

Pre-service Song

Rock of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling.
Naked come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace.
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Words by Augustus M. Toplady, Music by Thomas Hastings
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Call To Worship

We confess the supremacy of God in Christ through both responsive reading and song.

Our Spoken Call to Worship

Psalm 147:1-6, 10-12 (ESV)

Praise the LORD!
**For it is good to sing praises to our God;
for it is pleasant, and a song of praise is fitting.**

The LORD builds up Jerusalem;
he gathers the outcasts of Israel.
**He heals the brokenhearted
and binds up their wounds.**

Great is our Lord, and abundant in power;
his understanding is beyond measure.
**The LORD lifts up the humble;
he casts the wicked to the ground.**

His delight is not in the strength of the horse,
nor his pleasure in the legs of a man,
**but the LORD takes pleasure in those who fear him,
in those who hope in his steadfast love.**

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem!
Praise your God, O Zion!
Hallelujah!

Our Sung Call to Worship
All People That On Earth Do Dwell

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Words paraphrased by William Kethe and Thomas Ken, Music by Louis Bourgeois
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Confession

We confess our need for mercy through both responsive reading and song.

Our Spoken Confession
Psalm 51:1-4, 10-12 (ESV)

Have mercy on me, O God,
according to your steadfast love;
according to your abundant mercy
blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity,
and cleanse me from my sin!

**For I know my transgressions,
and my sin is ever before me.
Against you, you only, have I sinned
and done what is evil in your sight,
so that you may be justified in your words
and blameless in your judgment.**

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;
wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Let me hear joy and gladness;

**let the bones that you have broken rejoice.
Hide your face from my sins,
and blot out all my iniquities.**

**This we ask in the name of Jesus Christ,
our crucified and risen Lord. Amen.**

Time of silent confession.

Assurance and Peace

We profess our assurance of salvation and peace in Christ through both responsive reading and song.

Remember the Gospel

Philippians 2:6-11 (ESV)

Remember the Gospel!

Christ Jesus, though he was in the form of God,
did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, by taking the form of a
servant, being born in the likeness of men.

**And being found in human form, he humbled himself by becoming obedient to the point of death,
even death on a cross.**

Therefore God has highly exalted him and bestowed on him the name that is above every name, so that
at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth,

**and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord,
to the glory of God the Father.**

Our Sung Profession of Assurance

Man of Sorrows (Distribution Song)

Man of sorrows, Lamb of God,
By His own betrayed.
The sin of man and wrath of God
Has been on Jesus laid.

Silent as He stood accused,
Beaten, mocked, and scorned,
Bowing to the Father's will,
He took a crown of thorns.

Chorus

**Oh, that rugged cross, my salvation,
Where Your love poured out over me.
Now my soul cries out, hallelujah,
Praise and honor unto Thee.**

Sent of heaven, God's own Son
To purchase and redeem.
And reconcile the very ones
Who nailed Him to that tree. (Chorus)

Now my debt is paid, it is paid in full
By the precious blood that my Jesus spilled.
Now the curse of sin has no hold on me
Whom the Son sets free, Oh is free indeed. (Repeat)

**Oh, that rugged cross, my salvation,
Where Your love poured out over me.
Now my soul cries out, hallelujah,
Praise and honor unto Thee.**

See the stone is rolled away,
Behold the empty tomb.
Hallelujah, God be praised,
He's risen from the grave. (Chorus)

Praise and honor unto Thee.

By Matt Crocker and Brooke Ligertwood
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Celebration of the Lord's Supper

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Words by Isaac Watts. Music by Lowell Mason
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Thanksgiving and Petition

We Give Thanks in Prayer and Offer Petitions to God

We express our gratitude to God our Father for Christ's work on the cross for us and bring our requests before him. In bringing our requests, we confess that we believe God truly is a good father, who cares about our needs and gives us what he knows is best.

We Give Thanks by Giving

We give financial offerings to support the work of the church because of our gratitude to God. By giving we confess we are trusting in God's provision for us as well.

On the first Sunday of each month we have a Mission Moment to highlight the different missions giving opportunities we have at Grand. Members are encouraged to give to GABC Missions to support these missions.

You may give electronically at gabcames.org/giving/ or place your offering in the boxes at the back of the sanctuary or send a check in the mail.

Scripture Reading

Matthew 27:27-31 (ESV)

²⁷ Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the governor's headquarters, and they gathered the whole battalion before him. ²⁸ And they stripped him and put a scarlet robe on him, ²⁹ and twisting together a crown of thorns, they put it on his head and put a reed in his right hand. And kneeling before him, they mocked him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!"

³⁰ And they spit on him and took the reed and struck him on the head. ³¹ And when they had mocked him, they stripped him of the robe and put his own clothes on him and led him away to crucify him.

This is the word of the Lord.

**The grass withers and the flower falls
but the word of the Lord endures forever.**

Sermon

Mathew 27:27-31 (ESV) – The King's Chastisement – Pastor Michael Felkins

Sermon Discipleship Questions

1. What encouraged you?
2. What convicted you?
3. Is there anything in your life that needs to change?

Sending

Having heard and confessed the Gospel, we are sent into the world on mission in Christ, which we express in both song and spoken word.

Sending Song

O Sacred Head Now Wounded

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
How pale Thou art with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

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Blessing

Psalm 67:1-3 (ESV)

May God be gracious to us and bless us
and make his face to shine upon us,
**that your way may be known on earth,
your saving power among all nations.**
**Let the peoples praise you, O God;
let all the peoples praise you!**

Scripture text for next Sunday: Matthew 27:32-44