

Sunday, January 31, 2021 Join us live on our Facebook or YouTube page beginning at 10:30 a.m.

Welcome and Announcements

Opening Prayer

Hymn: "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"

Words and music by Martin Luther

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing; our helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing. For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe; his craft and power are great, and, armed with cruel hate, on earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing; were not the right Man on our side, the Man of God's own choosing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth, His Name, from age to age the same, and He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us, We will not fear, for God has willed His truth to triumph through us. The Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him; his rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is sure, one little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers, no thanks to them, abideth; The Spirit and the gifts are ours through Him Who with us sideth. Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also; the body they may kill: God's truth abideth still: His kingdom is forever.

Hymn: "Abide with Me"

Words by Henry Lyte, music by Wiliam Henry Monk

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide. The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide! When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me! Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day. Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away. Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour. What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Through clouds and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness. Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies. Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Hymn: "Oh, the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus"

Words: Samuel Trevor Francis. Music: Bob Kauflin.

Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus, vast, unmeasured, boundless, free. Rolling as a mighty ocean in its fullness over me. Underneath me, all around me is the current of Your love. Leading onward, leading homeward to Your glorious rest above! Oh, the deep, deep love, all I need and trust is the deep, deep love of Jesus.

Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus, spread His praise from shore to shore. How He came to pay our ransom through the saving cross He bore: How He watches o'er His loved ones, those He died to make His own: How for them He's interceding, pleading now before the throne!

Oh, the deep, deep love, all I need and trust is the deep, deep love of Jesus.

Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus, far surpassing all the rest. It's an ocean full of blessing in the midst of every test. Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus, mighty Savior, precious Friend: You will bring us home to glory where Your love will never end.

Oh, the deep, deep love, all I need and trust

is the deep, deep love of Jesus.

Time of Prayer

Sermon: "Be Faithful unto Death" Revelation 2:8–11 (ESV)

⁸ "And to the angel of the church in Smyrna write: "The words of the first and the last, who died and came to life.

⁹ " I know your tribulation and your poverty (but you are rich) and the slander of those who say that they are Jews and are not, but are a synagogue of Satan. ¹⁰ Do not fear what you are about to suffer. Behold, the devil is about to throw some of you into prison, that you may be tested, and for ten days you will have tribulation. Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life. ¹¹ He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches. The one who conquers will not be hurt by the second death.'

Hymn: "In Christ Alone"

Words and music by Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

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; 'til 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; 'til He returns or calls me home, here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

Benediction

Revelation 22:20–21 (ESV)

²⁰He who testifies to these things says, "Surely I am coming soon." Amen. Come, Lord Jesus! ²¹The grace of the Lord Jesus be with all. Amen.