

(Topics and Lead-in Below)

Transcendent God

TUNE: Sweet Hour of Prayer (SWEET HOUR)

Psalm 14:1; 19:1-4a; Isaiah 40:18-28;

Luke 10:21-22; 1 Corinthians 1:18 - 2:16

♩ = 100

C C G7sus C F CM7 Dm7 C E C G7sus C

1. Tran - scend - ent God, Cre - a - tor Lord - To most a myth, de -
 2. O Sov - 'reign Lord, our Fa - ther Friend, Your love and pow'r and

Dm7 FM7 G7 F G C G7sus C G B Am CM7 Am
 A A G G F#

nied, ig - nored; For crea - tures proud and self - de - ceived, A
 wis - dom blend To fill our sense and o - ver - flow What

C G Am C G7 C C G7 D C E F

truth too plain to be be - lieved, A life too vast, a
 eyes can see and minds can know. But sim - ple faith, so

C G7 C CM7 F C G7sus G7 F G

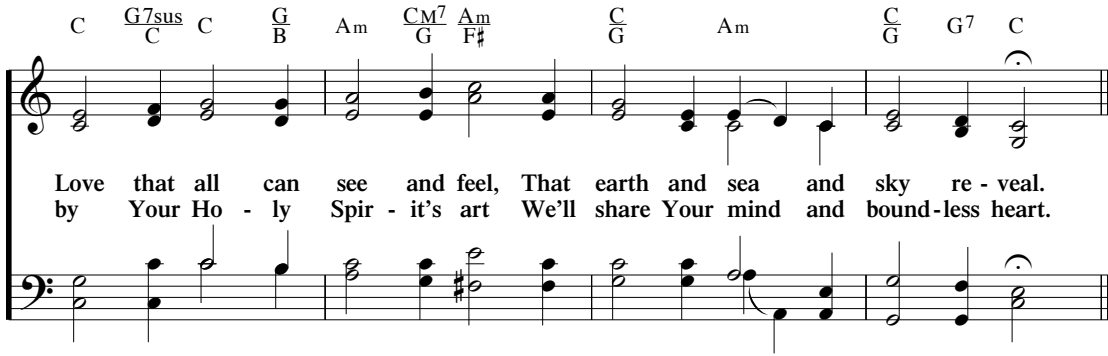
realm too grand. But hum - ble minds will un - der - stand The
 weak and small, Will touch and find You all in all. Then

WORDS: Ken Bible
 MUSIC: William W. Walford; arr. by Ken Bible

SWEET HOUR
 L.M.D.

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C $\frac{G7^{sus}}{C}$ C $\frac{G}{B}$ Am $\frac{CM7}{G}$ $\frac{Am}{F\#}$ $\frac{C}{G}$ Am $\frac{C}{G}$ G7 C



Love that all can see and feel, That earth and sea and sky re - veal.
by Your Ho - ly Spir - it's art We'll share Your mind and bound-less heart.

TOPICS: Creator; Faith; God's Love

LEAD-IN: *"To whom will you compare me?
Or who is my equal?" says the Holy One.
Lift your eyes and look to the heavens:
Who created all these?
He who brings out the starry host one by one,
and calls them each by name....
Do you not know?
Have you not heard?
The Lord is the everlasting God,
the Creator of the ends of the earth.
He will not grow tired or weary,
and his understanding no one can fathom.
(Isaiah 40:25-28, NIV)*

LEAD-IN DEVOTIONAL READING:

In His Presence

Some of the most profound and moving moments of my life have been spent under the clear night sky. Looking up from my backyard, I feel I am in a great hall of eternity. I see the stars and think of the unfathomable distances of time and space there before me.

I am awestruck by the vastness of God. He is there, filling all of space, all of eternity, and beyond. I sense that I've walked into His holy temple, and the only proper response is to stand in total silence.

I am one of billions of life forms on this planet, which is little more than a pebble orbiting the sun. And each of those tiny stars there in the sky is the size of our sun. There are a billion trillion of them scattered like grains of sand through the vastness of space.

The total life span of one of those stars, millions or billions of years, is only an episode in the life of the universe. And my life...my life is the tiniest fraction of a heartbeat. One breath.

Lord God, why do I matter to You? Why do You even notice me? God, why should You care about me?

I stand here wrapped up in my own little world, so anxious and dark. But I am in Your world, in Your domain, in all its vastness and serenity. Your skies are singing, "*He is good, and His mercy endures forever.*" Your trees, so stately against the sky, are silently chanting, "*O Lord, our Lord, how majestic You are in all the earth.*" The whole world is a symphony to Your name. I listen, and I can hear it.

God, my Father, I don't know why, but I know that You love me. I see Your love in my life. I hear You whisper it in my heart. And I don't want to ignore Your love. I don't want to ignore You, my God.

There is so much I don't understand about You. But I know that when I admit that You are God--that You are my God--I am embracing the truth. I know that when I believe You love me and start to trust Your love, it pleases You. It pleases You very much.

And I sense that when I open myself to You, I am opening myself to Your goodness and wisdom and to a wonderful future with You.

Lord God, I am nothing in myself. I am significant for only one reason:

*You, Great Creator, love me.
Teach me to love You in return.*