

Yateley Baptist Church, Sunday 6 September 2020

Opening Prayer

Hymn: Praise! 328

Praise him, praise him! Jesus, our blessed
redeemer!

Sing, O earth; his wonderful love proclaim!

Hail him, hail him, highest archangels in glory;
strength and honour give to his holy name!

Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard his children,
in his arms he carries them all day long.

*Praise him, praise him! Tell of his excellent
greatness;*

praise him, praise him, ever in joyful song!

2 Praise him, praise him! Jesus, our blessed
Redeemer!

For our sins he suffered and bled and died;
he, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
hail him, hail him! Jesus the crucified!

Sound his praises—Jesus who bore our sorrows,
love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong!

3 Praise him, praise him! Jesus, our blessed
Redeemer!

Heavenly portals, loud with hosannas ring!
Jesus, Saviour, reigning for ever and ever:
crown him, crown him! Prophet and Priest and
King!

Christ is coming, over the world victorious,
glory, power, praise to the Lord belong.

Frances J van Alstyne (1820-1915)

Reading: Genesis 40, ESV

Some time after this, the cupbearer of the king of Egypt and his baker committed an offence against their lord the king of Egypt. ² And Pharaoh was angry with his two officers, the chief cupbearer and the chief baker, ³ and he put them in custody in the house of the captain of the guard, in the prison where Joseph was confined. ⁴ The captain of the guard appointed Joseph to be with them, and he attended them. They continued for some time in custody.

⁵ And one night they both dreamed—the cupbearer and the baker of the king of Egypt, who were confined in the prison—each his own dream, and each dream with its own interpretation. ⁶ When Joseph came to them in the morning, he saw that they were troubled. ⁷ So he asked Pharaoh's officers who were with him in custody in his master's house, “Why are your faces downcast today?” ⁸ They said to him, “We have had dreams, and there is no one to interpret them.” And Joseph said to them, “Do not interpretations belong to God? Please tell them to me.”

⁹ So the chief cupbearer told his dream to Joseph and said to him, “In my dream there was a vine before me, ¹⁰ and on the vine there were three branches. As soon as it budded, its blossoms shot forth, and the clusters ripened into grapes. ¹¹ Pharaoh's cup was in my hand, and I took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup and placed the cup in Pharaoh's hand.” ¹² Then Joseph said to him, “This is its interpretation: the three branches are three days. ¹³ In three days Pharaoh will lift up your head and restore you to your office, and you shall place Pharaoh's cup in his hand as formerly, when you were his cupbearer. ¹⁴ Only remember me, when it is well with you, and please do me the kindness to mention me to Pharaoh, and so get me out of this house. ¹⁵ For I was indeed stolen out of the land of the Hebrews, and here also I have done nothing that they should put me into the pit.”

¹⁶ When the chief baker saw that the interpretation was favourable, he said to Joseph, “I also had a dream: there were three cake baskets on my head, ¹⁷ and in the uppermost basket there were all sorts of baked food for Pharaoh, but the birds were eating it out of the basket on my head.” ¹⁸ And Joseph answered and said, “This is its interpretation: the three baskets are three days. ¹⁹ In three days Pharaoh will lift up your head—from you!—and hang you on a tree. And the birds will eat the flesh from you.”

²⁰ On the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, he made a feast for all his servants and lifted up the head of the chief cupbearer and the head of the chief baker among his servants. ²¹ He restored the chief cupbearer to his position, and he placed the cup in Pharaoh's hand. ²² But he hanged the chief baker, as Joseph had interpreted to them. ²³ Yet the chief cupbearer did not remember Joseph, but forgot him.

Hymn: Praise! 260

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

2 Beneath the shadow of your throne
your saints have lived secure;
sufficient is your arm alone,
and our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting you are God,
to endless years the same.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

4 A thousand ages in your sight
are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
will bear us all away;
we pass forgotten as a dream
dies with the dawning day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be our defence while life shall last,
and our eternal home.

Poem

Prayer

Hymn: Praise! 258

'Great is thy faithfulness', O God my father,
there is no shadow of turning with thee;
thou changest not, thy compassions they fail
not;
as thou hast been, thou for ever wilt be.

*'Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy
faithfulness!'
morning by morning new mercies I see;
all I have needed thy hand hath provided-
'Great is thy faithfulness', Lord, unto me!*

Thomas O Chisholm (1866-1960)

2 Summer and winter, and springtime and
harvest,
sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
join with all nature in manifold witness
to thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

3 Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
thy own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
strength for today and bright hope for
tomorrow,
blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

Sermon: Genesis 40-41 – Content in All Things

1. When God seems absent

2. God has spoken

3. When people fail us

4. God is at work

Hymn: Praise! 256

God moves in a mysterious way,
his wonders to perform;
he plants his footsteps in the sea
and rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
of never-failing skill
he treasures up his bright designs
and works his sovereign will.

3 You fearful saints, fresh courage take;
the clouds you so much dread
are big with mercy, and shall break
in blessings on your head.

William Cowper (1731-1800)

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
but trust him for his grace;
behind a frowning providence
he hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
unfolding every hour;
the bud may have a bitter taste,
but sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
and scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter
and he will make it plain.

Closing Prayer