

Lord's Day Worship

Sunday, December 12th 2021

“The power of just mercy is that it belongs to the undeserving. It's when mercy is least expected that it's most potent....”

- Bryan Stevenson

Worship the Lord Our King

Call to Worship Hosea 6:6, Matthew 9:9-12

⁶For I desire mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings.

⁹As Jesus went on from there, he saw a man named Matthew sitting at the tax collector's booth. “Follow me,” he told him, and Matthew got up and followed him.

¹⁰While Jesus was having dinner at Matthew's house, many tax collectors and sinners came and ate with him and his disciples. ¹¹When the Pharisees saw this,

they asked his disciples, “Why does your teacher eat with tax collectors and sinners?”

¹² On hearing this, Jesus said, “It is not the healthy who need a doctor, but the sick. ¹³ But go and learn what this means: ‘I desire mercy, not sacrifice.’ For I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners.”

Grace Unmeasured

Grace unmeasured, vast and free that knew me from eternity,
That called me out before my birth to bring you glory on this earth.
Grace amazing, pure and deep that saw me in my misery,
That took my curse and owned my blame so I could bear your righteous name.

*Grace paid for my sins and brought me to life;
Grace clothes me with power to do what is right.
Grace will lead me to heaven where I'll see your face,
And never cease to thank you for your grace.*

Grace abounding, strong and true that makes me long to be like you:
That turns me from my selfish pride to love the cross on which you died.
Grace unending all my days you'll give me strength to run this race,
And when my years on earth are through the praise will all belong to you.

Prayer of Invocation

We ask God's presence to enable us to worship him as we ought.

We Confess Our Faithlessness

Call to Confession Matthew 9:12-13

¹² But when he heard it, he said, “Those who are well have no need of a physician, but those who are sick. ¹³ Go and learn what this means: ‘I desire mercy, and not sacrifice.’ For I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.”

Prayer of Confession

(adapted from *Prone to Wander*)

Compassionate Father,

We confess to you that we don't want to need your mercy. When we see ourselves as righteous before you, we become lovers of ourselves instead of lovers of mercy; we perform to try to impress you instead of showing mercy because we

ourselves have been profoundly rescued. Religious duties become more important than loving people, and we become easily blind to the needs of those around us. Sometimes caring for others even becomes the very duty we use to justify ourselves. God, forgive us and have mercy on us.

Father, you have shown us great mercy through the sacrifice of your Son. You piled the weight of our sin on Jesus and crushed him in our place, and through his atoning death we have inherited every spiritual blessing imaginable. Dissolve our cool, indifferent hearts with the blazing trust of your astonishing love for us in Christ.

Jesus, you have been merciful to us and for us. You knit yourself to human flesh and walked through this sin sick world with eyes of love that saw overwhelming needs of those around you. You loved and cared for people in their suffering, even when they invaded your privacy and disrupted your plans. Serving others was your spiritual duty, so you healed on the Sabbath without confusion or guilt. So now, even though we are confirmed lovers of ourselves and often calloused to the suffering of others, we are credited with all your loving compassion, as though we had done it ourselves. Jesus, how can we ever thank you?

Holy spirit, keep us mindful of our weakness and sin so that we will come to love the righteousness of Jesus. Melt our stony hearts with gratitude for the mercy we have received until compassion and love flow out of us like a river. Help us to die to our own desires, schedules, agendas, and wisdom, and open our eyes to see the people you want us to love. Give us joyful confidence that you have prepared good works for us to do, and that we will walk in them because you always get your way. Cover our shameful lack of mercy and love for others with the glorious obedience, and may our growing love for him compel us face a needy world with peace and real power to help. Amen.

Silent Prayers of Confession

Assurance of Pardon Psalm 103: 8-14

- ⁸The LORD is merciful and gracious,
slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love.
- ⁹He will not always chide,
nor will he keep his anger forever.
- ¹⁰He does not deal with us according to our sins,
nor repay us according to our iniquities.
- ¹¹For as high as the heavens are above the earth,
so great is his steadfast love toward those who fear him;
- ¹²as far as the east is from the west,

so far does he remove our transgressions from us.
¹³ As a father shows compassion to his children,
so the LORD shows compassion to those who fear him.
¹⁴ For he knows our frame;
he remembers that we are dust.

Depth of Mercy

Depth of mercy! Can there be mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear, me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood his grace, long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls, grieved him by a thousand falls.

I have spilt his precious blood, trampled on the Son of God,
Filled with pangs unspeakable, I, who yet am not in hell!
I my Master have denied, I afresh have crucified,
And profaned his hallowed Name, put him to an open shame.

Whence to me this waste of love? Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesus' face, now before the throne of grace.
Pity from thine eye let fall, by a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert, cast a look, and break my heart.

If I rightly read thy heart, if thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow, pardon and accept me now.
Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood! He disarms the wrath of God;
Now my Father's mercies move, justice lingers into love.

Kindled his relentings are, me he now delights to spare,
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Let the lifted thunder drop.
Lo! I still walk on the ground: Lo! an Advocate is found:
"Hasten not to cut him down, Let this barren soul alone."

Jesus, answer from above, is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget, permit me to kiss thy feet.
There for me the Savior stands, shows his wounds and spreads his hands.
Scars which ever plead for me, "Once condemned, but now set free!"

Prayer for the Church and Congregation

Look to the Word made Flesh

Scripture Reading Luke 8:40-56

⁴⁰ Now when Jesus returned, the crowd welcomed him, for they were all waiting for him. ⁴¹ And there came a man named Jairus, who was a ruler of the synagogue. And falling at Jesus' feet, he implored him to come to his house, ⁴² for he had an only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she was dying.

As Jesus went, the people pressed around him. ⁴³ And there was a woman who had had a discharge of blood for twelve years, and though she had spent all her living on physicians, she could not be healed by anyone. ⁴⁴ She came up behind him and touched the fringe of his garment, and immediately her discharge of blood ceased. ⁴⁵ And Jesus said, "Who was it that touched me?" When all denied it, Peter said, "Master, the crowds surround you and are pressing in on you!" ⁴⁶ But Jesus said, "Someone touched me, for I perceive that power has gone out from me." ⁴⁷ And when the woman saw that she was not hidden, she came trembling, and falling down before him declared in the presence of all the people why she had touched him, and how she had been immediately healed. ⁴⁸ And he said to her, "Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace."

⁴⁹ While he was still speaking, someone from the ruler's house came and said, "Your daughter is dead; do not trouble the Teacher any more." ⁵⁰ But Jesus on hearing this answered him, "Do not fear; only believe, and she will be well." ⁵¹ And when he came to the house, he allowed no one to enter with him, except Peter and John and James, and the father and mother of the child. ⁵² And all were weeping and mourning for her, but he said, "Do not weep, for she is not dead but sleeping." ⁵³ And they laughed at him, knowing that she was dead. ⁵⁴ But taking her by the hand he called, saying, "Child, arise." ⁵⁵ And her spirit returned, and she got up at once. And he directed that something should be given her to eat. ⁵⁶ And her parents were amazed, but he charged them to tell no one what had happened.

Sermon "Power and Mercy"

Reverend Bob Schmidtberger

Behold God's Gift of Grace and Mercy

The Lord's Supper

All baptized Christians who trust in Christ alone as their Savior and Lord, who are communicant members of a Bible-believing church, and who seek strength and grace to live more faithfully to Christ are invited to participate. The cups with lighter liquid contain grape juice, the darker liquid is wine. The darker bread in the paper cup in the center of the plate is gluten-free. While communion is being served, please feel free to join in song or meditate quietly on Christ's sacrifice.

Song of Preparation:

I Will Glory in My Redeemer

I will glory in my Redeemer, whose priceless blood has ransomed me,
Mine was the sin that drove the bitter nails,
and hung him on that judgment tree.

*I will glory in my Redeemer, who crushed the power of sin and death!
My only Savior before the Holy Judge,
The Lamb who is my righteousness, the Lamb who is my righteousness.*

I will glory in my Redeemer, my life he bought, my love he owns;
I want no longings for another, I'm satisfied in him alone.
*I will glory in my Redeemer, his faithfulness my standing place,
Though foes are mighty and rush upon me,
My feet are firm, held by his grace, my feet are firm, held by his grace.*

I will glory in my Redeemer, who carries me on eagle's wings;
He crowns my life with lovingkindness, his triumph song I'll ever sing!
*I will glory in my Redeemer, who waits for me at gates of gold,
And when he calls me it will be paradise,
His face forever to behold, his face forever to behold! (Repeat)*

Celebration of the Lord's Supper

Song of Response:

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!"

Joyful, all ye nations rise, join the triumph of the skies;
With th'angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

Christ, by highest Heav'n adored; Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time, behold him come, offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; hail th'incarnate Deity,
Pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Jesus our Emmanuel. *Refrain*

Come, Desire of nations, come, fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring Seed, bruise in us the serpent's head.
Adam's likeness, Lord, efface, stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above, reinstate us in thy love. *Refrain*

Hail the heav'nly Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings, ris'n with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by, born that man no more may die.
Born to raise the sons of earth, born to give them second birth. *Refrain*

Benediction

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