

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

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

OFFERTORY HYMN

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!

The heav'ns are not too high,
God's praise may thither fly;
the earth is not too low,
God's praises there may grow.
Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!

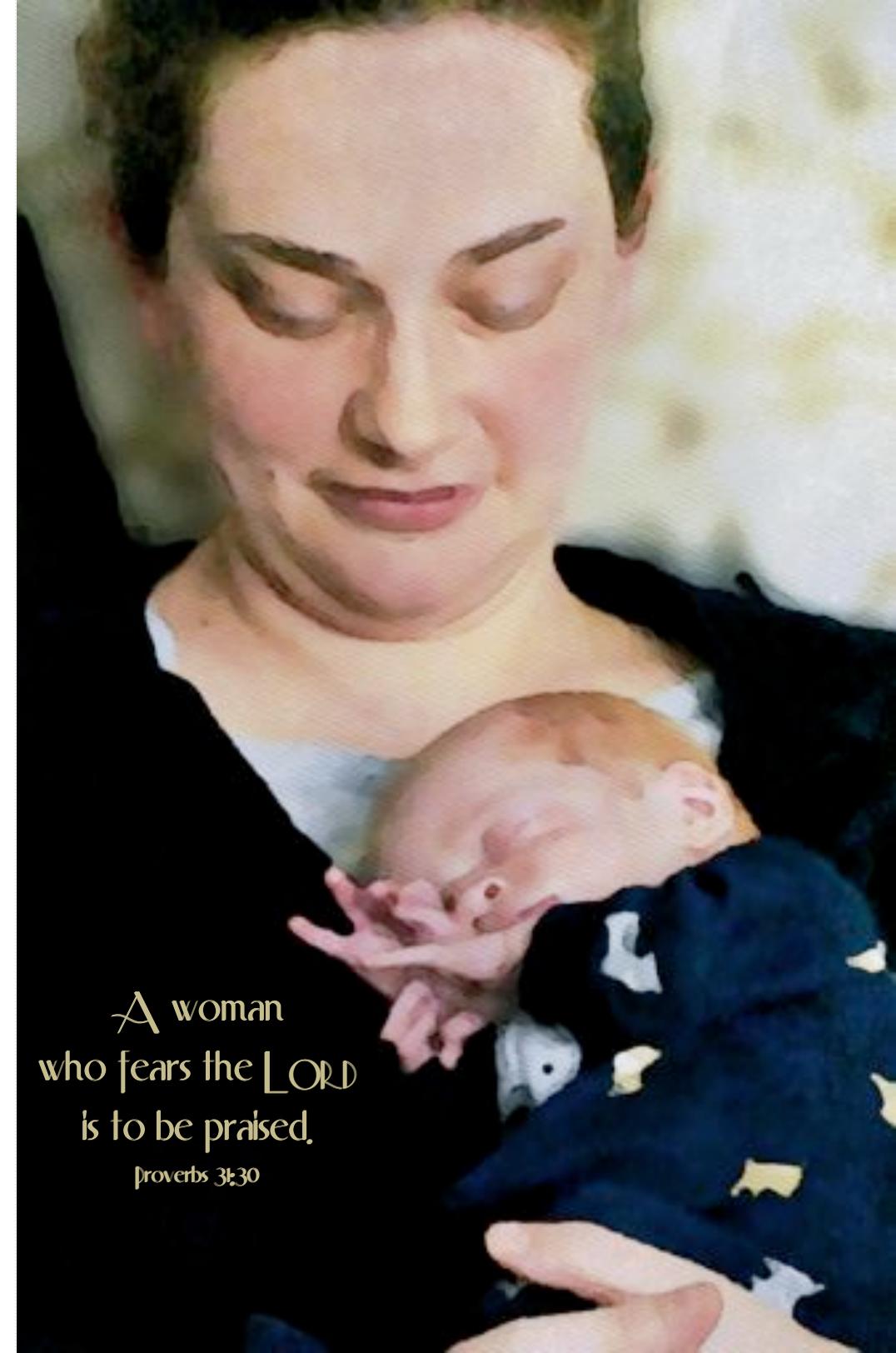
The church with psalms must shout:
no door can keep them out.
But, more than all, the heart
must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!

—George Herbert (1593-1633)

* Call to Worship adapted from Carol Penner,
posted on Leading in Worship. <http://carolpenner.typepad.com/>

PHOTO: RDO 3-12-2021 MOTHER & HUDSON

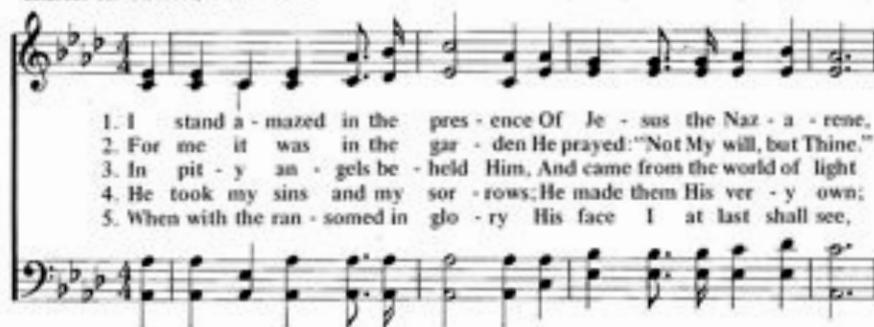
A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair, looking down at a baby she is holding. The woman has a gentle, loving expression. The baby is wearing a dark blue patterned onesie. The background is softly blurred, showing what appears to be a white and yellow patterned surface.

A woman
who fears the LORD
is to be praised.
Proverbs 3:30

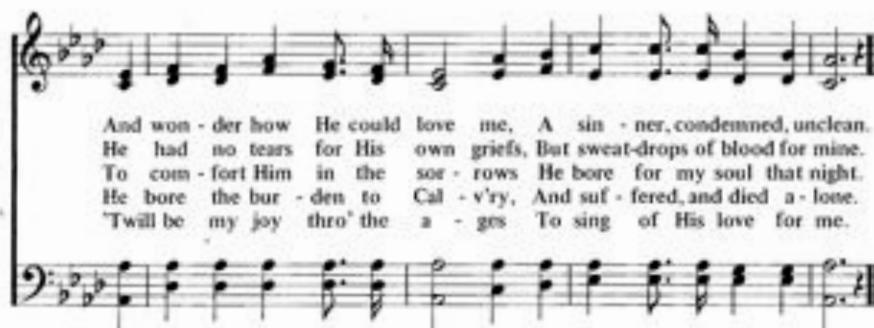
My Saviour's Love

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

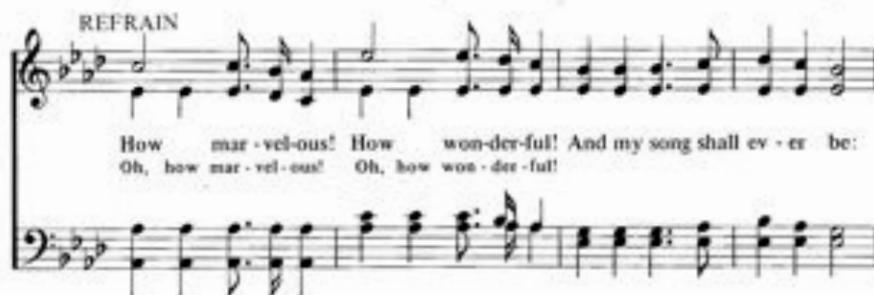


1. I stand a - mazed in the pres - ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine."
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows; He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ran - somed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

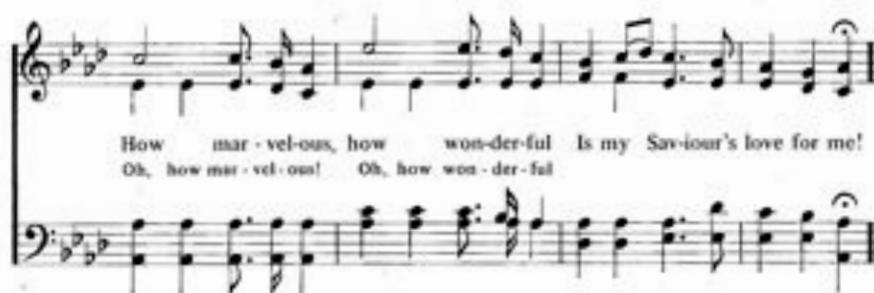


And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, unclean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
"Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

REFRAIN



How mar - vel - ous! How won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar - vel - ous! Oh, how won - der - ful!



How mar - vel - ous, how won - der - ful Is my Sav - iour's love for me!
Oh, how mar - vel - ous! Oh, how won - der - ful!

For the Beauty of the Earth

DIX

Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1835 - 1917

Conrad Kocher, 1786 - 1872

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child;
4. For Thy Church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Friends on earth, and friends a - bove; For all gen - tle thoughts and mild;
Of - fering up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

Happy the Home When God Is There

Henry Ware, Jr., 1794 - 1843

ST. AGNES

John B. Dykes, 1823 - 1876

1. Hap - py the home when God is there, And love fills ev - 'ry breast;
2. Hap - py the home where Je - sus' name Is sweet to ev - 'ry ear;
3. Hap - py the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, let us in our homes a - gree This bless - ed peace to gain.

When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heaven - ly rest.
Where chil - dren ear - ly lisp His fame, And par - ents hold Him dear.
Where par - ents love the sa - cred Word And all its wis - dom prize.
U - nite our hearts in love to Thee, And love to all will reign.