

Come Into the Presence of the Heaven-Sent Son

Call to Worship

Psalm 80:7-19

Restore us, O God of hosts; let your face shine, that we may be saved! You brought a vine out of Egypt; you drove out the nations and planted it. You cleared the ground for it; it took deep root and filled the land. The mountains were covered with its shade, the mighty cedars with its branches. It sent out its branches to the sea and its shoots to the River. Why then have you broken down its walls, so that all who pass along the way pluck its fruit? The boar from the forest ravages it, and all that move in the field feed on it.

Turn again, O God of hosts! Look down from heaven, and see; have regard for this vine, the stock that your right hand planted, and for the son whom you made strong for yourself.

They have burned it with fire; they have cut it down; may they perish at the rebuke of your face! But let your hand be on the man of your right hand, the son of man whom you have made strong for yourself!

Then we shall not turn back from you; give us life, and we will call upon your name! Restore us, O LORD God of hosts! Let your face shine, that we may be saved!

Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Come thou long expected Jesus, born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us, let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation, hope of all the earth thou art,
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation, joy of every longing heart.

Joy to those who long to see thee, Day-spring from on high appear;
Come thou promised Rod of Jesse, of thy birth we long to hear!
O'er the hills the angel singing news, glad tidings of a birth;
"Go to him, your praises bringing; Christ the Lord has come to earth."

Come to earth to taste our sadness, he whose glories knew no end;
By his life he brings us gladness, our Redeemer, Shepherd, Friend.
Leaving riches without number, born within a cattle stall;
This the everlasting wonder, Christ was born the Lord of all.

Born thy people to deliver, born a child and yet a king,
Born to reign in us forever, now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all sufficient merit, raise us to thy glorious throne.

Prayer of Invocation

We ask God's presence to enable us to worship him as we ought.

His Coming Exposes Our Sin

Call to Confession

Isaiah 5:1-7

My beloved had a vineyard on a very fertile hill. He dug it and cleared it of stones, and planted it with choice vines; he built a watchtower in the midst of it, and hewed out a wine vat in it; and he looked for it to yield grapes, but it yielded wild grapes. And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem and men of Judah, judge between me and my vineyard. What more was there to do for my vineyard, that I have not done in it? When I looked for it to yield grapes, why did it yield wild grapes?

And now I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard. I will remove its hedge, and it shall be devoured; I will break down its wall, and it shall be trampled down. I will make it a waste; it shall not be pruned or hoed, and briars and thorns shall grow up; I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it. For the vineyard of the LORD of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah are his pleasant planting; and he looked for justice, but behold, bloodshed; for righteousness, but behold, an outcry!

Prayer of Confession

Heavenly Father,

We confess that we have not used the life that you have given us in ways that honor you as our creator. We have not been fruitful in cultivating Spiritual disciplines out of devotion to you. We have not thanked you for your faithfulness in providing all that we need. We have not given you the best of our time, our energies, or our physical resources. Though you gave us your only-begotten Son, we have resented you for making any claim at all on our lives, for asking for anything from us. Instead of freely and willingly giving you all of ourselves, which is what you deserve, we have hoarded your glory, your time, your wealth, and your good work in us, so that we can use all of these for ourselves. Father, forgive us.

Jesus, you willingly left Heaven itself, a paradise beyond our comprehension, to come to earth to suffer in order to save us. Though your whole life was filled with suffering that you did not deserve and that you easily could have avoided, you chose to serve us and to submit to your Heavenly Father, even when you knew that we would not appreciate your sacrifice as we ought to. Thank you for never giving up or stopping short, but for going all the way to the cross to love us even more than we love ourselves, and to secure for us true and lasting joy.

Holy Spirit, teach us to be more like Christ. Come and change our hearts. Make us fruitful in you. Give us the grace to desire your glory above all else. Weed out the sin that continues to come back year after year; destroy its very roots in us. Lord, show us what it means to enjoy you so much that we do not seek out lesser joys in our various idols to which we are prone to wander. Keep our lives safely hidden up with Christ on high, until he comes back for us and our striving will finally be over. It is in the glorious name of our savior Jesus that we pray, Amen.

Psalm 80 (Hear, O Hear Us)

Hear, O hear us, Isr'el's Shepherd, who drives forth Joseph like a flock.
From the cherubim, O shine forth; rise in valor that we be saved.
So arise in sight of Ephraim, and Manasseh and Benjamin.
God, we pray, O turn us, bring us back; shine your face on us, we'll be saved!

O how long, LORD God of Armies burns your wrath at your people's prayer?
With the bread of tears you feed them, and full measure of tears they drink.
Strife you make us to our neighbors, and our foes laugh at us in scorn.
God of Armies, turn us, bring us back; shine your face on us, we'll be saved!

You brought forth a vine from Egypt, and to plant it drove nations out.
You made room to root it deeply, and it flourished and filled the land.
Then its shadow wrapped the mountains, and its boughs hid the cedars tall.
To the sea it thrust great branches forth, and young shoots to the mighty stream.

Why have you torn down its fences? It is plucked by each passing hand.
Forest boars have gnawed upon it, and wild creatures have pastured there.
Turn again, O God of Armies, look from heav'n, visit this your vine.
So uphold what your right hand did plant, and the son you raised up in strength.

It is burned and hewn in pieces; by your frown will they be destroyed.
Lay your hand on him you favored, son of man that you raised in strength.
Then from you we will not wander; make us live; we will call your name.
O LORD God of Armies, turn us back; shine your face on us, we'll be saved!

Assurance of Pardon

from 1 Peter 2:4-10

As you come to him, a living stone rejected by men but in the sight of God chosen and precious, you yourselves like living stones are being built up as a spiritual house, to be a holy priesthood, to offer spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.

For it stands in Scripture: "Behold, I am laying in Zion a stone, a cornerstone chosen and precious, and whoever believes in him will not be put to shame."

So the honor is for you who believe, who are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for his own possession, that you may proclaim the excellencies of him who called you out of darkness into his marvelous light. Once you were not a people, but now you are God's people; once you had not received mercy, but now you have received mercy.

The Church's One Foundation

The church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation by water and the Word:
From heav'n he came and sought her to be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.

Elect from ev'ry nation, yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation one Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses, partakes one holy food.
And to one hope she presses, with ev'ry grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder, by heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping, their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping shall be the morn of song.

The church shall never perish! Her dear Lord to defend,
To guide, sustain and cherish is with her to the end;
Though there be those that hate her, and false sons in her pale,
Against or foe or traitor she ever shall prevail.

'Mid toil and tribulation, and tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union with the God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion with those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly, on high may dwell with thee.

Pastoral Prayer

Children may be excused to Nursery.

Listen to the Son, Sent from Heaven for You

Scripture Reading

Mark 11:27 - 12:12

And they came again to Jerusalem. And as he was walking in the temple, the chief priests and the scribes and the elders came to him, ²⁸ and they said to him, “By what authority are you doing these things, or who gave you this authority to do them?”

²⁹ Jesus said to them, “I will ask you one question; answer me, and I will tell you by what authority I do these things. ³⁰ Was the baptism of John from heaven or from man? Answer me.”

³¹ And they discussed it with one another, saying, “If we say, ‘From heaven,’ he will say, ‘Why then did you not believe him?’ ³² But shall we say, ‘From man?’”—they were afraid of the people, for they all held that John really was a prophet. ³³ So they answered Jesus, “We do not know.” And Jesus said to them, “Neither will I tell you by what authority I do these things.”

^{12:1} And he began to speak to them in parables. “A man planted a vineyard and put a fence around it and dug a pit for the winepress and built a tower, and leased it to tenants and went into another country. ² When the season came, he sent a servant to the tenants to get from them some of the fruit of the vineyard. ³ And they took him and beat him and sent him away empty-handed. ⁴ Again he sent to them another servant, and they struck him on the head and treated him shamefully. ⁵ And he sent another, and him they killed. And so with many others: some they beat, and some they killed. ⁶ He had still one other, a beloved son. Finally he sent him to them, saying, ‘They will respect my son.’ ⁷ But those tenants said to one another, ‘This is the heir. Come, let us kill him, and the inheritance will be ours.’ ⁸ And they took him and killed him and threw him out of the vineyard. ⁹ What will the owner of the vineyard do? He will come and destroy the tenants and give the vineyard to others. ¹⁰ Have you not read this Scripture:

“The stone that the builders rejected
has become the cornerstone;
¹¹ this was the Lord's doing,
and it is marvelous in our eyes?”

¹² And they were seeking to arrest him but feared the people, for they perceived that he had told the parable against them. So they left him and went away.

Sermon

“The Heaven-Sent Son”

Rev. Matt Harmon

We will receive our gifts and offerings for the Lord's work during this song.

The Son of God Came Down

The Son of God came down and laid aside his crown,
Born without great renown, this Sovereign One.
All holiness and might, all glory shining bright,
Have come to earth this night in Mary's Son, O come, let us adore!
*O Christ the Lord, our hope and Savior, Son of God yet made like us,
O Christ the Lord, our King adored, born a child, our Lord Jesus.*

Messiah born so small, asleep in cattle stall,
Come to redeem our fall, nailed to a tree.
This tiny, helpless Child through death would reconcile
The holy God and vile, his grace so free. O come, let us adore! *Refrain (2x)*

Christ Came to Sacrifice Himself for You

The Lord's Supper

All baptized Christians who trust in Christ alone as their Savior and Lord, who are communicant members of a Bible-believing church, and who seek strength and grace to live more faithfully to Christ are invited to participate. The cups with lighter liquid contain grape juice, the darker liquid is wine. The darker bread in the paper cup in the center of the plate is gluten-free. While communion is being served, please feel free to join in song or meditate quietly on Christ's sacrifice.

My Precious Savior Gave His All

My precious Savior gave his all, his body, heart, and soul,
To rescue me from Adam's fall and recreate me whole.
He left his majesty behind, the King became a slave!
No earthly comforts did he find but sought instead the grave.

His hands, though pierced by enemies, stretched out in selfless love,
His body, fixed to Calv'ry's tree, now pleads for me above.
Though Jesus' heart was crushed with grief, weighed down with all my sin,
He clung to this, his sure relief, that joy he soon would win.

His soul was left abandoned there when on the cross he died,
But rose again, his life to share, my sin and guilt to hide.
What Jesus gave for sinners' sake I cannot comprehend;
But this I know, it served to make this enemy his friend.

Come Thou Fount

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.

Broken I shall be in spirit, till released from flesh and sin,
Yet from what I do inherit, here thy praises I'll begin;
Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me I cannot proclaim it well,
How his kindness still pursues me human tongue can never tell.

Here I raise my Ebenezer; here by thy great help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood;

O 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, O 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 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.

Christ is Coming!

Christ is coming! Let creation from her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

Earth can now but tell the story of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory, when thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Let each heart repeat the strain.

Long thine exiles have been pining, far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heav'nly vestures shining, they their loving Lord shall see;
Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Haste the joyous jubilee.

With that blessed hope before us, let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus onward roll from tongue to tongue:
"Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

Yea, Amen! let all adore thee, high on thine eternal throne;
Savior, take the power and glory, claim the kingdom for thine own;
O come quickly! O come quickly! Everlasting God, come down!

Benediction

The lyrics of the songs are used by permission. CCLI License #3008560

The Son of God Came Down: Words & Music by Doug Plank © 2004 Sovereign Grace
Worship.

My Precious Savior Gave His All: Words & Music by David L. Ward © 2009
ThousandTongues.org.

Morning Worship

Sunday, September 21st, 2014

And when [Romans 8:]32 calls him "his own" Son, the point is that there are no others and that he is infinitely precious to the Father.... One son is all the Father had. And he was deeply loved. And he sent him.

I have four sons. There is no love like the love of a father for a son. Don't misunderstand. I love my wife. And I love my daughter. And I love my father.... And I don't mean the love of a father for his sons is better than these loves. I mean, it's different. They are too. But I speak only of this one: there is no love like the love of a father for a son.

The point of verse 32 is that this love of God for his one and only Son was like a massive Mount-Everest obstacle standing between him and our salvation. Here was an obstacle almost insurmountable. Could God, would God, overcome his cherishing, admiring, treasuring, white-hot, affectionate bond with his Son and deliver him over to be lied about and betrayed and abandoned and mocked and flogged and beaten and spit on and nailed to a cross and pierced with a sword like an animal being butchered. Would he really do that? Would he hand over the Son of his love? If he would, then whatever goal he is pursuing could never be stopped. If that obstacle were overcome in the pursuit of his good, every obstacle would be overcome.

- John Piper