

Worship Lab 6/4/20

Heal Our Land by Kari Jobe

You take our lives
Flawed and beautiful
Restore, refine
Lord You're merciful
Redeem, revive

Spirit of God

Breathe on Your church

Pour out Your presence

Speak through Your word

We pray in every nation, Christ be known

Our hope and salvation Christ alone

New power, new wine
As divisions fall
One church one bride
Jesus, Lord of all
With one voice we cry **Chorus**

So God we pray to You
Humble ourselves again
Lord would You hear our cry?
Lord will You heal our land?
That every eye will see
That every heart will know
The One who took our sin
The One who died and rose

And when Your kingdom comes
And when at last You call
We'll rise to worship You alone **Chorus**

When the Poor Ones

When the poor ones, who have nothing, still are giving;
when the thirsty pass the cup, water to share;
when the wounded offer others strength and healing:

**We see God, here by our side, walking our way;
we see God, here by our side, walking our way.**

When compassion gives the suff'ring consolation;
when expecting brings to birth hope that was lost;
when we choose love, not the hatred all around us

When our spirits, like a chalice, brim with gladness;
when our voices, full and clear, sing out the truth;
when our longings, free from envy, seek the humble:

When the goodness poured from heaven
fills our dwellings;
when the nations work to change war into peace;
when the stranger is accepted as our neighbor:

Only By Our Lonesome by Nate Crary

We confess that we cannot do it all
Only by our lonesome, Only by our lonesome
There is space between Where we put a wall
Only by our lonesome, Only by our lonesome

Won't you knock down all the walls

That we built stable?

Tip them over and restore them

To sturdy dinner tables

We confess that we cannot free ourselves
Only by our lonesome, Only by our lonesome
And despite our best we get overwhelmed
Only by our lonesome, Only by our lonesome

We confess that we cannot find our way
Only by our lonesome, Only by our lonesome
Please forgive our sins, Re-ignite our flame
Only by our lonesome, Only by our lonesome

For the Healing of the Nations

Petition response: Peace be Yours

For the healing of the nations, we pray to You O God.

Impossible Things by Chris Tomlin

You heal the brokenhearted
You set the captive free
You lift the heavy burden
And even now, You are lifting me

There is no healer

Like the Lord our maker

There is no equal to the King of kings, oh oh

Our God is with us, we will fear no evil

'Cause You do impossible things

'cause You do impossible things

Though I walk through the valley
Darkness surrounding me
There You prepare a table
In the presence of my enemies **Chorus**

One Word, and the walls start falling
One Word, and the blind will see
One Word, and the sinner's forgiven
'Cause You do impossible things **Chorus**

Juneteenth is a holiday that commemorates the end of slavery in the United States. Even in the face of resistance and threat, the formerly enslaved Africans found ways to give voice to the wide range of thoughts and emotions at the announcement of the end of legalized slavery in the United States of America on June 19, 1865.