

10:30 am Worship  
February 26, 2023

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**WELCOME**

Mike Mather & Lynnette Li

**PRELUDE**

"Café 1930" (Part 1) by Astor Piazzolla  
Sydelle Buyungo, cello; Kendall Dornan, guitar

**THE CALL**

**OPENING HYMN** #273 "Jesus' Hands Were Kind Hands"

**PERSON OF THE WEEK**

Mike Mather, Lynnette Li, & Charlotte Sass

**HYMN**

"Stan' Still Jordan"  
Kathleen Johnson, hymn leader

**THE SCRIPTURE READING**

Romans 12.3

**SPECIAL MUSIC**

"Two Dwellings" by Jane Marshall

**SERMON**

*Pointing Away from Ourselves* - Rev. Mike Mather

**SPECIAL MUSIC**

"Sarabande" from 1st Cello Suite by J. S. Bach  
Sydelle Buyungo, cello

**A CALL TO HUMBLE LIFE** "Let My Prayer Rise Up" by Marty Haugen

All  
Let my prayer rise up like in - cense be - fore you, the  
lift - ing up of my hands as an of - fer - ing to you.

**BENEDICTION**

**POSTLUDE**

"Grieve Not the Holy Spirit of God" by T. Tertius Noble  
The Chancel Choir; Zerek Dodson, organ

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**HYMN: “Stan’ Still Jordan”**

**Refrain:**

Stan’ still Jordan; Stan’ still Jordan; Stan’ still Jordan; Lord I can’t stan’ still.

Verse 1:

I got a mother in heaven; I got a mother in heaven; I got a mother in heaven; Lord, I can’t stan’ still.

Verse 2:

When I get up in glory; When I get up in glory; When I get up in glory; Lord I can’t stan’ still.

**Refrain:**

Stan’ still Jordan; Stan’ still Jordan; Stan’ still Jordan; Lord I can’t stan’ still.

Verse 3:

Jordan River, Jordan River, Jordan River is chilly and cold.

Verse 4:

It will a chill-a my body; It will a chill-a my body; It will a chill-a my body, but not my soul.

**Refrain:**

Stan’ still Jordan; Stan’ still Jordan; Stan’ still Jordan; Lord I can’t stan’ still. Lord I can’t stan’ still.

**“Two Dwellings” by Jane Marshall**

Lord, thou hast told us that there be two dwellings which belong to thee. And those two, that’s the wonder, are far asunder.

The one the highest heaven is, the mansions of eternal bliss;

The other’s the contrite and humble spirit.

Though heaven be high, the gate is low, And he that comes in there must bow;

The lofty looks shall ne’er have entrance there.

O God, since thou delight’st to rest within the humble, contrite breast,

Make me to be, then dwell with me, then dwell with me.

**“Grieve Not the Holy Spirit of God”  
by T. Tertius Noble**

*Lyrics: (Ephesians 4:30-32)*

Grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.

Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice:

And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.