - to his "house of wine,"
 I will not gaze at glo - ry but on my King of Grace:

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, but day - spring is at hand,
 The Lamb with his fair ar - my, Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,
 There to an o - cean full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,
 I stand up - on his mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
 Not at the crown he giv - eth, But on his pier - ced hand;

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 When throned where glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 Not e'en where glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry of Im - man - uel's land.

Words by Anne Ross Cousins. Music by Connie Dever © 2014

Hymn

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

1. Strick-en, smit-ten, and af-flict-ed, see Him dy-ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groan-ing, was there ev-er grief like His?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light-ly, nor sup-pose the e-vil great,
 4. Here we have a firm foun-da-tion; here, the ref-uge of the lost;

'Tis the Christ by man re-ject-ed; yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
 Friends throu' fear His cause dis-own-ing, foes in-sult-ing His dis-tress;
 here may view its na-ture right-ly, here its guilt may es-ti-mate.
 Christ, the Rock of our sal-va-tion, His the name of which we boast.

'Tis the long-ex-pect-ed Proph-et, Da-vid's Son, yet Da-vid's Lord;
 Man-y hands were raised to wound Him; none would in-ter-pose to save;
 Mark the sac-ri-fice ap-point-ed, see who bears the aw-ful load;
 Lamb of God, for sin-ners wound-ed, sac-ri-fice to can-cel guilt!

by His Son God now has spo-ken: 'tis the true and faith-ful Word.
 but the deep-est stroke that pierced Him was the stroke that Jus-tice gave.
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's A-noint-ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
 None shall ev-er be con-found-ed who on Him their hope have built.

Words by Thomas Kelly. Music: Geistliche Volkslieder, Paderborn, 1850.

Hymn

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed

♯ G
C/G G
G/D D⁷
G 7
D

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my Sov - erign die!
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done he groaned up - on the tree!
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, and shut his glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while his dear cross ap - pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe;

G
D⁷
Em
G⁷
C
G
D
♯ G
C
G
G/D
D⁷
G 7

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I!
 A - maz - ing pit - y! Grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 • when Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died for man the crea - ture's sin.
 dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and melt mine eyes in tears.
 here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'tis all that I can do.

Words by Isaac Watts. Music by Hugh Wilson, Arr. by Robert A. Smith

Communion Hymn

The Church's One Foundation

1. The church - 's one foun - da - tion is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Though with a scorn - ful won - der men see her sore op - pressed,
 4. The church shall nev - er per - ish! Her dear Lord to de - fend,

she is his new cre - a - tion by wa - ter and the Word:
 her char - ter of sal - va - tion one Lord, one faith, one birth;
 by schis - ms rent a - sun - der, by her e - sies dis - tressed,
 to guide, sus - tain, and cher - ish, is with her to the end;

from heav'n he came and sought her to be his ho - ly bride;
 one ho - ly name she bless - es, par - takes one ho - ly food,
 yet saints their watch are keep - ing, their cry goes up, "How long?"
 though there be those that hate her, and false sons in her pale,

with his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.
 and to one hope she press - es, with ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing shall be the morn of song.
 a - gainst or foe or trai - tor she ev - er shall pre - vail.

5. 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 and tumult of her war,
 she waits the consummation
 of peace forevermore;
 till with the vision glorious
 her longing eyes are blest,
 and the great church victorious
 shall be the church at rest.

6. Yet she on earth hath union
 with God the Three in One,
 and mystic sweet communion
 with those whose rest is won:
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 like them, the meek and lowly,
 on high may dwell with thee.

Words by S. J. Stone. Music by Samuel S. Wesley.