



WEST BRIDGEWATER
COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday, July 23, 2023

Join us live on our Facebook or YouTube page beginning at 9:15 a.m.

Welcome and Announcements

Opening Prayer

Song: "Ancient of Days"

*Music and words: Jesse Reeves, Jonny Robinson, Michael Farren,
and Rich Thompson.*

Though the nations rage, kingdoms rise and fall,
There is will one King reigning over all.
So, I will not fear for this truth remains:
That my God is the Ancient of Days.

None above Him, none before Him, all of time in His hands.
For His throne, it shall remain and ever stand.
All the power, all the glory, I will trust in His name.
For my God is the Ancient of Days.

Though the dread of night overwhelms my soul,
He is here with me. I am not alone.
Oh, His love is sure, and He knows my name.
For my God is the Ancient of Days.

None above Him, none before Him, all of time in His hands.
For His throne, it shall remain and ever stand.
All the power, all the glory, I will trust in His name.
For my God is the Ancient of Days.

Though I may not see what the future brings,
I will watch and wait for the Savior King.
Then, my joy complete, standing face to face
In the presence of the Ancient of Days.

None above Him, none before Him, all of time in His hands.
For His throne, it shall remain and ever stand.
All the power, all the glory, I will trust in His name.
For my God is the Ancient of Days, for my God is the Ancient of Days.

Hymn: “Never Cease to Praise”

Words and music: Jeff Bourque.

May we run this race, may we keep the faith,
may our eyes be fixed on Jesus,
that we'll not lose heart in our struggle with sin,
and through suffering know endurance.
May we arm ourselves with the mind of Christ
to rejoice in trials and be not surprised.
May our hearts be so consumed by You
that we never cease to praise.

May our company be the saints You've called,
may we all stand firm in one spirit,
that the gospel's truth may resound on earth,
that all living things may hear it.
May the fruits of faith mark the path we trod
through the life of Christ to the glory of God.
May our hearts be so consumed by You
that we never cease to praise.

May the words we share be Your grace and peace.
May our tongues speak Your proclamations
that the many parts of the body of Christ
be affirmed in their right relation.
As we long and wait for the groom to come,
may we learn to love, and spur each other on.
May our hearts be so consumed by You
that we never cease to praise.

When that day arrives, and our race is won,
when our griefs give way to deliverance,
we will fully know, as we're fully known,
all our groans will end as new songs begin.
And a multitude from every tribe and tongue,
wearing robes of white, will stand before Your throne,
And our hearts will be so consumed by You
that we'll never cease to praise!
May our hearts be so consumed by You
that we never cease to praise.

Hymn: "Speak, O Lord"

Words and music by Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

Speak, O Lord, as we come to You
to receive the food of Your Holy Word.
Take Your truth, plant it deep in us;
shape and fashion us in Your likeness,
that the light of Christ might be seen today
in our acts of love and our deeds of faith.
Speak, O Lord, and fulfill in us
all Your purposes for Your glory.

Teach us, Lord, full obedience,
holy reverence, true humility.
Test our thoughts and our attitudes
in the radiance of Your purity.
Cause our faith to rise; cause our eyes to see
your majestic love and authority.
Words of pow'r that can never fail,
let their truth prevail over unbelief.

Speak, O Lord, and renew our minds;
help us grasp the heights of Your plans for us.
Truths unchanged from the dawn of time
that will echo down through eternity.
And by grace we'll stand on Your promises,
and by faith we'll walk as You walk with us.
Speak, O Lord, till Your church is built
and the earth is filled with Your glory.

Time of Prayer

Sermon: "The Tongue"

James 3:1–12 (ESV)

¹Not many of you should become teachers, my brothers, for you know that we who teach will be judged with greater strictness. ²For we all stumble in many ways. And if anyone does not stumble in what he says, he is a perfect man, able also to bridle his whole body. ³If we put bits into the mouths of horses so that they obey us, we guide their whole bodies as well. ⁴Look at the ships also: though they are so large and are driven by strong winds, they are guided by a very small rudder wherever the will of the pilot directs. ⁵So also the tongue is a small member, yet it boasts of great things.

How great a forest is set ablaze by such a small fire! ⁶And the tongue is a fire, a world of unrighteousness. The tongue is set among our members, staining the whole body, setting on fire the entire course of life, and set on fire by hell. ⁷For every kind of beast and bird, of reptile and sea creature, can be tamed and has been tamed by mankind, ⁸but no human being can tame the tongue. It is a restless evil, full of deadly poison. ⁹With it we bless our Lord and Father, and with it we curse people who are made in the likeness of God. ¹⁰From the same mouth come blessing and cursing.

My brothers, these things ought not to be so. ¹¹ Does a spring pour forth from the same opening both fresh and salt water? ¹² Can a fig tree, my brothers, bear olives, or a grapevine produce figs? Neither can a salt pond yield fresh water.

Hymn: “Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing”

Words: Robert Robinson. Music: traditional American melody.

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 Thy redeeming love.

Hither to Thy love has blest me; Thou has brought me to this place;
And I know Thy hand will bring me safely home by Thy good grace.
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger, bought me with His precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, 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, oh, take and seal it, seal it for Thy courts above.

O that day when freed from sinning, I shall see Thy lovely face,
Clothed then in the blood-washed linen how I'll sing Thy sovereign grace.
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry, take my ransomed soul away;
Send Thine angels now to carry me to realms of endless day.

Benediction

2 Timothy 4:22

The Lord be with your spirit. Grace be with you.