

First Presbyterian Church

Sunday Worship Service

June 28, 2020

**Worshiping God,
Making disciples,
Loving others
...FOR HIS GLORY!**

603 Smythe Street ~ Kosciusko, Mississippi 39090

662-289-2435

www.fpckosciusko.org

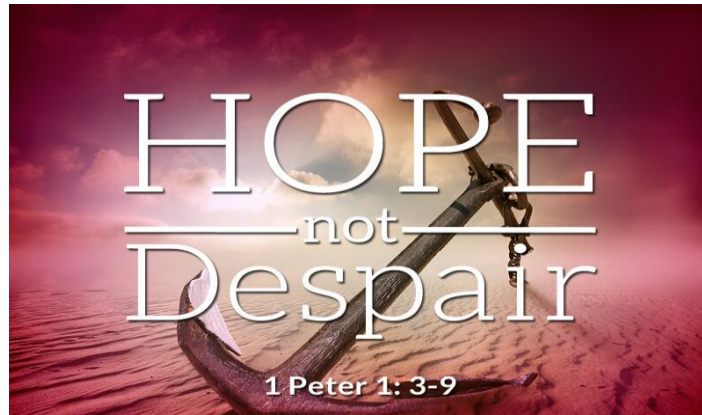
A congregation of the Presbyterian Church in America

First Presbyterian Church

June 28, 2020

THE LORD'S DAY

10:20 A.M.



Welcome and Announcements

Exalt the LORD Your God—the God of All Grace

Prelude

MELANIE NEWMAN

Call to Worship

1 PETER 1:3-9

Anthem

KATY JO, JAKE, & ADDY NEWMAN

In Christ Alone

KEITH GETTY AND STUART TOWNEND ©2002 THANK YOU MUSIC

In Christ alone my hope is found; he is my light, my strength, my song;
This cornerstone, this solid ground, firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace, when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My comforter, my all in all—here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, who took on flesh, fullness of God in helpless babe!
This gift of love and righteousness, scorned by the ones he came to save.
Till on that cross as Jesus died, the wrath of God was satisfied;
For every sin on him was laid—here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground his body lay, light of the world by darkness slain;
Then bursting forth in glorious day, up from the grave he rose again!
And as he stands in victory, sin's curse has lost its grip on me;
For I am his and he is mine—bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death—this is the power of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath, Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man, can ever pluck me from his hand;
Till he returns or calls me home—here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

***Invocation**

Confession of Sin

BASED ON LUKE 24:45-49; ISAIAH 66:18-24

Minister: *Father, Jesus told his followers that, “repentance and forgiveness of sins should be proclaimed in his name to all nations, beginning from Jerusalem...” We, in Kosciusko, Mississippi, are thousands of miles and years separated from this promise, yet we are the “nations” he was speaking of. We are the “nations” and “tongues” Isaiah wrote of, who had not heard your fame nor seen your glory. In your lavish grace you showed us your glory in*

Christ, and you rescued us from being shackled to our sin.

All: **Am I moved to joy and gratitude for this?**
Am I moved to praise and holy living?
Am I willing to love my neighbor as myself?
Am I willing to spend and be spent for Christ's mission?
Sometimes I am and sometimes I am not.
Father, proclaim repentance and forgiveness of sins to my heart today.
If any entitlement is present, give me gratitude.
If any pride, give me humility.
If any impurity, give me holiness.
If any faithlessness, give me faithfulness for the sake of Christ. Amen.

Minister: *Hear words of assurance from the Spirit: "But you are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for his own possession, that you may proclaim the excellencies of him who called you out of darkness into his marvelous light. Once you were not a people, but now you are God's people; once you had not received mercy, but now you have received mercy."*

Prayer of Supplication

Meditation

Hear God's Word

The Spirit-Breathed Word Is Read

DEUTERONOMY 8

The Spirit-Breathed Word Is Preached

REV. PHILLIP PALMERTREE

"Prosperity and Pride"



Prayer of Intercession and Thanksgiving

Sing Praises to God

***Hymn 457** *Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing*

WORDS: ROBERT ROBINSON, 1758. MUSIC: ASAHEL NETTLETON, 1825.

Come, 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 the mount! I'm fixed upon it, mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my 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 now, like a fetter, bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander – Lord, I feel it – prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.

***Hymn** *Come Behold the Wondrous Mystery*

MATT PAPA, MATT BOSWELL, & MICHAEL BLEECKER. ©2012 BLEECKER PUBLISHING.

Come behold the wondrous mystery in the dawning of the King:
He the theme of heaven's praises robed in frail humanity.

In our longing, in our darkness, now the Light of Life has come.
Look to Christ, who condescended, took on flesh to ransom us.

Come behold the wondrous mystery: he the perfect Son of Man.
In his living, in his suffering, never trace nor stain of sin.
See the true and better Adam come to save the hell-bound man:
Christ the great and sure fulfillment of the law in him we stand.

Come behold the wondrous mystery: Christ the Lord upon the tree.
In the stead of ruined sinners hangs the Lamb in victory.
See the price of our redemption. See the Father's plan unfold,
Bringing many sons to glory—grace unmeasured, love untold.

Come behold the wondrous mystery: slain by death the God of life.
But no grave could e'er restrain him. Praise the Lord? He is alive!
What a foretaste of deliverance, how unwavering our hope:
Christ in power resurrected, as we will be when he comes.

What a foretaste of deliverance, how unwavering our hope:
Christ in power resurrected, as we will be when he comes.

***Hymn 44**

How Great Thou Art

WORDS: STUART K. HINE. MUSIC: SWEDISH MELODY, ARR. BY STUART K. HINE ©1953 MANNA MUSIC.

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder consider all the worlds thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder, thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee: how great thou art, how great thou art! (Repeat)

When through the woods and forest glades I wander and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur, and hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze;

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing, sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing, he bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration, and there proclaim, my God, how great thou art.

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***Benediction**

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