

# Notes:

Sermon Text

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Subject

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

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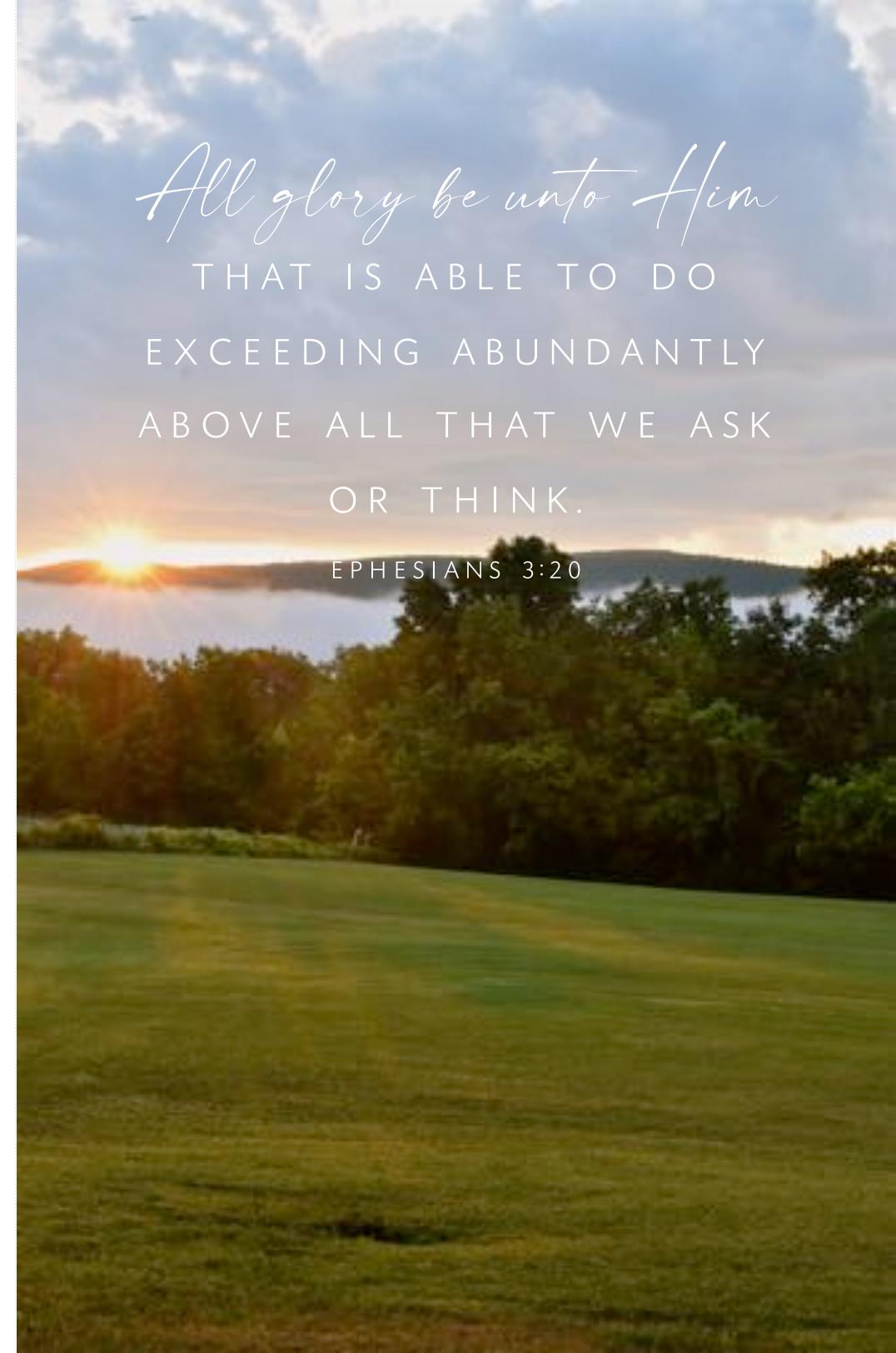
Come behold the wondrous mystery  
In the dawning of the King  
He the theme of heaven’s praises  
Robed in frail humanity  
In our longing, in our darkness  
Now the light of life has come  
Look to Christ, who condescended  
Took on flesh to ransom us

Come behold the wondrous mystery  
He the perfect Son of Man  
In His living, in His suffering  
Never trace nor stain of sin  
See the true and better Adam  
Come to save the hell-bound man  
Christ the great and sure fulfillment  
Of the law; in Him we stand

Come behold the wondrous mystery  
Christ the Lord upon the tree  
In the stead of ruined sinners  
Hangs the Lamb in victory  
See the price of our redemption  
See the Father’s plan unfold  
Bringing many sons to glory  
Grace unmeasured, love untold

Come behold the wondrous mystery  
Slain by death the God of life  
But no grave could e’er restrain Him  
Praise the Lord; He is alive!  
What a foretaste of deliverance  
How unwavering our hope  
Christ in power resurrected  
As we will be when he comes

—Matt Papa, Matt Boswell, Michael Bleecker (c) 2013



*All glory be unto Him*

THAT IS ABLE TO DO  
EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY  
ABOVE ALL THAT WE ASK  
OR THINK.

EPHESIANS 3:20

PHOTO: RDO 7-2-2020



# Arise, My Soul, Arise

LENOX

Charles Wesley, 1707 - 1788

Lewis Edson, 1748 - 1820

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears.  
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter - cede,  
 3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry.  
 4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear A - noint - ed One;  
 5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I hear.

The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears.  
 His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead.  
 They pour ef - fec - tual prayers; They strong - ly plead for me.  
 He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son.  
 He owns me for His child; I can no lon - ger fear.

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my  
 His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for  
 "For - give him, oh, for - give," they cry. "For - give him, oh, for -  
 His Spir - it an - swers to the Blood, His Spir - it an - swers  
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I

Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on His hands,  
 all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.  
 give," they cry. "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."  
 to the Blood, And tells me I am born of God,  
 now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

# Nearer, Still Nearer

MORRIS

Lelia N. Morris, 1862 - 1929

Lelia N. Morris, 1862 - 1929

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour - so pre -  
 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of - f'ring to Je -  
 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine! Sin, with its fol - lies, I glad -  
 4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my an -

ci - ous Thou art! Fold me, oh, fold me close to Thy breast. Shel - ter me safe  
 sus, my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart. Grant me the cleans -  
 ly re - sign, All of its pleas - ures, pomp and its pride. Give me but Je -  
 chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges ev - er to be Near - er, my Sav -

in that "Ha - ven of Rest"; Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of - Rest."  
 ing Thy blood doth im - part; Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth impart.  
 sus, my Lord, cru - ci - fied; Give me but Je - sus, my Lord, cru - ci - fied.  
 iour, still near - er to Thee; Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee!