

Sunday 27th September 2020 at 10.30

Welcome and announcements:

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
to His feet your tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like you His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise Him, still the same as ever,
slow to chide and swift to bless;
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
well our feeble frame He knows;
in His hands He gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
blows the wind and it is gone;
but while mortals rise and perish
God endures unchanging on.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the high eternal one.

Angels, help us to adore Him;
you behold Him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before Him,
dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.
Henry Frances Lyte (1793-1847)

Prayer

Children's Talk:

Nearer, still nearer, close to Thy heart,
draw me, my Saviour, so precious Thou art;
fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast,
shelter me safe in that haven of rest.

Nearer, still nearer, nothing I bring,
nought as an offering to Jesus my King;
only my sinful, now contrite heart.
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.

Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine,
sin with its follies, I gladly resign,
all of its pleasures, pomp and its pride,
give me but Jesus, my Lord crucified.

Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last,
till all its struggles and trials are past,
then through eternity, ever I'll be
nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.

Leila Naylor Morris, 1862-1929

Prayer:

Bible Reading: 1 Peter Chapter 1 vs 1-9

1 Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ,
to the pilgrims of the Dispersion in Pontus,
Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia and Bithynia,
2 elect according to the foreknowledge of God the
Father, in sanctification of the Spirit, for the
obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus
Christ: grace to you and peace be multiplied.

3 Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord
Jesus Christ, who according to His abundant
mercy has begotten us again to a living hope
through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the
dead,

4 to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled
and that does not fade away, reserved in heaven
for you,

5 who are kept by the power of God through faith
for salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

6 In this you greatly rejoice, though now for a little
while, if need be, you have been grieved by
various trials,

7 that the genuineness of your faith, being much
more precious than gold that perishes, though it is
tested by fire, may be found to praise, honour and
glory at the revelation of Jesus Christ,

8 whom having not seen you love. Though now
you do not see Him, yet believing, you rejoice
with joy inexpressible and full of glory,

9 receiving the end of your faith – the salvation of
our souls.

O Father, you are sovereign

in all the worlds you made;
Your mighty Word was spoken
and light and life obeyed.
Your voice commands the seasons
and bounds the ocean's shore,
set stars within their courses
and stills the tempest's roar.

O Father, you are sovereign
in all affairs of man;
no powers of death or darkness
can thwart Your perfect plan.
All chance and change transcending,
supreme in time and space,
You hold your trusting children
secure in your embrace.

O Father, you are sovereign,
the Lord of human pain,
transmuting earthly sorrows
to gold of heavenly gain.
All evil overruling
as none but Conqueror could,
Your love pursues its purpose -
our soul's eternal good.

O Father, you are sovereign!
We see you dimly now
but soon before Your triumph
earth's every knee shall bow.
With this glad hope before us
our faith springs up anew:
our Sovereign Lord and Saviour
we trust and worship You.

Margaret Clarkson, b 1915
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Message: "You've a glorious inheritance"

There is a hope that burns within my heart,
that gives me strength for every passing day;
a glimpse of glory now revealed in meagre part,
yet drives all doubt away:
I stand in Christ, with sins forgiven;
and Christ in me, the hope of heaven!
My highest calling and my deepest joy,
to make His will my home.

There is a hope that lifts my weary head,
a consolation strong against despair,
that when the world has plunged me in its
deepest pit, I find the Saviour there!
Through present sufferings, future's fear,

He whispers 'courage' in my ear.
For I am safe in everlasting arms,
and they will lead me home.

There is a hope that stands the test of time,
that lifts my eyes beyond the beckoning grave,
to see the matchless beauty of a day divine
when I behold His face!
When sufferings cease and sorrows die,
and every longing satisfied.
Then joy unspeakable will flood my soul,
for I am truly home.

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