

275 Irregular.
 Master, the tempest is raging!
 The billows are tossing high!
 The sky is o'ershadowed with
 blackness,
 No shelter or help is nigh;
 Carest Thou not that we perish?
 How canst Thou lie asleep,
 When each moment so madly is
 threatening
 A grave in the angry deep?

*The winds and the waves shall
 obey Thy will,
 'Peace, be still!'*
*Whether the wrath of the storm
 tossed sea,
 Or demons or men, or whatever it
 be,
 No waters can swallow the ship
 where lies
 The Master of ocean, and earth,
 and skies;
 They all shall sweetly obey Thy will,
 'Peace, be still! Peace, be still!'*
*They all shall sweetly obey Thy will,
 'Peace, peace, be still!'*

2 Master, with anguish of spirit
 I bow in my grief today;
 The depths of my sad heart are
 troubled;
 Oh, waken and save, I pray!
 Torrents of sin and of anguish
 Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
 And I perish! I perish! dear Master;
 Oh, hasten, and take control.

3 Master, the terror is over,
 The elements sweetly rest;
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is
 mirrored,

And heaven's within my breast;
 Linger, O blessed Redeemer!
 Leave me alone no more;
 And with joy I shall make the blest
 harbour,
 And rest on the blissful shore.

1874. Mary A. Baker.

273 87.87.D.
 All the way my Saviour leads me,
 What have I to ask beside?
 Can I doubt his tender mercy,
 Who through life has been my
 guide?
 Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
 Here by faith in him to dwell!
 For I know, whate'er befall me,
 Jesus doeth all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour leads
 me,
 Cheers each winding path I tread,
 Gives me grace for every trial,
 Feeds me with the living bread.
 Though my weary steps may falter,
 And my soul athirst may be,
 Gushing from the rock before me,
 Lo, a spring of joy I see!

3 All the way my Saviour leads
 me;
 O the fullness of his love!
 Perfect rest to me is promised
 In my Father's house above.
 When my spirit, clothed immortal,
 Wings its flight to realms of day,
 This my song through endless
 ages—
 'Jesus led me all the way!'

1875. Frances Van Alstyne.



Sharon Moravian Church

Lenten Midday Meditations 2018

Wednesdays 12:15—12:45 pm.

THEME:

**PREPARING TO LIVE AS
 KINGDOM CITIZENS**

**Wednesday
 February 28, 2018**

Growing Through Trials

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Order of Service

Call to Worship

Hymn: # 161 — *O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING*

Daily Text and Prayer

Welcome

Hymn: # 334 — *NEARER MY GOD TO THEE*

Bible Reading: Mark 4:35–41

Hymn: # 275 — *MASTER THE TEMPEST IS RAGING*

Meditation

Hymn: # 273 — *ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR LEADS ME*

Prayer & Benediction

Another year we begin this journey of Lent — A period of forty days and six Sundays immediately preceding Resurrection / Easter Sunday; fashioned after the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, and reminiscent of the journey of Israel through the wilderness; which turned out to be a time of pruning and preparation to receive the promised blessing of God.

Lent therefore, is a period of reflection and introspection meant to end with renewed commitment and vitality in the service of God.

Lent culminates in Easter, when we celebrate the resurrection of Jesus. However, the Easter joy is insincere except there is a resolve to live as disciples of Christ. The Easter joy is rooted in:

- *The salvation of Jesus Christ— our deliverance by his sacrifice on our behalf.*
- *Christ claiming us as his own and giving us a place in his family.*
- *Our commitment to following his way and continuing with him.*

We cannot really celebrate Easter except we possess such hope. The victorious resurrection of Jesus requires an appropriation of its significance and an acceptance of the benefits it affords.

So in our journey through Lent this year, we will follow the theme:

Preparing to Live As Kingdom Citizens. For we recognise that Easter joy is directly related to citizenship in the Kingdom. We will seek to identify the way of life to which we are called, the sort of kingdom citizenship to which we are invited and to commit ourselves to the same.

161

C.M.

O For a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that charms
our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 His grace subdues the power
of sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest
clean,
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks, and listening to his
voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts
rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise,
ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour
come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

6 Look unto him, ye nations;
own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look and be saved through faith
alone,
Be justified by grace.

1739. C. Wesley, a.

334

64.64.664.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
'Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
'Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

1841. Sarah Flower Adams.