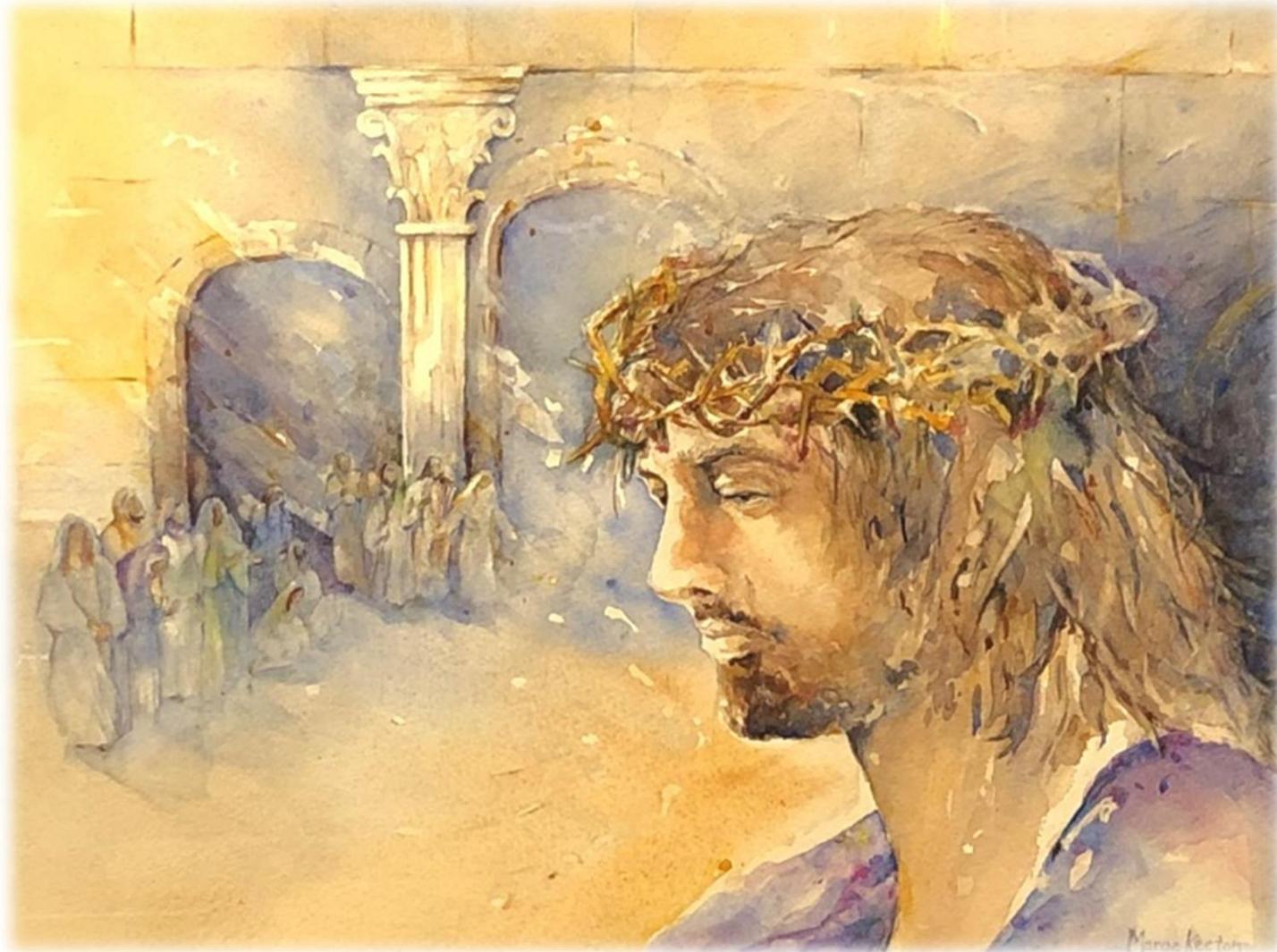


"Sing, heavens! Rejoice, earth! Break out, mountains, with a song.
The LORD has comforted his people, and taken pity on those who suffer."
-Isaiah 49:13



"Crown of Thorns," by Marge Keeton. Watercolor

Great Are You Lord

You give life, You are love
You bring light to the darkness
You give hope, You restore every heart that is broken
Great are You, Lord

It's Your breath in our lungs
So we pour out our praise
We pour out our praise
It's Your breath in our lungs
So we pour out our praise to You only

And all the earth will shout Your praise
Our hearts will cry, these bones will sing
Great are You, Lord

Immortal, Invisible

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life Thou givest, to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish, but nought changeth Thee.

Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render, O help us to see:
'Tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee.

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace
Streams of mercy, never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it
Mount of Thy redeeming love

Here I raise my Ebenezer
Hither by Thy help I've come
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God
He, to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be
Let that goodness like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it
Prone to leave the God I love
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it
Seal it for Thy courts above

Offering

A few of you have asked how you might still contribute to the mission and ministry of CKPC during this time.

Checks can still be mailed to : CKPC, PO Box 750, Silverdale, WA 98383

OR give online by following this [giving link](#)



**Sermon – Freedom from Wandering:
The God Who Brings Us Home**
Isaiah 49:8-15 | Ty Whitman

The LORD said:

At the right time, I answered you;
on a day of salvation, I helped you.

I have guarded you,
and given you as a covenant to the people, to restore the land,
and to reassign deserted properties,

⁹ saying to the prisoners, “Come out,”
and to those in darkness, “Show yourselves.”

Along the roads animals will graze;
their pasture will be on every treeless hilltop.

¹⁰ They won’t hunger or thirst;
the burning heat and sun won’t strike them,
because one who has compassion for them will lead them
and will guide them by springs of water.

¹¹ I will turn all my mountains into roads;
my highways will be built up.

¹² Look! These will come from far away.
Look! These from the north and west,
and these from the southland.

¹³ Sing, heavens! Rejoice, earth!
Break out, mountains, with a song.

The LORD has comforted his people,
and taken pity on those who suffer.

¹⁴ But Zion says, “The LORD has abandoned me;
my Lord has forgotten me.”

¹⁵ Can a woman forget her nursing child,
fail to pity the child of her womb?
Even these may forget,
but I won’t forget you.

Coming Home

I could let You down over and over
But Your love never changes
Lord, You're so patient
And if I run back home
God, You come running
Your love never changes
Lord, You're so gracious

With a kiss
With a ring and a robe
You have found me
You have found me

It feels like coming home for the first time in a long time
It feels like coming home

