

# SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

March 13, 2022 • 9:30 a.m.

\* HYMN

*Wilderness Gifts Us a Holy Disruption*

O QUANTA QUALIA

1. Wild - er - ness gifts us a ho - ly dis - rup - tion;  
2. Bless - ed dis - com - fort re - news all our fo - cus;  
3. Sac - red and dang - er - ous, wild, wide, and wond - rous,  
4. Come, you God's peo - ple, the time's now for learn - ing.

5  
dri - ven by Spi - rit to wan - der in wait - ing.  
dars us to plow through the din of dis - trac - tion.  
wild - er - ness trains us for Christ's res - ur - ec - tion.  
Lent is the jour - ney of Je - sus' temp - ta - tion

9  
Here we are tempt - ed by ev - il's cor - rup - tion;  
Then in God's time we shall bloom like the cro - cus,  
What seems so scarce is, for God, tru - ly bound - less.  
Wild - er - ness brings with it truth and dis - cern - ing.

13  
trust - ing in God to con - tin - ue cre - a - ting.  
root - ed in gard - ens of grace - guid - ed act - ion.  
Noth - ing's so harsh to es - cape God's af - fec - tion.  
Then at the tomb will we find our sal - va - tion.



1 When twi-light comes and the sun sets, moth - er  
 2 One day the Rab - bi, Lord Je - sus, called the  
 3 So gath - er round once a - gain, friends, touched by



hen pre-pares for night's rest. As her brood shel-ters  
 twelve to share his last meal. As the hen tends her  
 fading glow of sun's gold, and re-count all our



un - der her wings she gives the love of God to her  
 young, so for them he spent him - self to seek and to  
 frail hu-man hopes, the dreams of young and sto - ries of



nest. O! what feel her warm heart beat  
 heal. O! what joy to be with Christ Je - sus,  
 old. O! what joy to pray close to - geth - er,



and be near her all night long; so the  
 hear his voice, O! sheer de - light, and re -  
 kneel - ing as one fam - i - ly, by a



young can find re - pose, then re - new to - mor - row's song.  
 ceive his ser - vant care, all be - fore the com - ing night.  
 moth - er's love em - braced in the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

1 Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, let me to thy bos - om fly,  
 2 Oth - er ref - uge have I none; hangs my help - less soul on thee.  
 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I find.  
 4 Plen - teous grace with thee is found, grace to cov - er all my sin.

while the near - er wa - ters roll, while the temp - est still is high.  
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone; still sup - port and com - fort me.  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, till the storm of life is past.  
 All my trust on thee is stayed; all my help from thee I bring.  
 Just and ho - ly is thy name; I am all un - righ - teous - ness.  
 Thou of life the foun - tain art; free - ly let me take of thee.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide. O re - ceive my soul at last!  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head with the shad - ow of thy wing.  
 False and full of sin I am; thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring thou up with - in my heart. Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.