

Come, Ye Weary, Heavy Laden, Lost and Ruined by The Fall;

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sour;  
Jesus ready stands to save you, **Full of pity, love and power.**

Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome, God's free bounty glorify:  
**True belief and True repentance-** Every Grace that brings you nigh.

*I will arise and go to Jesus, He will embrace me in His arms;  
In the arms of my dear Savior, O there are ten thousand charms.*

Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Lost and ruined by the Fall;  
**If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all.**

Let not conscience make you linger, Not of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth, Is to feel your need of Him.

*I will arise and go to Jesus, He will embrace me in His arms;  
In the arms of my dear Savior, O there are ten thousand charms.*

-Joseph Hart, 1768

The Bible really is the universe's most accurate **manual**  
on  
**Reality**  
that has ever been written.

-Paul David Tripp

# A Celebration of Worship & The Lord's Supper

For the Children of God in Covenant at

## River City Reformed Church

March 4, 2018

*The Stone which the builders rejected has become the chief cornerstone.*

*This was the LORD's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes.*

*This is the day the LORD has made; We will rejoice and be glad in it!*

CALL TO WORSHIP

from Psalm 118

HYMN

*Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise*

Hymnal 38

*Crown Him With Many Crowns*

Hymnal 295

PRAYER

THE PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH

OFFERING & DOXOLOGY

HYMN

*In Christ Alone* my Hope is found; He is my Light, my Strength, my Song;  
This Cornerstone, this Solid Ground, Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.  
What heights of Love, what depths of Peace, When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!  
My Comforter, my All in all— Here in the Love of Christ I stand.

In Christ Alone, Who took on flesh, Fullness of God in helpless Babe!  
This Gift of Love and Righteousness, Scorned by the ones He came to save.  
Till on that Cross as Jesus died, The Wrath of God was satisfied;  
My every sin on Him was laid— Here in the Death of Christ, I live.

There in the ground His Body lay, Light of the World -by darkness slain;  
Then bursting forth in Glorious Day, Up from the Grave He rose again!  
And as He stands in Victory, Sin's Curse has lost its grip on me;  
For I am His and He is mine— Bought with the precious Blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death— This is the power of Christ in me;  
From life's first cry to final breath, Jesus commands my destiny.  
No power of Hell, no scheme of man, Can ever pluck me from His hand;  
Till He returns or calls me Home— Here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

PREACHING

*God the Same, and Always New*

2 Samuel 5

Distinguishing the Constancy of His Nature,  
and the Freshness of His Dynamic Reality

THE COMMUNION

HYMN

**My Shepherd Will Supply My Need:** Jehovah is His Name;  
In pastures fresh He makes me feed, Beside the living stream.  
He brings my wandering spirit back, When I forsake His ways,  
And leads me, for His mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death, Thy presence is my stay;  
A word of Thy supporting breath, Drives all my fears away.  
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, Doth still my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows, Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God, Attend me all my days;  
O may Thy house be my abode, And all my work be praise!  
There would I find a settled rest, While others go and come;  
No more a stranger, nor a guest, But like a child at home.

No more a stranger, nor a guest, But like a child at home.

INVITATION & FENCING OF THE TABLE



**Our Elders** are eager to be of service,  
to pray with you,  
or answer any questions:

Bob Carter 910.520.0272  
Fitz Caudle 910.520.2732  
Steve Coggins 910.520.0718



*"My Grace  
is sufficient for you."*

If you would like more information, or would like to contact Pastor Bob, he may be reached at 910.520.0272

RIVER CITY REFORMED CHURCH, 4903 OLEANDER DRIVE, WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA 28403

*What is True Repentance?*

*Repentance unto life is a saving Grace, wrought in the heart of a sinner,  
by the Spirit and Word of God,  
whereby out of the sight and sense, not only of the danger,  
but also of the filthiness and odiousness of his sins,  
and upon the apprehension of God's mercy in Christ, to such as are penitent,  
he so grieves for and hates his sins,  
as that he turns from them all, to God, -purposing and endeavoring constantly  
to walk with Him, in all the ways of new obedience.*

**Christian, What Do You Believe?**

I believe in one God,

the **Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth,** and of all things visible and invisible.

And in **one Lord Jesus Christ,** the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of the Father before all worlds;  
**God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God;** begotten, not made,  
being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made.

Who, for us men and for our salvation, came down from Heaven,  
and was incarnate by the Holy Spirit of the virgin Mary, and was made man;  
and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate;

He suffered and was buried; and the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures;  
and ascended into Heaven, and sits on the right hand of the Father; and He shall come again, with glory,  
to judge the living and the dead; **whose Kingdom shall have no end.**

And I believe in the **Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life;** who proceeds from the Father and the Son;

Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; Who spoke by the prophets.

And I believe in one holy catholic\* and apostolic Church. I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins;  
and I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the World to come. *Amen*

(\* *catholic* - meaning worldwide and age to age, -**not Roman Catholic**)

PARTING HYMN

***It Is Well With My Soul***

Hymnal 691

BENEDICTION

O God of the Highest Heaven, Occupy the throne of my heart, own it all and reign supreme,  
**conquer every rebel desire,** let no vice or sin remain that resists Your Holy War;  
manifest Your mighty power, and make me Yours forevermore.

O Trinity of Love and Power, You are worthy to be praised with my every breath,  
loved with my every faculty of soul, served with my every act of life.

You have loved me, adopted me, received me,  
purchased, washed, favored, clothed, adorned me, *when I was worthless, vile, soiled, and polluted.*

**I was dead in sin,** having no eyes to see You, no ears to hear You,  
**no taste to relish Your joys,** no intelligence to know You;

But Your Spirit has quickened me, has brought me into a new world as a New Creature,  
has given me spiritual perception, has opened to me Your Word as light, guide, solace, joy.

Your presence is to me a **Treasure of Unending Peace.** Nothing can separate me from Your kindness,  
for You have drawn me with cords of love, and forgive me daily, *hourly.*

O **help me** then to live a life worthy of Your love, and worthy of my calling.

**Keep me, for I cannot keep myself;** protect me that no evil befall me;  
Let me lay aside every sin admired of many;

**Help me to walk by your side, lean on your arm, talk with you,**  
That I may be salt of the earth and a blessing to all. *Amen*

**No Sunday Evening study tonight**

**Ladies Study: Luncheon at Ann Caudle's, Tuesday, 12:00 noon**

***God is that Being, than which, nothing greater can be conceived.***

Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury

The God of Western tradition, like so many Gods, requires sacrifice. We've already examined why, but sometimes he goes even further. He demands not only sacrifice, but the sacrifice of **precisely *what is loved best***.

This is most starkly portrayed, and most confusingly evident, in the story of **Abraham and Isaac**. Abraham beloved of God, long wanted a son, and God promised him exactly that, after many delays, under the apparently impossible conditions of old age and a long barren wife. But not so long afterward, when the miraculously born Isaac is still a child, God turns around in an apparently barbaric fashion and demands that his most faithful servant offer his son as a sacrifice. The story ends happily. God sends an angel to stay Abraham's obedient hand, and accepts a ram in Isaac's stead. That's a good thing. It doesn't really address the issue at hand: Why was God's going further necessary? Why does Life impose such demands?

We'll start our analysis with a truism. Stark, self-evident, and understated. Sometimes things do not go well. That seems as much to do with the terrible nature of the world, with its plagues and its famines and its tyrannies and its betrayals. But here's the rub: sometimes when things are not going well it's not the world that is the cause. The cause is instead that which is most valued. Why? Because the world is revealed through an interment degree through a template of your values. If the world you are seeing is not the world you want therefore, it's time to examine your values. It's time to rid yourself of your current presuppositions. It's time to let go. It might even be time to sacrifice what you love best, so that you can become who you *might* become, instead of staying who you are.

Something valuable given up ensures future prosperity. Something valuable sacrificed pleases the lord. What is valuable and best sacrificed? Or at least emblematic of that? A choice cut of meat. The best animal in a flock. A most valued possession. **What's above even that? Something intensely personal and painful to give up.** That's symbolized perhaps, in God's insistence on circumcision as part of Abraham's sacrificial routine. What's beyond that? What pertains more closely to the whole person rather than the part? **What constitutes the ultimate sacrifice**, for the gain of the ultimate prize?

It's a close race between child and self. . .

In turn, Mary's son **Christ offers himself** to God and the world, to betrayal, torture, and death. To the very point of despair on the cross, where he cries out those terrible words: "*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*" That is the archetypal story of the man who gives his all for the sake of the better, who offers up his life for the advancement of being, who allows God's will to become manifest fully within the confines of a single mortal life. That is the model for the honorable man.

**In Christ's case however, as he sacrifices himself, God, his father, is simultaneously sacrificing his son.** It's for this reason that the Christian sacrificial drama of son and self is **archetypal**.

It's a story at the limit, where nothing more extreme, nothing greater, can be imagined.

That's the very definition of archetypal that's at the core of what constitutes "religious".

Jordan Peterson, *12 Rules for Life*

***If anyone would be My disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, daily, and follow Me..***