

The Lord bless you and keep you
The Lord make His face to shine upon you,
To shine upon you and be gracious, and be gracious unto
you

The Lord lift up the light
Of His countenance upon you,
The Lord lift up the light
Of His countenance upon you,
And give you peace,
And give you peace,
And give you peace,
And give you peace



Amen
Amen
Amen
Amen
Amen
Amen

**Praise the
Lord
Give God the
Glory
Marvel at the
wonder of our
lives!**

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**ST COLUMBA
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
WWW.STCOLUMBA.CO.NZ**

24th May 2020

REV DONALD HEGAN

"To Know, Enjoy and Share"

**Welcome Announcements
& Notices:**

Call To Worship

Song: How great is our God

The splendor of a King
Clothed in majesty
Let all the earth rejoice
All the earth rejoice

He wraps Himself in light
And darkness tries to hide
And trembles at His voice
Trembles at His voice

*How great is our God
Sing with me*

*How great is our God
And all will see*

How great, how great is our God

Age to age He stands
And time is in His hands
Beginning and the end
Beginning and the end

The Godhead Three in One
Father, Spirit and Son
The Lion and the Lamb
The Lion and the Lamb

*Name above all names
Worthy of all praise
My heart will sing
How great is our God*

**Song: How deep the Father's
love**

How deep the Father's love for us,
How vast beyond all measure,
That He should give His only Son
To make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss
The Father turns His face away,
As wounds which mar the Chosen
One

Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,
My sin upon His shoulders;
Ashamed, I hear my mocking
voice

Call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
Until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me
life

I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
No gifts, no power, no wisdom;
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His re-
ward?

I cannot give an answer;
But this I know with all my heart
His wounds have paid my ransom.

Prayer of Adoration and Confession:

God Moment: Christine Christie

Offerings and Dedication

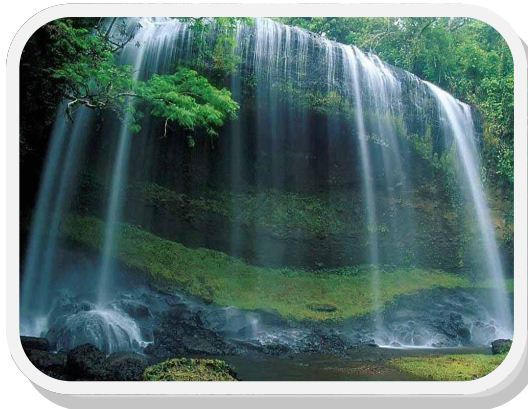
Prayers for Others: Neville Wilson

Hymn: Come thou fount of every blessing

Come, now Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Praise Thy mount, I'm fixed upon it
Mount of Thy redeeming love

Here I raise mine Ebenezer
Hither by Thy help I'm come
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Prone to wander Lord I feel it
Prone to leave the God I love
Here's my heart Lord, take and
seal it
Seal it for Thy courts of above



Lord's Prayer:

Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name
your kingdom come
your will be done on earth
as it is in heaven
Give us today our daily
bread
Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those who sin
against us
Save us from the time of
trial
and deliver us from evil
For the kingdom,
the power and the glory are
yours,
now and forever.
Amen

Readings: Gen 42:24-29, 38, 43:1-15 **Jill Simpson**

Sermon: The Long Journey Toward Reconciliation

Hymn: Tell Me the Old
Old Story

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

*Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.*

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin;
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
And when the Lord's bright glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

