

MIDWEEK LENTEN SERIES: BY FAITH

February 25, 2026
“The Faith of Noah”

What is faith? The text from Hebrews 11:1 defines it in this way: “Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.” This series focuses on the book of Hebrews, especially the eleventh chapter.

OPENING DIALOGUE

Long ago God spoke to our ancestors in many and various ways, by the prophets,
but in these last days God has spoken to us by the Son.

He is the reflection of God’s glory and the exact imprint of God’s very being,
and he sustains all things by his powerful word.

Since we have confidence by the new and living way opened for us by Jesus,
let us approach with a true heart in full assurance of faith.

HYMN OF THE DAY

“When Peace Like a River”

HEBREWS 11:1, 7

11 Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. ² Indeed, by faith our ancestors received approval. ³ By faith we understand that the worlds were prepared by the word of God, so that what is seen was made from things that are not visible.

⁷ By faith Noah, warned by God about events as yet unseen, respected the warning and built an ark to save his household; by this he condemned the world and became an heir to the righteousness that is in accordance with faith.

REFLECTIONS

HOLDEN VILLAGE EVENING PRAYER

When Peace, like a River

It Is Well with My Soul



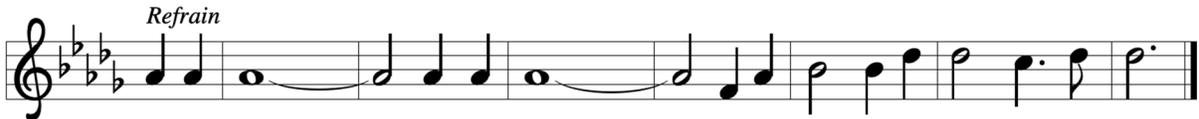
1 When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, when
2 Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, let
3 He lives—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought; my
4 Lord, has - ten the day when our faith shall be sight, the



sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, what - ev - er my lot, thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, that Christ hath re - gard - ed my
sin, not in part, but the whole, is nailed to his cross and I
clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trum - pet shall sound and the



taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul.
help - less es - tate, and hath shed his own blood for my soul.
bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
Lord shall de - scend; e - ven so it is well with my soul.



It is well with my soul, it is well, it is well with my soul.

Text: Horatio G. Spafford, 1828-1888
Music: VILLE DU HAVRE, Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876