

WORSHIP



*Wednesday*

St. Thomas the Apostle

Faith

Thirty-Second Week in Ordinary Time

Wednesday — November 11, 2020

# Opening Prayer

## Gathering Song

## *We Walk By Faith*



1., 5. We walk by faith, and not by sight; No  
2. We may not touch his hands and side, Nor  
3. Help then, O Lord, our un - be - lief; And  
4. That, when our life of faith is done, In



gra - cious words we hear From him who spoke as  
fol - low where he trod; But in his prom - ise  
may our faith a - bound To call on you when  
realms of clear - er light We may be - hold you



none e'er spoke; But we be - lieve him near.  
we re - jice, And cry, "My Lord and God!"  
you are near, And seek where you are found:  
as you are, With full and end - less sight.

Text: Henry Alford, 1810–1871, alt.  
Tune: SHANTIL, CM; Marty Haugen, b.1950, © 1984, GIA Publications, Inc.

**Scripture** ..... Psalm 63

*My soul is thirsting for you, O Lord.*

# Reflection

Deac. Larry Kearney

## Intercessions

R/. Lord, hear our prayer.

## Sending Song

*Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory*



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the  
 2. I have seen him in the watch - fires of a  
 3. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall  
 4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was



com - ing of the Lord; He is tram - pling out the  
 hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have build - ed him an  
 nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out all  
 born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in his



vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He has  
 al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps. I can  
 hu - man hearts be - fore his judg - ment seat. O be  
 bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me. As he



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri - ble swift sword:  
 read the right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps;  
 swift, my soul, to an - swer him; be ju - bi - lant, my feet!  
 died to make us ho - ly, let us live to make all free



His truth is march - ing on.  
 His day is march - ing on.  
 Our God is march - ing on.  
 While God is march - ing on.

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry,

glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le -

lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Text: Julia W. Howe, 1819–1910, alt.  
 Tune: BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC, 15 15 15 6 with refrain; attr. to William Steffe, d.1911

*Thank you for joining us!*

See you next week for *Light*.

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