

Christ Our Passover by D.A. Carson For the Love of God, March 1

The Passover was not only the climax of the ten plagues, it was the beginning of the nation. Doubtless Pharaoh had had enough of Moses; God had had enough of Pharaoh. This last plague wiped out the firstborn of the land, the symbol of strength, the nation's pride and hope. At the same time, by his design it afforded God an opportunity to teach some important lessons, in graphic form, to the Israelites. If the angel of death was to pass through the land, what principle would distinguish the homes that suffered death from those where everyone survived?

God tells the Israelites to gather in houses, each house bringing together enough people to eat one entire year-old lamb. Careful instructions are provided for the preparation of the meal. The strangest of these instructions is that a daub of blood is to be splashed on the top and both sides of the doorframe: "and when I see the blood, I will pass over you" (Ex. 12:13).

The importance of this event cannot be overestimated. It signaled not only the release of the Israelites from slavery, but the dawning of a new covenant with their Redeemer. At the same time, it constituted a picture: guilty people face death, and the only way to escape that sentence is if a lamb dies instead of those who are sentenced to die. The calendar changes to mark the importance of this turning point.

A millennium and a half later, Paul would remind believers in Corinth that Christ Jesus, our Passover Lamb, was sacrificed for us, inaugurating a new covenant (1 Cor. 5:7; 11:25). On the night that he was betrayed, Jesus took bread and wine, and instituted a new commemorative rite—and this too took place on the festival of Passover, as if this new rite connects the old with that to which it points: the death of Christ. The calendar changed again; a new and climactic redemption had been achieved. God still passes over those who are secured by the blood.

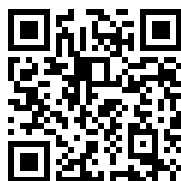
Events

8/16 & 8/23 Baptisms and
Testimonies

8/26 Campus Outreach
presentations 7:15 PM

9/2 Small Groups

Give



Upcoming Events



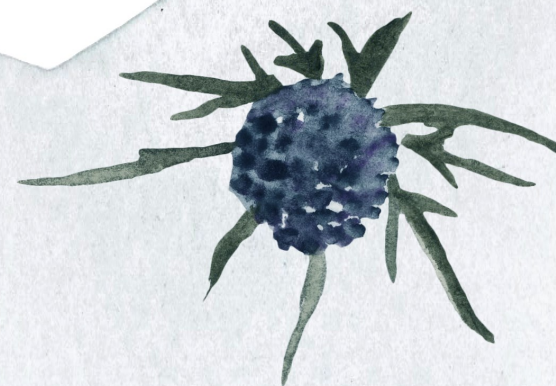
Pastors

Stephen Byrd Stu Johnston
Michael Lopes Bob Prentice

Service Times

— Sunday School 9:30 am
— Sunday Morning Worship 11:00 am
— Sunday Evening Worship 5:30 pm
— Wednesday Prayer Meeting 7:15 pm

919-563-9249
www.grbc.net



May the God of hope fill you with
all joy and peace in believing,
so that by the power of the Holy
Spirit you may abound in hope.

Romans 15:13



August 16, 2020



GRACE
REFORMED BAPTIST CHURCH

Morning Worship

Call to Worship

Pastor Bob Prentice

Opening Hymn

Rock of Ages

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood, from Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure, cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r,
Be of sin the double cure, cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2. Not the labors of my hands can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know, could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save and Thou alone,
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save and Thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress; helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly; wash me, Savior, or I die,
Foul, I to the Fountain fly; wash me, Savior, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath, when mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown, see Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee
Let me hide myself in Thee, Let me hide myself in Thee

Text: Augustus M. Toplady, 1776 Tune: Stevan Henning

Scripture Reading

Acts 26:1-32, page 935

Pastoral Prayer

Offertory Hymn

When Trials Come

When trials come, no longer fear, for in the pain our God draws near,
to fire a faith worth more than gold; and there His faithfulness is told;
and there His faithfulness is told.

Within the night I know Your peace;
the breath of God brings strength to me.
And, new each morning, mercy flows as treasures of the darkness grow;
as treasures of the darkness grow.

I turn to wisdom not my own, for ev'ry battle You have known.
My confidence will rest in You; Your love endures, Your ways are good;
Your love endures, Your ways are good.

When I am weary with the cost, I see the triumph of the cross;
So in its shadow I shall run 'till He completes the work begun;
'till He completes the work begun.

One day all things will be made new; I'll see the hope You called me to.
And in Your Kingdom paved with gold I'll praise Your faithfulness of old;
I'll praise Your faithfulness of old.

Text and Music: Keith and Kristyn Getty © 2005 Thankyou Music
Used by Permission CCLI #1899094

Preparatory Hymn

I Boast No More

Sermon

Pastor Mike Karns

Closing Song

Be Thou My Vision

Evening Worship

Call to Worship

Nathan Allen

Opening Hymn

Agnus Dei

1. Alleluia, alleluia for the Lord God Almighty reigns.
Alleluia, alleluia for the Lord God Almighty reigns. Alleluia.

(Chorus) Holy, holy are You Lord God Almighty.

Worthy is the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb.

You are holy, holy are you Lord God Almighty.

Worthy is the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb. Amen

2. Alleluia, alleluia for the Lord God Almighty reigns.
Alleluia, alleluia, for the Lord God Almighty reigns. Alleluia.

(Chorus)

You are holy, holy are You Lord God Almighty.

Worthy is the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb. Amen

Text and Music: Michael W. Smith, based on Revelation 4:8 & 5:12 © 1990 Sony/ATV Milene Music Used by Permission
CCLI #1899094

Scripture Reading

Acts 18:18-19:1, page 927

Pastoral Prayer

Offertory Hymn

**#699 Tis So Sweet to Trust in
Jesus**

Preparatory Hymn

Jesus, I Come

Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into Thy freedom, gladness and light, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sickness into Thy health, out of my wanting and into Thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into Thyself, Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of my shameful failure and loss, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of distress into jubilant psalm, Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of unrest and arrogant pride, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into Thy blessed will to abide. Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, out of despair into raptures above,
Upward forever on wings like a dove, Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Jesus, I come, Jesus I come;
Into the joy and light of Thy home, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of the depths of ruin untold, into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Ever Thy glorious face to behold, Jesus, I come to Thee.

Words: W. T. Sleeper, c. 1840 - 1920 Music: Greg Thompson © 2000 Used by Permission

Sermon

Pastor Stephen Byrd

Closing Song

#175 Man of Sorrows