



THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

September 13, 2020

Opening Worship

Praise My Soul the King of Heaven

1 Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; to his feet thy tri - bute bring;
2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to his peo - ple in dis - tress;
3 Fa - ther-like he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble frame he knows;
4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him; ye be - hold him face to face;

ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, ev - er - more his prais-es sing:
praise him still the same as ev - er, slow to chide, and swift to bless:
in his hand he gen - tly bears us, res-cues us from all our foes.
sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, dwell-ers all in time and space.

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847
Music: LAUDA ANIMA, John Goss, 1800-1880

Bless the Lord

The sun comes up; it's a new day dawning.
It's time to sing Your song again.
Whatever may pass and whatever lies before me,
Let me be singing when the evening comes.

Chorus:

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
O my soul,
Worship His holy name.
Sing like never before,
O my soul,
I'll worship Your holy name.

You're rich in love and You're slow to anger,
Your name is great and Your heart is kind.
For all Your goodness I will keep on singing
Ten thousand reasons for my heart to find.

And on that day when my strength is failing,
The end draws near and my time has come,
Still my soul will sing Your praise unending,
Ten thousand years and then forevermore.

"Bless the Lord," words and music by Jonas Myrin and Matt Redman. © 2011 Thankyou Music, Said And Done Music, sixsteps Music, SHOUT! Music Publishing, worshiptogether.com songs.

The Lessons

Romans 14:5-12 (ESV)

Luke 7:36-50 (ESV)

Sermon

The Loving Disciple

Bp. Stewart Ruch

Songs of Worship

Awake My Soul

There is a sound I love to hear
It's the sound of the Saviour's robe
As He walks into the room where people pray
Where we hear praises He hears faith

There is a sound I love to hear
It's the sound of the Saviour's robe
As He walks into the room where people pray
Where we hear worship He hears faith

Chorus:

Awake my soul and sing
Sing His praise aloud sing His praise aloud
Oh awake my soul and sing
Sing His praise aloud sing His praise aloud

There is a sound that changes things
The sound of His people on their knees
Oh wake up you slumbering
It's time to worship Him

And when He moves and when we pray
Where stood a wall now stands a way
Where every promise is amen
And when He moves make no mistake
The bowels of hell begin to shake
All hail the Lord all hail the King

Oh let the King of glory enter in
Fall down on your knees and worship Him
Let His praise rise up don't hold it in

"Awake My Soul," words and music by Brooke Ligertwood ©
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Victory in Jesus

I heard an old, old story,
How a Savior came from glory
How he gave his life on Calvary
To save a wretch like me;
I heard about his groaning,
Of his precious blood's atoning,
Then I repented of my sins
And won the victory.

Chorus:

O victory in Jesus, my Savior, forever!
He sought me and bought me
With his redeeming blood;
He loved me ere I knew him,
And all my love is due him.
He plunged me to victory
Beneath the cleansing flood.

You Alone Can Rescue

Who O Lord could save themselves
Their own soul could heal
Our shame was deeper than the sea
Your grace is deeper still

Chorus:

And You alone can rescue
You alone can save
You alone can lift us from the grave
You came down to find us led us out of death
To You alone belongs the highest praise

You O Lord have made a way
The great divide You healed
For when our hearts were far away
Your love went further still
Yes Your love goes further still

We lift up our eyes
Lift up our eyes
You're the giver of life
We lift up our eyes
Lift up our eyes
You're the giver of life

To You alone belongs the highest praise
To You alone belongs the highest praise

"You Alone Can Rescue," words and music by Jonas Myrin,
Matt Redman © 2008 Atlas Mountain Songs, sixsteps Music,
Thankyou Music.

I heard about his healing,
Of his cleansing power revealing,
How he made the lame to walk again
And caused the blind to see;
And then I cried, "Dear Jesus,
Come and heal my broken spirit,"
And somehow Jesus came and brought
To me the victory.

I heard about a mansion
He has built for me in glory,
And I heard about the streets of gold
Beyond the crystal sea;
About the angels singing
And the old redemption story,
And some sweet day
I'll sing up there the song of victory.

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