

ORDER FOR STREAMING WORSHIP

January 17, 2021

Gathering Music “Dear Lord and Father of Mankind”

Dear Lord and Father of mankind, forgive our foolish ways;
re clothe us in our rightful mind, in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard beside the Syrian sea
the gracious calling of the Lord, let us, like them, without a word
rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee, O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share with thee the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love!

Welcome, Announcements and Opening Prayer

Prelude

Responsive Reading Psalm 139

One: God, you have searched me and known me;
you know when I sit down and when I rise;
you discern my thoughts from far away.

**All: You guard my path; you guard my sleep;
you are acquainted with all my ways.**

One: Before a word is on my tongue, you know it.
You hem me in, behind and before.

**All: You cover me with the palm of your hand;
such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
so high, I cannot attain it.**

One: Where can I go from your spirit, O God?
Or where can I flee from your presence?

**All: If I go up to heaven, you are already there;
if I sleep in Sheol, among the dead, you are there.
If I fly to the farthest limits of the sea,
it is your hand that leads me and holds me fast.**

One: If I call to the darkness, “Cover me,
let the light around me be night!”

**All: I find that the darkness is not dark to you,
the night is as bright as the day,
for darkness itself is light to you.**

One: It was you who formed my inward parts;

you knit me together in my mother's womb.

All: I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made!

One: Wonderful indeed are your works, O God.

You were there when my body was forming in secret,
intricately woven in the depths of the earth.

All: Your eyes saw my unformed substance.

**All my days were already written in your book
when none of them yet existed.**

One: How weighty for me are your thoughts, O God!

How vast is the sum of them!

**All: I try to count them—they are more than the sand;
I come to the end—I am still with you.**

One: O that you would kill the wicked, the bloodthirsty,
those who dishonor your name!

**All: Look how I hate those who hate you, O God,
how I loathe those who rise up against you.
My hatred is perfect; I count them my foes!**

One: Search me, O God, and know my heart;
test me and know my thoughts.

**All: See if there is any wicked way in me,
and lead me in the way everlasting.**

Response O Word of God Incarnate

O Word of God incarnate, O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging, O Light of our dark sky,
we praise You for the radiance that from the hallowed page,
a lantern to our footsteps, shines on from age to age.

The church from You dear Master received the gift divine,
and still that light is lifted o'er all the earth to shine.
It is the chart and compass that o'er life's surging sea,
amid the rocks and quicksands, still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

O make Your church, dear Savior, a lamp of purest gold,
to bear before the nations Your true light, as of old.
O teach Your wand'ring pilgrims by this their path to trace,
'til, clouds and darkness ended, they see You face to face.

Lifting up our Joys and Concerns

Pastoral Prayer with the Lord's Prayer

Special Music

Dedicating our Gifts: Doxology and Offering prayer

Second Reading 1 Samuel 3:1-4:1

Hymn “Precious Lord, Take My Hand”

Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, help me stand
I am tired, I'm weak, I am worn
Through the storm, through the night lead me on to the light
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

When my way grows drear precious Lord, linger near
When my light is almost gone.
Hear my cry, hear my call; hold my hand lest I fall
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

Sermon

Response “Dear Lord and Father of Mankind”

Drop thy still dews of quietness, till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess the beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire, O still, small voice of calm!

Benediction

Postlude