

# Wards Chapel Outdoor Worship Order

October 11<sup>th</sup>, 2020 (10:00 AM)

## Prelude

### Opening Hymn: UMH 110 A Mighty Fortress is Our God

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| <p>1. A mighty fortress is our God,<br/>a bulwark never failing;<br/>our helper he amid the flood<br/>of mortal ills prevailing.<br/>For still our ancient foe<br/>doth seek to work us woe;<br/>his craft and power are great,<br/>and armed with cruel hate,<br/>on earth is not his equal.</p> <p>2. Did we in our own strength confide,<br/>our striving would be losing,<br/>were not the right man on our side,<br/>the man of God's own choosing.<br/>Dost ask who that may be?<br/>Christ Jesus, it is he;<br/>Lord Sabaoth, his name,<br/>from age to age the same,<br/>and he must win the battle.</p> | <p>3. And though this world, with devils filled,<br/>should threaten to undo us,<br/>we will not fear, for God hath willed<br/>his truth to triumph through us.<br/>The Prince of Darkness grim,<br/>we tremble not for him;<br/>his rage we can endure,<br/>for lo, his doom is sure;<br/>one little word shall fell him.</p> <p>4. That word above all earthly powers,<br/>no thanks to them, abideth;<br/>the Spirit and the gifts are ours,<br/>thru him who with us sideth.<br/>Let goods and kindred go,<br/>this mortal life also;<br/>the body they may kill;<br/>God's truth abideth still;<br/>his kingdom is forever.</p> |
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## Prayer for the people

## Children's Message

## Special Music

## Message

## The Ten Commandments (2)

**Pastor Cho**

**Wendy Miller**

**The Millers**

**Exodus 20:1-17**

## Holy Communion

### Closing Hymn

### It Is Well with My Soul

### UMH 377

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
when sorrows like sea billows roll;  
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul,  
it is well, it is well with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should  
come,  
let this blest assurance control,  
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,  
and hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!  
My sin, not in part but the whole,  
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,  
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
(Refrain)

4. And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall  
be sight,  
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
the trump shall resound, and the Lord shall  
descend,  
even so, it is well with my soul.  
(Refrain)

## Benediction

## Postlude