

MAYFLOWER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
A SERVICE OF MORNING WORSHIP

Sunday, July 23, 2023, 10:30 a.m.
Eighth Sunday After Pentecost

Welcome and Greeting

Prelude: "Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us" (with "He Leadeth Me") (William Bradbury, arr. Cindy Berry)

Opening Sentences

Hymn 60: "When Morning Gilds the Skies"

Opening Prayer

Special Music: "In This Very Room" (Ron Harris)

Giving and Receiving of Our Gifts

Doxology

Pastoral Prayer and The Lord's Prayer (using debts and debtors)

Old Testament Reading: Psalm 139:1-12, 23-24

O LORD, you have searched me and known me. You know when I sit down and when I rise up; you discern my thoughts from far away. You search out my path and my lying down, and are acquainted with all my ways. Even before a word is on my tongue, O LORD, you know it completely. You hem me in, behind and before, and lay your hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is so high that I cannot attain it. Where can I go from your spirit? Or where can I flee from your presence? If I ascend to heaven, you are there; if I make my bed in Sheol, you are there. If I take the wings of the morning and settle at the farthest limits of the sea, even there your hand shall lead me, and your right hand shall hold me fast. If I say, 'Surely the darkness shall cover me, and the light around me become night', even the darkness is not dark to you; the night is as bright as the day, for darkness is as light to you. Search me, O God, and know my heart; test me and know my thoughts. See if there is any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Sermon: "UNCOMFORTABLE EXPOSURE"

Hymn 359: "Blessed Assurance"

Benediction

Benediction Response 359 (v. 3): "Blessed Assurance"

Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Savior am happy and blest; watching and waiting, looking above, filled with His goodness, lost in His love. This is my story, this is my song, praising my Savior all the day long; this is my story, this is my song, praising my Savior all the day long.

Greet One Another

Participants: Pastor Mark and DeeAnn McCormick, Barb and Jerry Fuller, Gretta Delaney

When Morning Gilds the Skies

German Traditional, 1828

Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896

Trans. by Edward Caswall, 1814-1878, alt.

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak - ing,
 2. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we
 3. Ye na - tions of man - kind, In this your con - cord
 4. To God, the Word, on high, The hosts of an - gels
 5. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is
 6. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di -

cries, "May Je - sus Christ be praised!" A - like at
 say, "May Je - sus Christ be praised!" The pow'rs of
 find, "May Je - sus Christ be praised!" Let all the
 cry: "May Je - sus Christ be praised!" Let mor - tals,
 this, "May Je - sus Christ be praised!" Let air, and
 vine: "May Je - sus Christ be praised!" Be this the e -

work and prayer, To Je - sus I re - pair:
 dark - ness fear, When this sweet chant they hear,
 earth a - round Ring joy - ous with the sound,
 too, up - raise Their voice in hymns of praise:
 sea, and sky From depth to height re - ply
 ter - nal song Through all the a - ges long:

"May Je - sus Christ be praised!" A - men.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi - sions of
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion,
 rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing
 Sav - ior am hap - py and blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing,

pur - chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 bring from a - bove Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 look - ing a - bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my

GOD'S COVENANT PEOPLE

Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my

song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

Creator God, You are good and gracious and true. You are our Source and our Center. You are the “hound of heaven” in that You choose to love us with a love that is always reaching, always searching us out, and never satisfied until it achieves its goal: love reciprocated. You have chosen to love us in the past, and continue to love us in an ongoing way. We pray that we would choose to love You in a way that is similarly devoted and deep. We long to hear the song of Your heart—a love song that woos us and calls us to a love relationship like no other. We pray that we might hear Your song as never before and sing it with resonance and harmony and joy—and in such a way that our spirits are one with Your Spirit. And, Lord, as Your song is played out in our lives, help us to know that it is not just for us alone, but for every follower of Christ, every person we encounter, every moment we enter, and every opportunity we have to embody Your love in a world that is in desperate need of what only You can afford. Thank You for the gift of Your grace in the Person of Christ, the blessed assurance of our souls, in whose name we pray. Amen.