



PRAISE & WORSHIP

APRIL 11, 2010

Gathering in Praise & Worship

Worship in Song—Choir

Worship in Singing

Worship in Dedication

Worship in the Word

Scripture - Psalm 42 & 43

Worship in Song—Choir

Sermon

Is there any hope ... for me?

Rick Hill

May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace
as you trust in him, so that you may overflow with
hope by the power of the Holy Spirit. Romans 15:13 (NIV)

Worship in Prayer

Worship in Giving

Going in Praise & Worship

1-3 A white-tailed deer drinks from the creek;
 I want to drink God, deep draughts of God.
 I'm thirsty for God-alive.
 I wonder, "Will I ever make it—
 arrive and drink in God's presence?"
 I'm on a diet of tears—
 tears for breakfast, tears for supper.
 All day long people knock at my door,
 Pestering, "Where is this God of yours?"

4 These are the things I go over and over,
 emptying out the pockets of my life.
 I was always at the head of the worshipping crowd,
 right out in front,
 Leading them all, eager to arrive and worship,
 Shouting praises, singing thanksgiving—
 celebrating, all of us, God's feast!

5 Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul?
 Why are you crying the blues?
 Fix my eyes on God—
 soon I'll be praising again.
 He puts a smile on my face.
 He's my God.

6-8 When my soul is in the dumps, I rehearse
 everything I know of you,
 From Jordan depths to Hermon heights,
 including Mount Mizar.
 Chaos calls to chaos,
 to the tune of whitewater rapids.
 Your breaking surf, your thundering breakers
 crash and crush me.
 Then God promises to love me all day,
 sing songs all through the night!
 My life is God's prayer.

9-10 Sometimes I ask God, my rock-solid God,
 "Why did you let me down?
 Why am I walking around in tears,
 harassed by enemies?"
 They're out for the kill, these
 tormentors with their obscenities,
 Taunting day after day,
 "Where is this God of yours?"

11 Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul?
 Why are you crying the blues?
 Fix my eyes on God—
 soon I'll be praising again.
 He puts a smile on my face.
 He's my God.

1-2 Clear my name, God; stick up for me against these
 loveless, immoral people.
 Get me out of here, away
 from these lying degenerates.
 I counted on you, God.
 Why did you walk out on me?
 Why am I pacing the floor, wringing my hands
 over these outrageous people?

3-4 Give me your lantern and compass,
 give me a map,
 So I can find my way to the sacred mountain,
 to the place of your presence,
 To enter the place of worship,
 meet my exuberant God,
 Sing my thanks with a harp,
 magnificent God, my God.

5 Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul?
 Why are you crying the blues?
 Fix my eyes on God—
 soon I'll be praising again.
 He puts a smile on my face.
 He's my God.