

Yateley Baptist Church, Sunday 18 April 2021

Opening Prayer

Hymn

Who has held the oceans in his hands?

Who has numbered every grain of sand?

Kings and nations tremble at his voice

All creation rises to rejoice

Behold our God, seated on his throne

Come, let us adore him

Behold our king, nothing can compare

Come, let us adore him

2 Who has given counsel to the Lord?

Who can question any of his words?

Who can teach the one who knows all things?

Who can fathom all his wondrous deeds?

3 Who has felt the nails upon his hands?

Bearing all the guilt of sinful man

God eternal, humbled to the grave

Jesus, Saviour, risen now to reign

Jonathan Baird, Meghan Baird, Ryan Baird, and Stephen Altrogge

Missions News

Hymn

By faith, we see the hand of God

In the light of creation's grand design;

In the lives of those who prove His faithfulness,

Who walk by faith and not by sight.

2 By faith, our fathers roamed the earth

With the power of His promise in their hearts

Of a holy city built by God's own hand –

A place where peace and justice reign.

We will stand as children of the promise,

We will fix our eyes on Him, our soul's reward.

Till the race is finished and the work is done,

We'll walk by faith and not by sight.

3 By faith, the prophets saw a day

When the longed-for Messiah would appear

With the power to break the chains of sin and
death,

And rise triumphant from the grave.

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4 By faith, the church was called to go
In the power of the Spirit to the lost
To deliver captives and to preach good news,
In every corner of the earth.

We will stand...

Stuart Townend & Keith Getty & Kristyn Getty

5 By faith, this mountain shall be moved
And the power of the gospel shall prevail,
For we know in Christ all things are possible
For all who call upon His name.

We will stand...

Prayer

Reading: Matthew 25:1-13, ESV

“Then the kingdom of heaven will be like ten virgins who took their lamps and went to meet the bridegroom. ² Five of them were foolish, and five were wise. ³ For when the foolish took their lamps, they took no oil with them, ⁴ but the wise took flasks of oil with their lamps. ⁵ As the bridegroom was delayed, they all became drowsy and slept. ⁶ But at midnight there was a cry, ‘Here is the bridegroom! Come out to meet him.’ ⁷ Then all those virgins rose and trimmed their lamps. ⁸ And the foolish said to the wise, ‘Give us some of your oil, for our lamps are going out.’ ⁹ But the wise answered, saying, ‘Since there will not be enough for us and for you, go rather to the dealers and buy for yourselves.’ ¹⁰ And while they were going to buy, the bridegroom came, and those who were ready went in with him to the marriage feast, and the door was shut. ¹¹ Afterwards the other virgins came also, saying, ‘Lord, lord, open to us.’ ¹² But he answered, ‘Truly, I say to you, I do not know you.’ ¹³ Watch therefore, for you know neither the day nor the hour.”

Hymn: Praise! 503

Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea,
a great high priest, whose name is love,
who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is written on his hands,
my name is hidden in his heart;
I know that while in heaven he stands
no power can force me to depart,
no power can force me to depart.

2 When Satan tempts me to despair,
and tells me of the guilt within,
I look to heaven, and see him there
who made an end of all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died
my sinful soul is counted free;
for God, the just, is satisfied
to look on him and pardon me,
to look on him and pardon me.

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3 Behold him there! The risen Lamb,
my perfect, spotless righteousness,
the great unchangeable I AM,
the King of glory and of grace!
One with himself, I cannot die,
my soul is purchased by his blood;
my life is safe with Christ on high,
with Christ, my Saviour and my God,
with Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Charitie L Bancroft (1841-1923)

Sermon: Matthew 25:1-13 – The Parable of the Ten Virgins

Hymn: Praise! 779

My hope is built on nothing less
than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
no merit of my own I claim,
but wholly trust in Jesus' name.

*On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
all other ground is sinking sand.*

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
in every high and stormy gale,
my anchor holds and will not fail.

Edward Mote (1797-1874)

Closing Prayer

3 His oath, his covenant and his blood
support me in the rising flood;
when all around my soul gives way,
he then is all my hope and stay.

4 I trust his righteous character,
his counsel, promises and power;
his name and honour are at stake
to save me from the burning lake.

5 When the last trumpet's voice shall sound,
O may I then in him be found,
clothed in his righteousness alone,
faultless to stand before the throne!