



WEST BRIDGEWATER
COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday, August 11, 2024

Join us live on our Facebook or YouTube page beginning at 10:30 a.m.

Welcome and Announcements

Opening Prayer

Call to Worship

Psalm 100 (ESV)

A PSALM FOR GIVING THANKS.

- ¹ Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the earth!
- ² Serve the LORD with gladness!
Come into his presence with singing!
- ³ Know that the LORD, he is God!
It is he who made us, and we are his;
we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
- ⁴ Enter his gates with thanksgiving,
and his courts with praise!
Give thanks to him; bless his name!
- ⁵ For the LORD is good;
his steadfast love endures forever,
and his faithfulness to all generations.

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.

Time of Prayer

Hymn: "Glorious Day"

Words: J. Wilbur Chapman and Mark Hall. Music: Mark Hall and Michael Bleecker.

One day when heaven was filled with His praises,
one day when sin was as black as could be,
Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin,
dwelt among men, my example is He.
The Word became flesh and the light shined among us,
His glory revealed.

Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me;
buried, He carried my sins far away.
Rising, He justified freely forever;
one day He's coming: Oh, glorious day! Oh, glorious day!

One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain.
One day they nailed Him to die on a tree.
Suffering anguish, despised and rejected,
bearing our sins, my Redeemer is He.
The hand that healed nations, stretched out on a tree
and took the nails for me.

Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me;
buried, He carried my sins far away.
Rising, He justified freely forever;
one day He's coming: Oh, glorious day! Oh, glorious day!

One day the grave could conceal Him no longer,
one day the stone rolled away from the door.
Then He arose, over death He had conquered.
Now is ascended my Lord evermore.
Death could not hold Him, the grave could not keep Him
from rising again

Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me;

buried, He carried my sins far away.
Rising, He justified freely forever;
one day He's coming: Oh, glorious day! Oh, glorious day!

One day the trumpet will sound for His coming,
one day the skies with His glories will shine.
Wonderful day, my Beloved One, bringing;
My Savior, Jesus, is mine.

Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me;
buried, He carried my sins far away.
Rising, He justified freely forever;
one day He's coming: Oh, glorious day! Oh, glorious day!

Hymn: "How Deep the Father's Love for Us"

Words and Music: Stuart Townend.

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

Sermon: "The Wisdom of God"

Romans 11:25–36 (ESV)

²⁵ Lest you be wise in your own sight, I do not want you to be unaware of this mystery, brothers: a partial hardening has come upon Israel, until the fullness of the Gentiles has come in. ²⁶ And in this way all Israel will be saved, as it is written,

“The Deliverer will come from Zion,
he will banish ungodliness from Jacob”;

²⁷ “and this will be my covenant with them
when I take away their sins.”

²⁸ As regards the gospel, they are enemies for your sake. But as regards election, they are beloved for the sake of their forefathers. ²⁹ For the gifts and the calling of God are irrevocable. ³⁰ For just as you were at one time disobedient to God but now have received mercy because of their disobedience, ³¹ so they too have now been disobedient in order that by the mercy shown to you they also may now receive mercy. ³² For God has consigned all to disobedience, that he may have mercy on all.

³³ Oh, the depth of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and how inscrutable his ways!

³⁴ “For who has known the mind of the Lord,
or who has been his counselor?”

³⁵ “Or who has given a gift to him
that he might be repaid?”

³⁶ For from him and through him and to him are all things. To him be glory forever. Amen.

Hymn: “God Moves in a Mysterious Way”

Original words by William Comper, refrain and music by K. Jason French

God moves in a mysterious way! His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mine of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs and works His sov’ reign will.

God of mercy! God of grace! Give us eyes to see!
Eyes to see Your smiling within the mystery,
within the mystery!

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take! The clouds ye so much dread
are big with mercy and shall break in blessings on your head!
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, but trust Him for His grace;
behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face!

God of mercy! God of grace! Give us eyes to see!
Eyes to see Your smiling within the mystery,
within the mystery!

His purposes will ripen fast, unfolding every hour,
the bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flow’r!
Blind unbelief is sure to err and scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter and He will make it plain!

God of mercy! God of grace! Give us eyes to see!
Eyes to see Your smiling within the mystery,
within the mystery!

Benediction

1 Peter 5:14b (ESV)

Peace to all of you who are in Christ.