

January 24, 2021 ~ 10 AM Worship Service

WELCOME & ANNOUNCEMENTS

SONG BY THERAPY OF THE SOUL

CALL TO WORSHIP: Rev. George M. Coates, Co-Pastor

Praise the One who spoke and made everything!

Let the rivers ripple with joy;

let the mountains stomp their feet.

Praise the One who adopts all of us as children!

Let old folks tell familiar stories;

let little children swim with dolphins.

Praise God!

We will sing of God's glory;

we will shout our joy to the heavens.

SONG: Chancel Choir – “Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy”

PRAYER – INCLUDING PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

SONG BY THERAPY OF THE SOUL

SCRIPTURE: Luke 18:18-23

SERMON: LOOKING FOR LOVE IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES

Rev. Phyllis K. Coates, Senior Pastor

SONG: “Here I am, Lord” Matthew Cumbow, Music Director

BENEDICTION:

God sends us out,

so that grace will not be rare in our time.

Here we are, ready to go and share

love and mercy with those around us.

Jesus calls us to go out,

so that justice will not be rare in our time.

Here we are, ready to speak truth to power,

walking with those on oppression's mean streets.

The Spirit fills us with compassion,

so that peace will not be rare in our time.

Here we are, offering hope to those living in fear.

PREVENTING GRACE

340 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, weak and
 2. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and wel - come, God's free
 3. Come ye wea - ry, hea - vy lad - en, lost and
 4. Let not con - science make you lin - ger, nor of

wound - ed, sick and sore; Je - sus read - y
 bound - ly glo - ri - fy; true be - lief and
 ruin - ed by the fall; if you tar - ry
 fit - ness fond - ly dream; all the fit - ness

stands to save you, full of pit - y, love, and power.
 true re - pen - tance, ev - ery grace that brings you nigh.
 till you're bet - ter, you will nev - er come at all.
 he re - quir - eth is to feel your need of him.

Refrain
 I will a - rise and go to Je - sus;

WORDS: Joseph Hart, 1759
 MUSIC: The Southern Harmony, 1835; harm. by Charles H. Webb, 1867

RESTORATION
 87/87 with Rehman

INVITATIO

he will em - brace me with his arms; in the arms of
 my dear Sav - ior, O there are ten thou - sand charms.

I Sought the Lord 341

1. I sought the Lord, and af - ter - ward I knew he moved my
 2. Thou didst reach forth thy hand and mine en - fold; I walked and
 3. I find, I walk, I love, but oh, the whole of love is

soul to seek him, seek - ing me. It was not I that
 sank not on the storm - vexed sea. 'Twas not so much that
 but my an - swer, Lord, to thee! For thou wert long be -

found, O Sav - ior true; no, I was found of thee.
 I on thee took hold, as thou, dear Lord, on me.
 fore - hand with my soul; al - ways thou lov - edst me.

WORDS: Anon., ca. 1890
 MUSIC: George W. Chadwick, 1890

PEACE