

Five Minutes of Prayer a Day
Week of May 26, 2019
The Sixth Sunday of Easter

COLLECT

O God, the giver of all that is good, by Your holy inspiration grant that we may think those things that are right and by Your merciful guiding accomplish them; through Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord, who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

G Amen.

LUTHER'S MORNING PRAYER

I thank you, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, Your dear Son, that You have kept me this night from all harm and danger; and I pray that You would keep me this day also from sin and every evil, that all my doings and life may please You. For into Your hands I commend myself, my body and soul, and all things. Let Your holy angel be with me, that the evil foe may have no power over me. Amen.

LUTHER'S EVENING PRAYER

I thank you, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, Your dear Son, that You have graciously kept me this day; and I pray that You would forgive me all my sins where I have done wrong, and graciously keep me this night. For into Your hands, I commend myself, my body and soul, and all things. Let Your holy angel be with me, that the evil foe may have no power over me. Amen.

SERMON HYMN #556 *"Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice" (On Back)*

Prayers From the Heart

Lord's Prayer

SERMON HYMN #556 "Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice"



1 Dear Chris-tians, one and all, re-joice, With ex-ul-ta-tion
2 Fast bound in Sa-tan's chains I lay; Death brood-ed dark-ly
3 My own good works all came to naught, No grace or mer-it
4 But God had seen my wretch-ed state Be-fore the world's foun-
spring-ing, And with u-nit-ed heart and voice And ho-ly
o'er me, Sin was my tor-ment night and day; In sin my
gain-ing; Free will a-gainst God's judg-ment fought, Dead to all
da-tion, And mind-ful of His mer-cies great, He planned for
rap-ture sing-ing, Pro-claim the won-ders God has done, How
moth-er bore me. But dai-ly deep-er still I fell; My
good re-main-ing. My fears in-creased till sheer de-spair Left
my sal-va-tion. He turned to me a fa-ther's heart; He
His right arm the vic-t'ry won. What price our ran-som cost Him!
life be-came a liv-ing hell, So firm-ly sin pos-sessed me.
on-ly death to be my share; The pangs of hell I suf-fered.
did not choose the eas-y part But gave His dear-est trea-sure.