

No matter who you are or where you are on life's journey, you are welcome here!

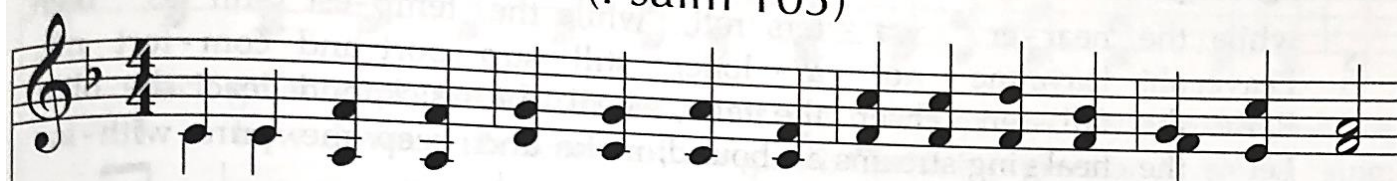
*** Congregation stands (live-streamers, feel free to lift your hearts!)**

Participating Today

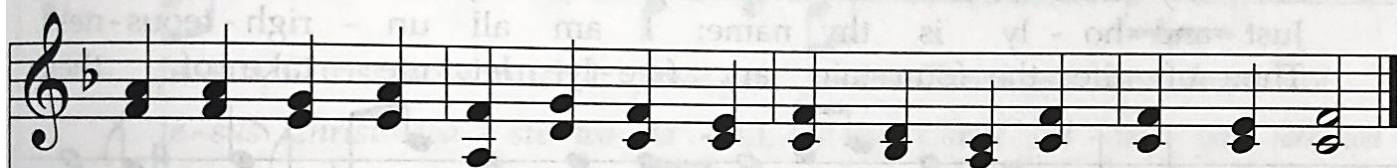
The Rev. Dr. David A. Kaden, Senior Minister
Susan Fast, Director of Caring Ministries
Dr. William Cowdery, Director of Music
David J. Kaden, Tech Support
H. Donald Hinman, bass soloist
Siu-ling Wong Chaloemtiarana, piano

O My Soul, Bless Your Redeemer 439

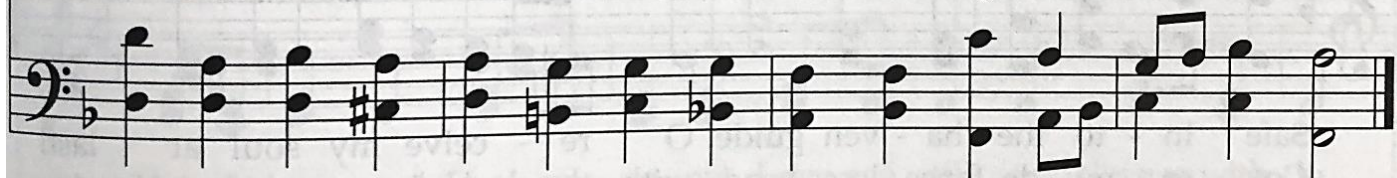
(Psalm 103)



- 1 O my soul, bless your Re-deem-er; all with-in me bless God's name;
2 God for-gives all your trans-gres-sions, all dis-eas-es gent-ly heals;
3 Far as east from west is dis-tant, God has put a-way our sin;
4 As it was with-out be-gin-ning, so it lasts with-out an end;



bless the Sav-ior, and for-get not all God's mer-cies to pro-claim.
God re-deems you from de-struc-tion, and with you so kind-ly deals.
like the pit-y of a fa-ther has the Lord's com-pas-sion been.
to their chil-dren's chil-dren ev-er shall God's righ-teous-ness ex-tend:



5 Unto such as keep God's cov'nant
and are steadfast in God's way;
unto those who still remember
the commandments and obey.

6 Bless your Maker, all you creatures,
ever under God's control,
all throughout God's vast dominion;
bless the Lord of all, my soul!

These stanzas are selected from sixteen that originally made up this paraphrase of Psalm 103, the second of two versions in the volume where they were first published. The tune used here was probably created as a German psalm tune but later came to be used with hymn texts.

TEXT: *The Book of Psalms*, 1871, alt.
MUSIC: Witt's *Psalmodia Sacra*, 1715; harm. William Henry Havergal, 1847, alt.

STUTT GART
8.7.8.7

435 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

1 There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, like the wide - ness
 2 For the love of God is broad - er than the mea - sures

of the sea. There's a kind - ness in God's jus - tice,
 of the mind. And the heart of the E - ter - nal

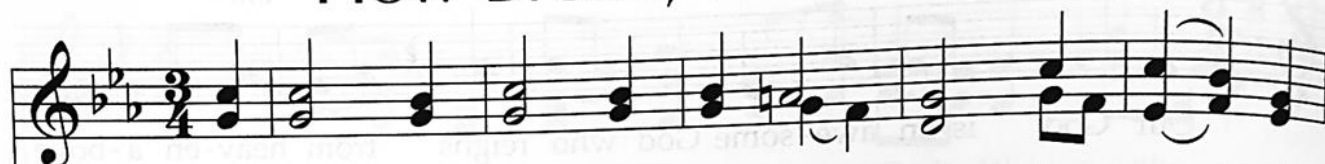
which is more than lib - er - ty. There is no place where earth's
 is most won - der - ful - ly kind. If our love were but more

sor - rows are more felt than up in heaven. There is no place
 faith - ful, we would glad - ly trust God's Word, and our lives re -

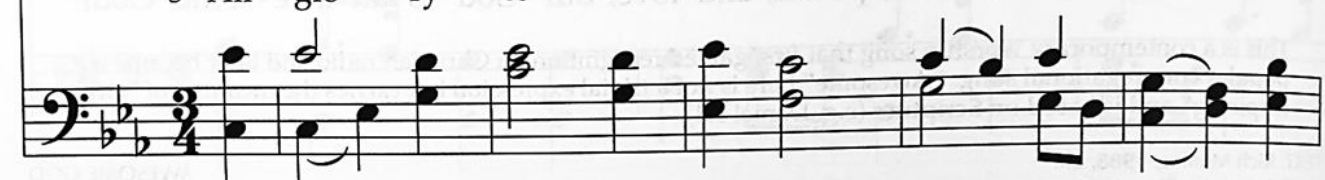
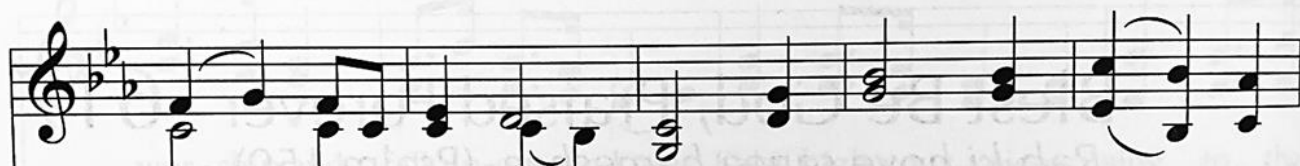
where earth's fail - ings have such kind - ly judg - ment given.
 flect thanks - giv - ing for the good - ness of our Lord.

These stanzas, excerpted from quite a few more, offer a reminder that the model for our dealings with others should be God's generosity rather than limited human tolerance. The text is effectively set to a broad and sturdy Dutch folk melody, probably from the 17th century.

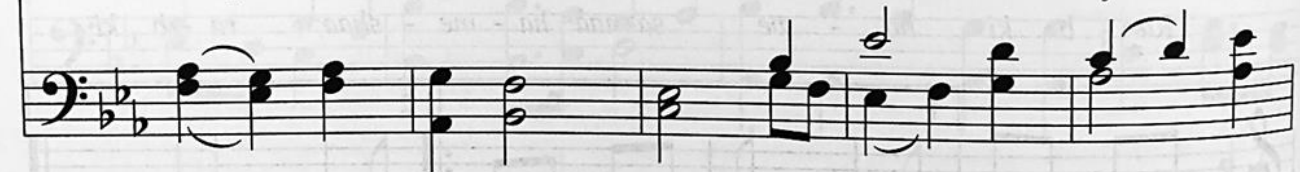

618 O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High



1 O love, how deep, how broad, how high, be - yond all
 2 For us bap - tized, for us he bore his ho - ly
 3 For us by wick - ed - ness be - trayed, for us, in
 4 For us he rose from death a - gain; for us he
 5 All glo - ry to our Lord and God, for love so

thought and fan - ta - sy, that God, the Son of
 fast and hun - gered sore; for us temp - ta - tions
 crown of thorns ar - rayed, he bore the shame - ful
 went on high to reign; for us he sent the
 deep, so high, so broad: the Trin - i - ty whom

God, should take our mor - tal form for mor - tals' sake.
 sharp he knew, for us, the tempt - er o - ver - threw.
 cross and death; for us gave up his dy - ing breath.
 Spir - it here to guide, to strength - en, and to cheer.
 we a - dore for - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.

