

Sunday, 17 March 2019—Family Bible Hour

Leader	Item	Details
Neil	Opening Prayer	
Neil	Song	I Love You, Lord (1 verse)
Neil	Announcements	
Neil	Birthdays and Anniversaries	
Neil	Closing Prayer	

I LOVE YOU, LORD

1 I love you, Lord, and I lift my voice to worship you, O, my soul, rejoice!
 Take joy, my King, in what you hear, may it be a sweet, sweet sound in your ear.

Birthdays and Anniversaries

BIRTHDAYS		ANNIVERSARIES	
Sunday, 17 March	Lulama Nleya	Sunday, 17 March	Theuns & Ursula Human (12)
Monday, 18 March	Timothy Mason	Monday, 18 March	
Tuesday, 19 March	Lisa Human	Tuesday, 19 March	
Wednesday, 20 March		Wednesday, 20 March	
Thursday, 21 March		Thursday, 21 March	Cailan & Melanie Sacks (10)
Friday, 22 March	Neka Chase	Friday, 22 March	
Saturday, 23 March	Abella Grainger Jan van Heerden	Saturday, 23 March	

Announcements

Sunday, 17 March 2019—Morning Service

Leader	Item	Details
Neil	Welcome and Announcements	
Neil	Call to Worship	Prayer Psalm: 107
Neil	Prayer of Invocation	
Neil	Scripture Reading	Philippians 2:1–11
Edwin	Song	O Worship the King (6 verses)
Edwin	Song	I Cannot Tell (4 verses)
Stuart	Pastoral Prayer	
Edwin	Song	This is My Father's World (3 verses)
Edwin	Offering (taken during the above song)	
Doug	Song	Faith is the Victory (4 verses)
Edwin	Children's Church (dismissed during above song)	
Stuart	Sermon	Judges 3:31
Stuart	Song	Yet Not I, But Through Christ in Me (4 verses)
Stuart	Closing	

O WORSHIP THE KING

- 1 O worship the King, all glorious above; O gratefully sing his pow'r and his love; our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days, pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of his might! O sing of his grace, whose robe is the light, whose canopy space! His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form, and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold, Almighty, your pow'r has founded of old: Established it fast by a changeless decree, and round it has cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Your bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, in you do we trust, nor find you to fail: Your mercies how tender, how firm to the end, our maker, defender, redeemer and friend!
- 6 O measureless might! O infinite love! While angels delight to praise you above, your ransomed creation, with glory ablaze, with true adoration shall sing to your praise.

I CANNOT TELL

- 1 I cannot tell why he, whom angels worship should set his love upon the sons of men; or why, as shepherd, he should seek the wand'ers to bring them back, they know not how or when. But this I know: that he was born of Mary, when Bethl'hems manger was his only home, and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured, and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world is come.
- 2 I cannot tell how silently he suffered, as with his peace he graced this place of tears, or how his heart upon the cross was broken, the crown of pain to three and thirty years. But this I know: he heals the broken-hearted, and stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear, and lifts the burden from the heavy-laden, for yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world is here.
- 3 I cannot tell how he will win the nations, how he will claim his earthly heritage, how satisfy the needs and aspirations of east and west, of sinner and of sage. But this I know: all flesh shall see his glory, and he shall reap the harvest he has sown, and some glad day, his sun shall shine in splendour when he, the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is known.
- 4 I cannot tell how all the lands will worship, when, at his bidding, every storm is stilled, or who can say how great the jubilation when all the hearts of men with love are filled. But this I know: the skies will thrill with rapture and myriad, myriad human voices sing, and earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth will answer: At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world is King!

THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

- 1 This is my Father's world, and to my list'ning ears all nature sings, and round me rings the music of the spheres. This is my Father's world! I rest me in the thought of rocks and trees, of skies and seas—his hand the wonders wrought.
- 2 This is my Father's world—the birds their carols raise; the morning light, the lily white, declare their maker's praise. This is my Father's world! He shines in all that's fair; in the rustling grass I hear him pass—he speaks to me everywhere.
- 3 This is my Father's world—O let me ne'er forget that though the wrong seems oft so strong God is the ruler yet. This is my Father's world! The battle is not done; Jesus who died shall be satisfied, and earth and heav'n be one.

FAITH IS THE VICTORY

- 1 Encamped along the hills of light, ye Christian soldiers, rise, and press the battle ere the night shall veil the glowing skies. Against the foe in vales below let all our strength be hurled; faith is the victory, we know, that overcomes the world.
*Faith is the victory! Faith is the victory!
O glorious victory that overcomes the world.*
- 2 His banner over us is love, our sword, the Word of God; we tread the road the saints above with shouts of triumph trod. By faith they like a whirlwind's breath swept on o'er every field; the faith by which they conquered death is still our shining shield.
- 3 On every hand the foe we find drawn up in dread array; let tents of ease be left behind, and onward to the fray! Salvation's helmet on each head, with truth all girt about: The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread and echo with our shout.
- 4 To him that overcomes the foe white raiment shall be giv'n; before the angels he shall know his name confessed in heav'n. Then onward from the hills of light, our hearts with love aflame; we'll vanquish all the hosts of night in Jesus' conq'ring name.

YET NOT I, BUT THROUGH CHRIST IN ME

- 1 What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer: There is no more for heaven now to give! He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom, my steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace.
To this I hold: My hope is only Jesus, for my life is wholly bound to his. Oh how strange and divine, I can sing: All is mine! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
- 2 The night is dark but I am not forsaken, for by my side, the Saviour he will stay; I labour on in weakness and rejoicing, for in my need, his power is displayed.
To this I hold: My Shepherd will defend me, through the deepest valley he will lead; oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
- 3 No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven, the future sure, the price it has been paid, for Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon and he was raised to overthrow the grave.
To this I hold: My sin has been defeated—Jesus now and ever is my plea; oh the chains are released, I can sing: I am free! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
- 4 With every breath I long to follow Jesus, for he has said that he will bring me home, and day by day I know he will renew me until I stand with joy before the throne.
To this I hold: My hope is only Jesus—all the glory evermore to him! When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat: Yet not I, but through Christ in me!

Sunday, 17 March 2019—Evening Service

Leader	Item	Details
Neil	Welcome (no announcements)	
Neil	Scripture Reading	1 Samuel 10:17–27
Neil	Opening Prayer	
Edwin	Song	His Mercy is More (3 Verses)
Edwin	Song	The Power of Your Love (2 verses)
Neil	Membership Acquaintance	van den Heuvel; van der Walt
Neil	Unreached Introduction	Djibouti
Neil	Ministry Feedback	Ekklesia Afrika
Edwin	Offering (taken during the below song)	
Edwin	Song	All I Once Held Dear (3 verses)
Edwin	Dismiss Three-Year-Old Crèche During the Above Song	
Neil	Mention Pre-received Prayer Requests	
Various	Pre-arranged Pray-ers to Pray for the Above	
Edwin	Sermon	1 Thessalonians 3:12
Edwin	Communion	
Edwin	Closing	

HIS MERCY IS MORE

1 What love could remember no wrongs we have done?
 Omniscient, all knowing, he counts not their sum—
 thrown into a sea without bottom or shore:
 Our sins they are many, his mercy is more
*Praise the Lord, his mercy is more—
 stronger than darkness, new every morn,
 our sins they are many, his mercy is more.*

2 What patience would wait as we constantly roam,
 what Father, so tender, is calling us home,
 he welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor:
 Our sins they are many, his mercy is more.

3 What riches of kindness he lavished on us:
 His blood was the payment, his life was the cost;
 we stood 'neath a debt we could never afford:
 Our sins they are many, his mercy is more.

THE POWER OF YOUR LOVE

1 Lord I come to you, let my heart be changed, renewed,
 flowing from the grace that I found in you.
 And, Lord, I've come to know the weaknesses I see in me
 will be stripped away by the pow'r of your love.
*Hold me close, let your love surround me,
 bring me near, draw me to your side;
 and as I wait, I'll rise up like the eagle,
 and I will soar with you, your Spirit leads me on
 in the pow'r of your love.*

2 Lord unveil my eyes, let me see you face to face,
 the knowledge of your love, as you live in me.
 And, Lord, renew my mind as your will unfolds in my life,
 in living every day in the pow'r of your love.

ALL I ONCE HELD DEAR

1 All I once held dear, built my life upon, all this world reveres and wars to own,
 all I once thought gain I have counted loss; spent and worthless now, compared to this.
*Knowing you, Jesus, knowing you; there is no greater thing.
 You're my all, you're the best, you're my joy, my righteousness
 and I love you, Lord.*

2 Now my heart's desire is to know you more, to be found in you and known as yours;
 to possess by faith what I could not earn, all-surpassing gift of righteousness.

3 O to know the pow'r of your risen life and to know you in your sufferings;
 to become like you in your death, my Lord, so with you to live and never die.

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