



FAITH AND VOCATION | WITH TALKS BY STEVE GARBER

CAPON SPRINGS | RETREAT 2007 | WEST VIRGINIA

Heidelberg Catechism

Question: What is thy only comfort in life and death?

Answer: That I with body and soul, both in life and death, am not my own, but belong unto my faithful Saviour Jesus Christ; who, with his precious blood, has fully satisfied for all my sins, and delivered me from all the power of the devil; and so preserves me that without the will of my heavenly Father, not a hair can fall from my head; yea, that all things must be subservient to my salvation, and therefore, by his Holy Spirit, He also assures me of eternal life, and makes me sincerely willing and ready, henceforth, to live unto him.

Remember your creator during your youth: when all possibilities lie open before you and you can offer all your strength intact for his service. The time to remember is not after you become senile and paralyzed! Then it is not too late for your salvation, but too late for you to serve as the presence of God in the midst of the world and the creation. You must make take sides earlier-when you can actually make choices, when you have many paths opening at your feet, before the weight of necessity overwhelms you.

Jacques Ellul,
Reason for Being: A Meditation on Ecclesiastes

Thy Mercy, My God

Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without Thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
Sin would reduce me to utter despair;
But, through Thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by Thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

Great Father of mercies, Thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of Thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, Whose whisper divine

Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine. (repeat last two lines)

By John Stocker, Sandra McCracken ©2001 Same Old Dress Music (ASCAP), CCLI#2667782

The Sands of Time

The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for—The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark had been the midnight But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

The king there in His beauty, Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey, Though se'en deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army, Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment, But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory But on my King of grace.
Not at the crown He giveth But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory of Emmanuel's land.

O I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner Into His house of wine
I stand upon His merit, I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

Anne Cousin, Traditional Folk Tune ©2001 Phillip Palmertree Music, CCLI#2667782

GRACE|DC

RETREAT SCHEDULE

Welcome

We're so glad you've made the effort and taken the risk to join us. Our prayer is that God will provide renewal and refreshment to you throughout the weekend.

Friday

your retreat starts as soon as you show up!

6:30pm : optional dinner for \$10

8pm : square dance

9pm : official Welcome and hot dogs

9:30pm : night time frisbee

Saturday

7am : early morning run or yoga - meet inside main hall

8am : flag raising

8:30-9:30am : breakfast

10am-12pm : singing, teaching, small groups

12:30pm : lunch

1:30-5:30pm : free time and scheduled activities

tennis - Chris Billing

soccer - Evan Willett

volleyball - George Tucker

board games - Jim Frye

golf - Joe Kaufmann - No charge for green fees or clubs.

ultimate frisbee - Jon White

croquet - Keith Skogen

hike - Mat Teague & Pablo Rodriguez

basketball - Michael Bruce

kickball - Kevin Chamberlain & Mark Beavers

shuffleboard - Stephanie Cox

2-3pm : baked goods available in the main lodge

6pm : dinner

7:15-9pm : singing, teaching, small groups.

9:15pm : bonfire with cider and a blue grass band

10pm : star gazing, night frisbee, ping-pong and more

Sunday

8:30am : flag raising

8:30-9:30am : breakfast

10-12pm : singing, teaching, small groups

12pm : lunch

1pm : check out and head back to the city

Yes, we will have our regular Sunday evening service at 5pm at Calvary Baptist.

SATURDAY: MORNING SESSION

About Steve Garber

Steven Garber has a classroom among many people in many places. Known as ‘a public teacher’, at the heart of his calling is the longing that people understand the integral character of faith, vocation, and culture. He directs The Washington Institute, which has as its core conviction that the church and society are renewed as a richer, truer vision of calling is taught and practiced. The author of *The Fabric of Faithfulness: Weaving Together Belief and Behavior*, and Senior Fellow for the C.S. Lewis Institute, he was a contributor to the volumes *Faith Goes to Work: Reflections From the Marketplace* and *Get Up Off Your Knees: Preaching the U2 Catalogue*, as well as to the Mars Hill Audio journal, *Tacit Knowing*, *Truthful Knowing: The Life and Work of Michael Polanyi*. A native of the great valleys of Colorado and California, he is married to Meg and with their children lives in Virginia where they are members of The Falls Church.

Starting Thoughts: Two Poets, Two Visions.

If Virginia’s “poet laureate,” Dave Mathews, wonders why not just *eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die*, then Dublin’s best, Bono himself, sees life in these terms: *I’m a musician... I write songs... I just hope that when the day is done, I’ve been able to tear a corner off of the darkness.....*

What visions keep your heart alive?

The world, the flesh, and the devil wound us all day long, and yet we are still called to be people of faith, hope, and love, by grace connecting what we believe with the way that we live, in every sector of society creating signposts in a strange land of the world which one day will be.

All Creatures of Our God and King

All creatures of our God and King,

Lift up your voice and with us sing, Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou burning sun with golden beam, Thou silver moon with softer gleam.

Chorus: O praise Him! O praise Him!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,

Ye clouds that sail in heav’n along, O praise Him! Alleluia!

Thou rising morn in praise rejoice, Ye lights of evening find your voice. (Chorus)

All ye men of tender heart,

Forgiving others take your part, O sing ye! Alleluia!

Ye who long pain and sorrow bear, Praise God and on him cast your care. (Chorus)

Let all things their Creator bless,

And worship Him in humbleness, O praise Him! Alleluia!

Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son, And praise the Spirit, Three in One. (Chorus)

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Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Jesus. (Chorus)

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

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How Will You Keep on Keeping On? Ecclesiastes 12

Remember Your Creator in the Days of Your Youth

It is one thing to be enthused about one’s life in your twenties; it is another thing altogether to sustain that enthusiasm over the course of life. It is one thing to be young and full of visions of the way the world ought to be; it is something else altogether to keep at those visions in and through the push-and-shove of life for the rest of life. Our conviction is that it is in finding a worldview, a mentor, and a community that we deepen, rather than discard, the hopes and dreams of our youth.

Discussion Questions

- Read through Ecclesiastes 12, making sure that you connect the first verses “Remember your Creator” with the following verses, “Before the day of trouble comes....” At the end of this long meditation on the meaning of life, what are we to learn from these words of warning? What are the temptations to avoid?

- Now hear Jacques Ellul’s (back page) account of this same passage. What do you think of what he says, of the way he reads this warning?

- Reflect on enthusiasm at the beginning of life, and on into life. What have you learned?

- Now reflect on the thesis that it is a worldview that makes sense of life, a mentor who embodies that worldview, and a community which sustains that worldview, that is grace for those who long to keep on keeping on. What do you think?

- Finally take up this argument from Lesslie Newbigin that it is “the congregation that is the hermeneutic of the gospel,” i.e. it interprets the gospel in and for the world. So think again about cult/cultivate/culture. In what ways does seeing their integral relationship affect the way we understand the meaning of church, the meaning of vocation, and the meaning of culture? Implications for Grace DC?

Tomorr'w can bring us nothing, But He will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing Will clothe His people, too:
Beneath the spreading heavens No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig tree neither Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither, Nor flocks or herds be there
Yet, God the same abiding, His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding, I cannot but rejoice.
For, while in Him confiding, I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, Kevin Twit ©2001 Kevin Twit Music, CCLI#2667782

My Jesus, I Love Thee

My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death,
I'll praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in Heaven so bright;
And sing with the glittering crown on my brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

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Nothing But the Blood

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

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

For my pardon this I see—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Jesus. (Chorus)

Nothing can for sin atone—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

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 God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I'm 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.

O to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now 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, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above. (repeat)

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I Could Sing of Your Love Forever

Over the mountains and the sea Your river runs with love for me.
And I will open up my heart And let the Healer set me free.
I'm happy to be in the truth And I will daily lift my hands.
For I will always sing of when Your Love came down.

Chorus: I could sing of your love forever, I could sing of your love forever.
I could sing of your love forever, I could sing of your love forever.

(repeat song)

Martin Smith ©1994 Curious Music, CCLI#2667782

King of Grace

We have come to a throne of grace,
Where our mighty Savior perfects our praise,
Where wrath and judgment have been put away,
Where not a trace of all our sin remains.

Chorus: You're the King of Grace unending,
To Your open arms we run;
You're the King of Grace unending,
And we rest in Your unfailing love; And we rest in Your unfailing love.

We have come to a throne of grace,
Where our Prince of Peace ever lives to pray
For those His sacrifice has bought and saved,
Where saints and angels sing eternal praise. (Chorus 2x)
by Mark Altrogge, ©2000 Sovereign Grace Music, CCLI#2667782

What Do You Love?

Luke 10: 25-37

Reflections on Faith, Hope, and Love

We begin and end with love. With unusual wisdom, 1500 years ago Augustine wrote that the question, "What do you love?". It is the question which probes our deepest places. How we answer that question says volumes about us, orienting everything else about us - all we think, all we say, all we do.

Discussion Questions

- How do we make sense of this falling-apart-world? Respond to Augustine's answer to Laurentius, viz, The Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and the theological virtues of faith, hope, and love. When you get asked questions that come close to that, what do you say? What do you learn from Augustine?
- The question is there: what do you love?
- To the extent that you can, help us understand the whys and wherefores of your answer.
- All of us are on the way, still learning. In what ways can we help each other learn to love what God loves? Be as concrete, as honest, as you can be.
- The Good Samaritan is a very familiar story. Why do you think it is? How does it shape your life and loves, your own story?

'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to take Him at His word;
Just to rest upon His promise, Just to know "Thus saith the Lord!"

Chorus: Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more!

O how sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
Just in simple faith to plunge me Neath the healing, cleansing flood! (Chorus)

Yes 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking Life and rest, and joy and peace. (Chorus)

I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Savior, friend;
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end. (Chorus)

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Chorus: I am bound (I am bound), I am bound (I am bound),
I am bound for the promised land;
I am bound (I am bound), I am bound (I am bound),
I am bound for the promised land.

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness, sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more. (Chorus)

When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blessed?
When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bosom rest? (Chorus 2x)
Samuel Stennet, Christopher Miner ©1997 Christopher Miner Music. CCLI#2667782

SUNDAY: MORNING SESSION

Lead On, O King Eternal

Lead on, O King eternal, The day of march has come;
Henceforth in fields of conquest Thy tents shall be our home.
Through days of preparation Thy grace has made us strong;
And now, O King eternal, We lift our battle song.

Lead on, O King eternal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper The sweet amen of peace.
For not with swords' loud clashing, Nor roll of stirring drums;
With deeds of love and mercy The heavenly kingdom comes.

Lead on, O King eternal, We follow, not with fears,
For gladness breaks like morning Where'er Thy face appears.
Thy cross is lifted over us, We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might. (repeat last line)
Music: Henry T. Smart, 1836; Words: Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888 CCLI#2667782

Sometimes a Light Surprises

Sometimes a light surprises The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord Who rises With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining, He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining, To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation, And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow, We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown tomorrow Bring with it what it may.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide, 'Til life's storm is past;
Safe into the haven guide; Receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none, I helpless, hang on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone, Support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head In the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, are all I want, Here more than all I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name, I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art, Let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart; For all eternity.

Charles Wesley, Greg Thompson ©2000 Greg Thompson Music, CCLI#2667782

Jesus, Thank You

The mystery of the cross I cannot comprehend
The agonies of Calvary
You the perfect Holy One, crushed Your Son
Who drank the bitter cup reserved for me

Your blood has washed away my sin, Jesus, thank You
The Father's wrath completely satisfied, Jesus, thank You
Once Your enemy, now seated at Your table, Jesus, thank You

By Your perfect sacrifice I've been brought near
Your enemy You've made Your friend
Pouring out the riches of Your glorious grace
Your mercy and Your kindness know no end

Lover of my soul, I want to live for You

©2003 Integrity's Hosanna! Music (ASCAP)/Sovereign Grace Worship (ASCAP), CCLI#2667782

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

All o'er those wide extended plains, Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns, And scatters night away.

Wonderful, Merciful, Savior

Wonderful, Merciful, Savior, Precious Redeemer and Friend,
Who would have thought That a Lamb could
Rescue the souls of men? Oh, you rescue the souls of men.

Counselor, Comforter, Keeper, Spirit we long to embrace,
You offer hope when our hearts have
Hopelessly lost the way, Oh we've hopelessly lost the way.

Chorus: You are the One that we praise, You are the One we adore,
You give the healing and grace Our hearts always hunger for,
Oh, our hearts always hunger for.

Almighty, Infinite, Father, Faithfully loving your own.
Here in our weakness You find us Falling before Your throne.

Yes, we're falling before Your throne. (Chorus 2x)

Dawn Rodgers, Eric Wise ©1989 Word Music, CCLI#2667782

SATURDAY: EVENING SESSION

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear, now to His temple draw near;
Praise Him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, Who over all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen how thy desires e'er have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him.
Let the Amen sound from His people again,
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

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Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;
He, Whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love.
Well supplies Thy sons and daughters, And all fears of want removed.
Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst to quench?
Grace which like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.

Blessed inhabitants of Zion, Washed in the Redeemer's blood;
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on, Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises, Over self to reign as kings
And as priests His solemn praises Each for a thank offering bring.

Savior, if of Zion's city, I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity, I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show
Solid joys and lasting treasures None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, Kevin Twit ©1998 Kevin Twit Music, CCLI#2667782

How Deep the Father's Love

How deep the Father's love for us, How vast beyond all measure
That He should give His only Son To make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss, The Father turns His face away,
As wounds which mar the Chosen One Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross, My sin upon His shoulder.
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice Call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there, Until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life: I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything, No gifts, no power, no wisdom,
But I will boast in Jesus Christ, His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer,
But this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ransom.

Stuart Townend ©1995, EMI Christian Music Publishing, CCLI#2667782

Give Thanks to the Lord

Give thanks to the Lord For the works of His hands,
For a kingdom that cannot be shaken.
Give thanks to the Lord, For we all now can stand,
And fear not of being forsaken.

Chorus: Give thanks to the Lord, For His righteousness.

Give thanks to the Lord for his love.

Let us worship His name, And His holiness.

Give thanks to the Lord. Oh, give thanks to the Lord, Give thanks.

Give thanks to the Father, For sending His Son.

Give thanks to the Son for His Spirit.

Now lift up your voices, To God, Three in One,
And shout so the whole world can hear it. (Chorus 2x)

Brad Smith, ©1996 Brad Smith Music BMI, CCLI#2667782

Why Do You Get Up in the Morning?

Matthew 5-7

On Everyman's and Everywoman's Chief End

The theological tradition of Grace DC is formed by a catechism whose first question is of one's *telos*, i.e. what is man's chief end? Street-level, the question comes to us more as "Why do you get up in the morning?" There are several good answers. We will explore this thesis: vocation is integral, not incidental, to the *missio Dei*.

Discussion Questions

- Compare and contrast the different "first questions" of the Westminster and Heidelberg Catechisms. What do they teach us about "first things"?
- The gospels begin with "first things" too, viz. the beatitudes. What is most important about them? How do they connect to the calling to be salt and light?
- Discuss the difference between the words "integral" and "incidental." Of what consequence is it that we see vocation as one or the other, in relation to the *missio dei*, to what God is doing in the world?
- A big question remains: what is God doing in the world? What is the *missio dei*?
- In what ways does our answer to that form our understanding of the role of the church, of a congregation like Grace DC?
- What are ways that the thesis—vocation is integral to the *missio dei*—could help us as a congregation become more who and what we ought to be? How would we be different, what would we do differently, as we work out that thesis at Grace?