

Let Us Love and Sing and Wonder

Let us love, and sing, and wonder, let us praise the Savior's name!
 He has hushed the law's loud thunder, He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame;
 He has washed us with His blood, He has washed us with His blood,
 He has washed us with His blood, He has brought us nigh to God.

Let us love the Lord who bought us, pitied us when enemies,
 called us by His grace, and taught us, gave us ears and gave us eyes:
 He has washed us with His blood, He has washed us with His blood,
 He has washed us with His blood, He presents our souls to God.

Let us sing, though fierce temptation threaten hard to bear us down!
 For the Lord, our strong salvation, holds in view the Conqueror's crown,
 He who washed us with His blood, He who washed us with His blood,
 He who washed us with His blood, soon will bring us home to God.

Let us wonder; grace and justice join and point to mercy's store;
 When through grace in Christ our trust is, justice smiles, and asks no more:
 He who washed us with His blood, He who washed us with His blood,
 He who washed us with His blood, has secured our way to God.

Let us praise, and join the chorus of the saints enthroned on high;
 Here they trusted Him before us, now their praises fill the sky:
 "Thou hast washed us with Thy blood;
 Thou hast washed us with Thy blood;
 Thou hast washed us with Thy blood; Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

Words: John Newton, 1774 Music: Laura Taylor
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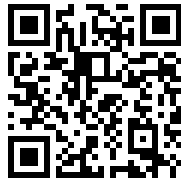
"For truly, I say to you, if you have faith like a grain of mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it will move, and nothing will be impossible for you."



Events

2/23 VisionYouth Meeting
 7 PM
 3/1 Bridal Shower for Lacey
 Van Nostrand 1-3 PM
 3/7 — 3/9 Hebrews
 Conference with Dr. Thomas
 Schreiner

Give



Upcoming Events



Pastors

Nathan Allen Stephen Byrd
 Stu Johnston Michael Lopes
 Jones Ndzi Kent Thompson

Service Times

— Sunday School 9:30 am
 — Sunday Morning Worship 11:00 am
 — Sunday Evening Worship 5:30 pm
 — Wednesday Prayer Meeting 7:15 pm

919-563-9249
 www.grbc.net

MATTHEW 17:20

Morning Worship

Call to Worship

Pastor Stephen Byrd

Opening Hymn

Trisagion

Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy Immortal One
Have mercy, have mercy on us
(repeat)

Holy God, Holy and mighty, Holy Immortal One
Have mercy, have mercy, have mercy,
Have mercy, have mercy on us

Text: Ancient Prayer Music: Fernando Ortega
Lyrics@ Mike Curb Music Used by Permission, CCLI #1899094

Agnus Dei

1. Alleluia, alleluia for the Lord God Almighty reigns.
Alleluia, alleluia for the Lord God Almighty reigns. Alleluia.

**(Chorus) Holy, holy are You Lord God Almighty.
Worthy is the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb.
You are holy, holy are you Lord God Almighty.
Worthy is the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb. Amen**

2. Alleluia, alleluia for the Lord God Almighty reigns.
Alleluia, alleluia, for the Lord God Almighty reigns. Alleluia.

**(Chorus)
You are holy, holy are You Lord God Almighty.
Worthy is the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb. Amen**

Text and Music: Michael W. Smith, based on Revelation 4:8 & 5:12 © 1990 Sony/ATV Milene Music Used by Permission
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Scripture Reading

Mark 9:38-10:16, page 845

Pastoral Prayer

Pastor Stephen Byrd

Offering

There is a Higher Throne

There is a Higher Throne, than all this world has known,
where faithful ones from every tongue, will one day come.
Before the Son we'll stand, made faultless through the Lamb;
believing hearts find promised grace; salvation comes.

**(Chorus) Hear Heaven's voices sing; their thunderous anthem rings
Through emerald courts and sapphire skies; their praises rise.
All glory, wisdom, power, strength, thanks, and honor
are to God, our King, Who reigns on high forevermore!**

And there we'll find our home; our life before the Throne.
We'll honor Him in perfect song where we belong.
He'll wipe each tear-stained eye as thirst and hunger die.
The Lamb becomes our Shepherd King, we'll reign with Him.

(Chorus 2x)

Text and Music: Keith and Kristyn Getty © 2002 Thankyou Music Used by Permission CCLI # 1899094

Preparatory

#393 Come Ye Sinners

Sermon

Pastor Jones Ndzi

Post-lude after sermon for quiet meditation

Post-sermon song

Evening Worship

Call to Worship

Jack Dix

Opening Hymn

#188 There is a Fountain

Scripture Reading

Isaiah 40, page 599

Pastoral Prayer

Pastor Nathan Allen

Offering/Preparatory

I Need No Other

My faith has found a resting place, Not in device or creed
I trust the ever living One, For me his wounds shall plead

**(Chorus) I need no other argument, I need no other plea
It is enough that Jesus died, And that He died for me**

It's enough for me that Jesus saves, This ends my fear and doubt
A sinful soul I come to Him, He'll never cast me out **(Chorus)**

My great Physician heals the sick, The lost He came to save
For me His precious blood was spilled, For me His life He gave **(Chorus 2x)**

Text: Lidie Hornsby Edmunds Music: Todd Agnew, Michael Neale
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Sermon

Blake Whitley

Post-lude after sermon for quiet meditation

Communion

Pastor Stephen Byrd

#690 Jesus Paid it All

My Song is Love Unknown

My song is love unknown; my Savior's love to me,
love to the loveless shown, that they might lovely be.
O who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

He came from His blest throne, salvation to bestow;
but men cared not, and none the longed-for Christ would know.
But oh, my Friend, my Friend indeed, who at my need His life did
spend!

Sometimes they strew His way, and His sweet praises sing;
resounding all the day hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!" is all their breath, and for His death they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries! Yet all His deeds their hatred feeds; they 'gainst Him rise.

They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save, the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet willing He to suffering goes, that He His foes from thence might free.

In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have;
in death, no friendly tomb but what a stranger gave.
What may I say? Heav'n was His home, but mine the tomb wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine;
never was love, dear King, never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend, in Whose sweet praise I all my days could gladly spend.

Text: Samuel Crossman, ca. 1624-1683 Alt. 1990
Music: John Ireland, 1879-1962 © John Ireland Trust Used by Permission CCLI # 1899094