

Morning Worship

Call to Worship

Pastor Nathan Allen

Opening Hymn

Glorious Day

One day when Heaven was filled with His praises,
one day when sin was as dark as could be.
Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin
Dwelt among men, my example is He.
Word became flesh and the light shined among us His glory revealed.

(Chorus)

Living, He loved me. Dying, He saved me,

buried He carried my sins far away.

Rising, He justified, freely forever. One day He's coming;

oh, glorious day, oh, glorious day!

One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain.

One day they nailed Him to die on a tree.

Suffering anguish, despised and rejected, bearing our sins, my Redeemer is He.

Hands that healed nations, stretched out on a tree and took the nails for me!

(Chorus)

One day the grave could conceal Him no longer.

One day the stone rolled away from the door.

Then He arose; over death He had conquered.

Now is ascended, my Lord evermore!

Death could not hold Him! The grave could not keep Him from rising again!

(Chorus)

Oh, glorious day! Glorious day!

One day the trumpet will sound for His coming!

One day the skies with His glories will shine!

Wonderful day, my Beloved One bringing My Savior, Jesus is mine!

(Chorus)

Oh, glorious day! Glorious day!

Text: J. Wilbur Chapman Additional text and music: Mark Hall and Michael Bleaker
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Scripture Reading

Pastoral Prayer

Pastor Nathan Allen

Offering

#145 Come Thou Long Expected

Jesus

Preparatory

Immanuel (From the Squalor)

From the squalor of a borrowed stable by the Spirit and a virgin's faith
To the anguish and the shame of scandal came the Savior of the human race
But the skies were filled with the praise of heaven
Shepherds listen as the angels tell of the Gift of God come down to man
At the dawning of Immanuel

King of heaven now the Friend of sinners

Humble servant in the Father's hands

Filled with power and the Holy Spirit filled with mercy for the broken man

Yes, He walked my road and He felt my pain

Joys and sorrows that I know so well

Yet His righteous steps give me hope again –

I will follow my Immanuel

Through the kisses of a friend's betrayal he was lifted on a cruel cross

He was punished for a world's transgressions

He was suffering to save the lost

He fights for breath, he fights for me

Loosing sinners from the claims of hell

And with a shout, our souls are free –

Death defeated by Immanuel.

Now He's standing in the place of honor

Crowned with glory on the highest throne

Interceding for His own beloved till His Father calls to bring them home!

Then the skies will part as the trumpet sounds

Hope of heaven or the fear of hell

But the Bride will run to her Lover's arms

Giving glory to Immanuel! (repeat)

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Sermon

Pastor Jones Ndzi

Post-lude after sermon for quiet meditation

Post-sermon song

#153 Behold a Branch is Growing

Evening Worship

Call to Worship

Pastor Kent Thompson

Opening Hymn

Come Behold the Wondrous

Mystery

1. Come, behold the wondrous mystery in the dawning of the King.

He, the theme of heaven's praises robed in frail humanity.

In our longing, in our darkness, now the light of life has come.

Look to Christ, who condescended, took on flesh to ransom us.

2. Come, behold the wondrous mystery; He the perfect Son of Man
in His living, in His suffering never trace nor stain of sin.

See the true and better Adam come to save the hell-bound man.

Christ, the great and sure fulfillment of the law, in Him we stand.

3. Come, behold the wondrous mystery, Christ the Lord upon the tree.

In the stead of ruined sinners hangs the Lamb in victory.

See the price of our redemption; see the Father's plan unfold;

bringing many sons to glory; Grace unmeasured, Love untold.

4. Come, behold the wondrous mystery; slain by death, the God of life;

But no grave could e'er restrain Him; praise the Lord; He is alive!

What a foretaste of deliverance; how unwavering our hope.

Christ in power resurrected as we will be when He comes! (repeat)

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Scripture Reading

Pastoral Prayer

Pastor Kent Thompson

Offering

Lo How a Rose

Lo, how a rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung

Of Jesse's lineage coming, as men of old have sung.

It came, a flow'ret bright, amid the cold of winter

When half-spent was the night.