

Welcome & announcements:

Creation sings the Father's song;

He calls the sun to wake the dawn
and run the course of day
till evening falls in crimson rays.
His fingerprints in flakes of snow,
His breath upon this spinning globe,
He charts the eagle's flight;
commands the newborn baby's cry.

*Hallelujah! Let all creation stand and sing:
Hallelujah! Fill the earth with songs of worship,
tell the wonders of creation's King.*

Creation gazed upon His face;
the ageless One in time's embrace;
unveiled the Father's plan
of reconciling God and man.
A second Adam walked the earth,
whose blameless life would break the curse,
whose death would set us free
to live with Him eternally.

Creation longs for His return,
when Christ shall reign upon the earth;
the bitter wars that rage
are birth pains of a coming age.
When He renews the land and sky,
all heav'n will sing and earth reply
with one resplendent theme:
the glories of our God and King!

*Hallelujah! Let all creation stand and sing:
Hallelujah! Fill the earth with songs of worship,
Hallelujah! Let all creation stand and sing:
Hallelujah! Fill the earth with songs of worship,
tell the wonders of creation's King.
Fill the earth with songs of worship,
tell the wonders of creation's King.*

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Prayer:

Memory verse:

- Last week – Good and bad choices.
- This week – Abram believes.

The Lord said to Abram: "I will make you into a great nation and I will bless you... and all peoples on earth will be blessed through you." Genesis 12:2-3.

How deep the Father's love for us,

how vast beyond all measure,
that He should give His only Son,
to make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss,
the Father turns His face away,
as wounds which mar the chosen One,
bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon the cross,
my sin upon His shoulders;
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life.
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no pow'r, no wisdom;
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer,
but this I know with all my heart,
His wounds have paid my ransom.

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Prayer:

Reading:

Luke 15:11-32

11 Then He said: "A certain man had two sons.
12 And the younger of them said to *his* father, 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falls *to me*.' So he divided to them *his* livelihood.
13 And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, journeyed to a far country, and there wasted his possessions with prodigal living.
14 But when he had spent all, there arose a severe famine in that land, and he began to be in want.
15 Then he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.
16 And he would gladly have filled his stomach with the pods that the swine ate, and no one gave him *anything*.
17 But when he came to himself, he said, 'How many of my father's hired servants have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!
18 I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you,
19 and I am no longer worthy to be called your son. Make me like one of your hired servants."'
20 And he arose and came to his father. But when he was still a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.
21 And the son said to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in your sight, and am no longer worthy to be called your son.'
22 But the father said to his servants, 'Bring out the best robe and put *it* on him, and put a ring on his hand and sandals on *his* feet.
23 And bring the fatted calf here and kill *it*, and let us eat and be merry;
24 for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.' And they began to be merry.
25 Now his older son was in the field. And as he came and drew near to the house, he heard music and dancing.
26 So he called one of the servants and asked what these things meant.
27 And he said to him, 'Your brother has come, and because he has received him safe and sound, your father has killed the fatted calf.'
28 But he was angry and would not go in. Therefore his father came out and pleaded with him.
29 So he answered and said to *his* father, 'Lo, these many years I have been serving you; I never transgressed your commandment at any time; and yet you never gave me a young goat, that I might make merry with my friends.
30 But as soon as this son of yours came, who has devoured your livelihood with harlots, you killed the fatted calf for him.'
31 And he said to him, 'Son, you are always with me, and all that I have is yours.
32 It was right that we should make merry and be glad, for your brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found.'"

Come, let us sing of a wonderful love,

tender and true;
out of the heart of the Father above,
streaming to me and to you:
wonderful love
dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Jesus, the Saviour, this gospel to tell
joyfully came;
came with the helpless and hopeless to dwell,
sharing their sorrow and shame;
seeking the lost,
saving, redeeming at measureless cost.

Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet;
Why do they roam?
Love only waits to forgive and forget;
home! weary wanderer, home!
Wonderful love
dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Come to my heart, O Thou wonderful love!
Come and abide,
lifting my life, till it rises above
envy and falsehood and pride,
seeking to be
lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.

Robert Walmsley, 1831-1905

Sermon: 'The Father's shocking welcome.'

Today Your mercy calls us

to wash away our sin.
However great our trespass,
whatever we have been,
however long from mercy
our hearts have turned away,
Your blood, O Christ, can cleanse us
and make us pure today.

Today Your gate is open,
and all who enter in
shall find a Father's welcome
and pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
a present joy be given,
a future grace be promised,
a glorious crown in heaven.

O all-embracing mercy!
O ever-open door!
What should we do without You
when heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
to drive us to despair,
we know one gate is open,
one ear will hear our prayer.

Oswald Allen, 1816-78

Close: