

My Heart Is Filled With

Thankfulness

*Words and Music by Keith Getty and Stuart Townend
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My heart is filled with thankfulness
To Him who bore my pain;
Who plumbed the depths
of my disgrace
And gave me life again;
Who crushed my curse of sinfulness
And clothed me in His light
And wrote His law of righteousness
With pow'r upon my heart.

My heart is filled with thankfulness
To Him who walks beside;
Who floods my weaknesses
with strength
And causes fears to fly;
Whose ev'ry promise is enough
For ev'ry step I take,
Sustaining me with arms of love
And crowning me with grace.

My heart is filled with thankfulness
To him who reigns above,
Whose wisdom is my perfect peace,
Whose ev'ry thought is love.
For ev'ry day I have on earth
Is given by the King;
So I will give my life, my all,
To love and follow him.

Call to Worship (Psalm 67:1-3)

In English (Todd Pruitt):

May God be gracious to us and bless
us and make His face to shine upon
us, that your way may be known on
earth, your saving power among all
nations.

In Arabic (Philip Etre):

يا الله ارحمنا وباركنا
لَيْتَ وَجْهَكَ يُشْرِقُ لَنَا
سِلاَه

لَيْتَ طَرِيقَكَ فِي كُلِّ مَكَانٍ تُعْرِفُ²
لَيْتَ الشُّعُوبَ كُلَّهَا تُعْرِفُ قُوَّةَ خَلَاصِكَ

In Spanish (Diane Collier):

Dios nos tenga compasión y nos
bendiga;
Dios haga resplandecer su rostro
sobre nosotros,
para que se conozcan en la tierra sus
caminos, y entre todas las naciones
su salvación.

Congregation:

Let the peoples praise you, O God;
let all the peoples praise you!

Mighty Lord, Extend Your Kingdom

By Gregory Wilbur. © 2008 Gregory D. Wilbur CCLI #353794

Mighty Lord, extend Your kingdom,
Be the truth with triumph crowned;
Let the lands that sit in darkness
Hear the glorious Gospel sound,
From our borders, from our borders
To the world's remotest bound.

By Your arm, eternal Father,
Scatter far the shades of night.
Let the great Immanuel's kingdom
Open like the morning light;
Let all barriers, let all barriers
Yield before Your heavenly might.

Come in all your Spirit's power;
Come, Your reign on earth restore.
In Your strength ride forth and conquer,
Still advancing more and more,

Till all people, till all people
Shall your holy name adore.

Confession of Sin

(Luke 18:13, Mark 9:24, Psalm 51:1-2)

God, be merciful to me, a sinner!

I believe; help my unbelief!

Have mercy on me, O God,

according to your steadfast love;

according to your abundant mercy

blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity,

and cleanse me from my sin!

Amen.

Psalm 130 (From the Depths of Woe)

Words: Martin Luther. Music: Christopher Miner ©1997 Christopher Miner
Music. Arr.: Jonathan Noël, 2007 CCLI #353794

From the depths of woe I raise to Thee

A voice of lamentation

Lord turn a gracious ear to me

And hear my supplication

If Thou iniquity dost mark

Our secret sins and misdeeds dark

O who shall stand before Thee?

(Who shall stand before Thee?)

O who shall stand before Thee?

(Who shall stand before Thee?)

To wash away the crimson stain

Grace, grace alone availeth

Our works alas are all in vain,

In much the best life faileth

No man can glory in Thy sight,

All must alike confess Thy might

And live alone by mercy

(Live alone by mercy)

And live alone by mercy

(Live alone by mercy).

Therefore my trust is in the Lord

And not in mine own merit

On Him my soul shall rest,

His Word upholds my fainting spirit

His promised mercy is my fort,

My comfort and my sweet support

I wait for it with patience

(Wait for it with patience)

I wait for it with patience

(Wait for it with patience).

What though I wait the live-long night

And till the dawn appeareth

My heart still trusteth in His might,

It doubteth not nor feareth

Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,

Ye of the Spirit born indeed

And wait till God appeareth

(Wait till God appeareth)

And wait till God appeareth

(Wait till God appeareth).

Though great our sins

And sore our woes

His grace much more aboundeth

His helping love no limit knows,

Our utmost need it soundeth

Our Shepherd good and true is He,

Who will at last His Israel free

From all their sin and sorrow

(All their sin and sorrow)

From all their sin and sorrow

(All their sin and sorrow)

From all our sins and sorrows

(All our sins . . .)

(together)

From all our sins and sorrows

His Mercy is More

Matt Boswell, Matt Papa. © 2016 Getty Music Hymns and Songs, Getty Music Publishing, Love Your Enemies Publishing, Messenger Hymns. CCLI #353794

What love could remember,
No wrongs we have done
Omniscient, all-knowing,
He counts not their sum
Thrown into a sea
Without bottom or shore
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more

Praise the Lord, His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness
New every morn'
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more

What patience would wait
As we constantly roam
What Father so tender
Is calling us home
He welcomes the weakest,
The vilest, the poor
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more

What riches of kindness
He lavished on us
His blood was the payment
His life was the cost
We stood 'neath a debt
We could never afford
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more

Be Still, My Soul

Lyrics by Katharina von Schlegel. Music by Jean Sibelius.

Be still, my soul:
the Lord is on your side;

Bear patiently
the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to Your God
to order and provide;
In ev'ry change,
He faithful will remain.
Be still my soul:
your best, your heav'nly Friend
Through thorny ways
leads to a joyful end.

Be still my soul:
your God will undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Your hope, your confidence
let nothing shake;
All now mysterious
shall be bright at last.
Be still my soul:
the waves and winds still know
His voice Who ruled them
while He dwelt below.

Be still my soul:
when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened
in the vale of tears,
Then shall you better
know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe
your sorrow and your fears.
Be still my soul:
your Jesus can repay
From His own fullness
all He takes away.

Be still my soul:
the hour is hast'ning on
When we shall be
forever with the Lord,

When disappointment,
grief and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot,
love's purest joys restored.
Be still my soul:
when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed
we shall meet at last.

Luke 12:22-34

²² And he said to his disciples,
“Therefore I tell you, do not be
anxious about your life, what you will
eat, nor about your body, what you will
put on. ²³ For life is more than food,
and the body more than clothing.

²⁴ Consider the ravens: they neither
sow nor reap, they have neither
storehouse nor barn, and yet God feeds
them. Of how much more value are
you than the birds! ²⁵ And which of
you by being anxious can add a single
hour to his span of life? ²⁶ If then you
are not able to do as small a thing as
that, why are you anxious about the
rest? ²⁷ Consider the lilies, how they
grow: they neither toil nor spin, yet I
tell you, even Solomon in all his glory
was not arrayed like one of these.

²⁸ But if God so clothes the grass,
which is alive in the field today, and
tomorrow is thrown into the oven, how
much more will he clothe you, O you
of little faith! ²⁹ And do not seek what
you are to eat and what you are to
drink, nor be worried. ³⁰ For all the
nations of the world seek after these
things, and your Father knows that you
need them. ³¹ Instead, seek his

kingdom, and these things will be
added to you. ³² “Fear not, little flock,
for it is your Father's good pleasure to
give you the kingdom. ³³ Sell your
possessions, and give to the needy.
Provide yourselves with moneybags
that do not grow old, with a treasure in
the heavens that does not fail, where
no thief approaches and no moth
destroys. ³⁴ For where your treasure is,
there will your heart be also.

On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand

Words by Samuel Stennett; Music by Christopher Miner
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On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day
There God, the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

I am bound, I am bound,
I am bound for Promised Land.
I am bound, I am bound,
I am bound for Promised Land.
No chilling winds
Nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore,
Sickness, sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blessed
Where shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest.

We are bound, we are bound,
We are bound for Promised Land.