

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

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

Service Music
Prelude - ITALIAN HYMN - F. de Giardini
ARLINGTON - T. A. Arne

Special Music - HE LEADETH ME - W. B. Bradbury

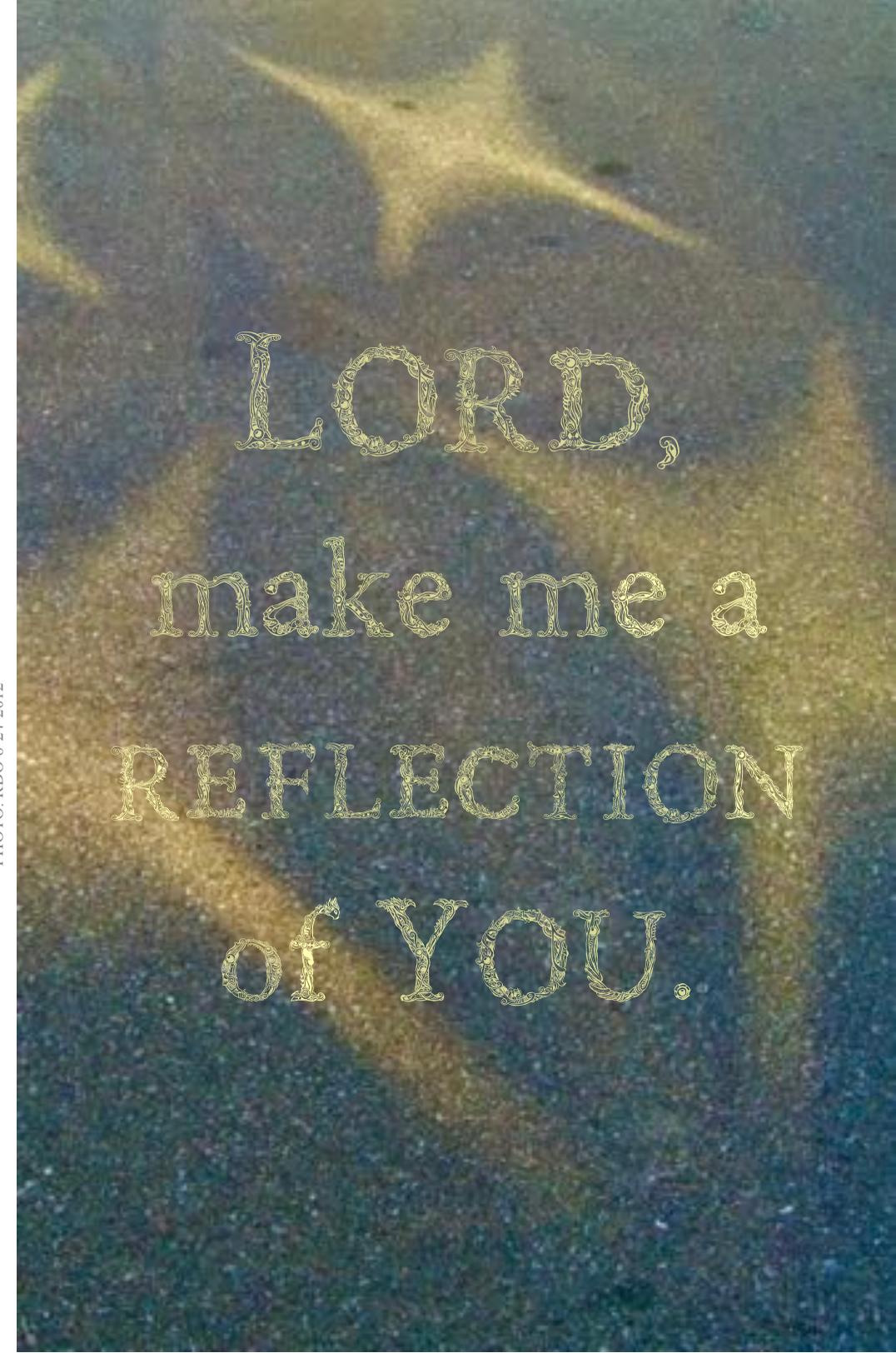
LORD, we bless Thee that Thou art God of weekdays and Sabbath. Thou Thyself dost work and art lover of all such as do honest work. O God, bless all us workingfolk, and may all of us keep our hands and our hearts clean.

God bless people who don't know where work is to come from to-morrow. God bless people who are here beginning life's struggles. Keep them from being discouraged. Keep them with the high heart and the bounding pulse. God, keep young men and women against the tomorrow, and make it clear that nobody has a right to fail in watching or fail in interest or fail in hoping against the to-morrow for himself or others. May serving God not seem a duty, but may it seem only a glorious opportunity to have the chance while in the earth to talk about Him and love Him and think about Him who died for us. Bless all of us therefore. Give us a good and gracious week. Bless us with high courage and noble enterprise, and bring us all after a while to God, for Christ's sake. Amen.

—Bishop William Quayle

With all the school supplies on sale, now is the time to stock up on items for Operation Christmas Child shoeboxes. These may include: toys, school supplies, non-liquid hygiene items, clothing and accessories. Let's try to exceed last year's number of shoeboxes!

PHOTO: RDO 8-24-2012



LORD,
make me a
REFLECTION
of YOU.

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX
Trans. by Edward Caswall

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee Withsweet-ness fills my breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
4. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

Butsweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

I Am Thine, O Lord

FANNY J. CROSSY

W. H. DOANE

1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

love to me. But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine. Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer and with Thee, my God, I com -
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

REFRAIN

clos - er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near-er,

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died. Draw me near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.