

## Liturgy for a Snow Day, Feb. 14, 2021



Call to Worship: Job 37:5-13, 22 and Psalm 147

God thunders wondrously with his voice; he does great things that we cannot comprehend.  
For to the snow he says, 'Fall on the earth,' likewise to the downpour, his mighty downpour.  
He seals up the hand of every man, that all men whom he made may know it.  
Then the beasts go into their lairs, and remain in their dens.  
From its chamber comes the whirlwind, and cold from the scattering winds.  
By the breath of God ice is given, and the broad waters are frozen fast.  
He loads the thick cloud with moisture; the clouds scatter his lightning.  
They turn around and around by his guidance,  
to accomplish all that he commands them on the face of the habitable world.  
Whether for correction or for his land or for love, he causes it to happen.

**Out of the north comes golden splendor; God is clothed with awesome majesty!**

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem! Praise your God, O Zion!  
For he strengthens the bars of your gates; he blesses your children within you.  
He sends out his command to the earth; his word runs swiftly.  
He gives snow like wool; he scatters frost like ashes.  
He hurls down his crystals of ice like crumbs; who can stand before his cold?  
He sends out his word, and melts them; he makes his wind blow and the waters flow.

**He declares his word to us, his statutes and rules to his people.**

**Praise the Lord!**

## Creation



Poem/hymn: *All Beautiful the March of Days*, Frances Whitmarsh While (1911)

\*You may simply read and reflect. If you wish to sing, I recommend the tune KINGSFOLD (found [here](#))

All beautiful the march of days, as seasons come and go;  
The hand that shaped the rose hath wrought the crystal of the snow,  
Hath sent the hoary frost of heav'n, the flowing waters sealed,  
And laid a silent loveliness on hill and wood and field.

O'er white expanses sparkling pure the radiant morns unfold;  
The solemn splendors of the night burn brighter through the cold.  
Life mounts in ev'ry throbbing vein, Love deepens round the hearth,  
And clearer sounds the angel hymn, "Good will to men on earth."

O Thou from whose unfathomed law the year in beauty flows,  
Thyself the vision passing by in crystal and in rose,  
Day unto day doth utter speech, and night to night proclaim,  
In ever-changing words of light, the wonder of Thy name.

## Fall



Confession: *The Thaw* (John Newton) and Psalm 51:1-2, 7

The ice and snow we lately saw, which covered all the ground;  
Are melted soon before the thaw, and can no more be found.  
Could all the art of man suffice to move away the snow,  
To clear the rivers from the ice, or make the waters flow?

No, 'tis the work of GOD alone; An emblem of the pow'r  
By which he melts the heart of stone, in his appointed hour.  
All outward means, till he appears, will ineffectual prove;  
Though much the sinner sees and hears, He cannot learn to love.

But let the stoutest sinner feel the soft'ning warmth of grace;  
Though hard as ice, or rocks, or steel, His heart dissolves apace.  
Seeing the blood which JESUS spilt, to save his soul from woe,  
His hatred, unbelief, and guilt, all melt away like snow.

Jesus, we in thy name entreat, reveal thy gracious arm;  
And grant thy Spirit's kindly heat, our frozen hearts to warm.

**Have mercy on me, O God, according to your steadfast love;  
According to your abundant mercy blot out my transgressions.  
Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin!  
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;  
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.**

## Redemption



### Assurance of Pardon: Isaiah 1:18

Come now, let us reason together, says the LORD:  
though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;  
though they are red like crimson, they shall become like wool.

### Hymn: *Nothing but the Blood of Jesus*

What can wash away my sin?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
What can make me whole again?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
Naught of good that I have done,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus. (Refrain)

### *Refrain:*

Oh! precious is the flow  
That makes me white as snow;  
No other fount I know,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
This is all my righteousness,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus. (Refrain)

Now by this I'll overcome—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
Now by this I'll reach my home—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus. (Refrain)

### Personal and Family Prayers

\*Take some time to share your requests and pray for one another.  
If you are alone, take time to pray for your own needs and those of your loved ones

## Restoration



Sermonette: "Footsteps of Mercy", guest preacher Charlie Spurgeon

Charles Spurgeon described his experience of forgiveness this way: "My life was full of sorrow and wretchedness, believing that I was lost. But, oh, the blessed gospel of the God of grace came to me, and with it a sovereign word, 'Deliver him!' And I who was but a minute before as wretched as a soul could be, could have danced for the very merriment of heart. And as the snow fell on my road home from the little house of prayer, I thought every snowflake talked with me and told of the pardon I had found, for I was white as the driven snow through the grace of God."

Poem: Song (by R.S. Thomas, from *H'm* – 1972)

*I choose white, but with  
Red on it, like the snow  
In winter with its few  
Holly berries and the one*

*Robin, that is a fire  
To warm by and like Christ  
Comes to us in his weakness,  
But with a sharp song.*

Reading: Revelation 1:9-18 (The Vision of Son of Man)

Doxology:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures in the snow,  
Praise Him for all the falling snow,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN!