

Ninth Sunday after Pentecost ~ August 7, 2022

Genesis 15:1-6

Psalm 33:12-22

Hebrews 11:1-16

Luke 12:22-34

We Are Baptized in Christ Jesus

We are baptized in Christ Jesus
We are baptized in his death
That as Christ is raised victorious
We might live a brand new life.
And if we have been united
In a dreadful death like his,
We will all be reunited, for he lives.

In the water and the witness,
In the breaking of the bread,
In the waiting arms of Jesus
Who is risen from the dead
God has made a new beginning
From the ashes of our past;
In the losing and the winning we hold fast.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to Christ the Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Ever three and ever one.
As it was in the beginning,
Glory now resounds again
In a song that has no ending. Amen.

O God Our Help In Ages Past

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Under the shadow of your throne
Your saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is your arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received its frame
From everlasting you are God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in your sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all our years away
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Still be our guard while troubles last
And our eternal home.

How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
They pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

Refrain

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee,
How great thou art! How great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee,
How great thou art! How great thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
I hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze;

Refrain

But when I think that God his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin

Refrain

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, "My God how great thou art!"

Refrain

Psalm 33:12-22

- 12 Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD,
the people whom he has chosen as his heritage!
- 13 The LORD looks down from heaven;
he sees all the children of man;
- 14 from where he sits enthroned he looks out
on all the inhabitants of the earth,
- 15 he who fashions the hearts of them all
and observes all their deeds.
- 16 The king is not saved by his great army;
a warrior is not delivered by his great strength.
- 17 The war horse is a false hope for salvation,
and by its great might it cannot rescue.
- 18 Behold, the eye of the LORD is on those who fear him,
on those who hope in his steadfast love,
- 19 that he may deliver their soul from death
and keep them alive in famine.
- 20 Our soul waits for the LORD;
he is our help and our shield.
- 21 For our heart is glad in him,
because we trust in his holy name.
- 22 Let your steadfast love, O LORD, be upon us,
even as we hope in you.