

Communion

Pastor Stephen Byrd
#147 O Come, O Come Emmanuel
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.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the rose I have in mind
With Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright, she bore to men a Savior
When half-spent was the night.

The shepherds heard the story, proclaimed by angels bright
How Christ, the Lord of glory, was born on earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped, and in the manger found him
As angel heralds said.

This flow'r, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air
Dispels with glorious splendor the darkness ev'rywhere.
True man, yet very God; from sin and death he saves us
And lightens ev'ry load.

O Savior, child of Mary, who felt our human woe
O Savior, King of glory, who dost our weakness know
Bring us at length, we pray, to the bright courts of heaven
And to the endless day.

Text & Music: German Melody 15th century

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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December 20, 2020



*For from him
and through him
and to him
are all things*

Morning Worship

Call to Worship
Opening Hymn
Scripture Reading
Pastoral Prayer
Offertory/Preparatory
Sermon
Communion

Pastor Stephen Byrd
#168 Hark the Herald Angels Sing
Romans 6:1-14, page 942

#159 Good Christian Men, Rejoice
Pastor Stu Johnston
Pastor Stephen Byrd
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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Here is Love

Here is love, wide as the ocean, loving kindness as a flood,
When the Prince of Life, our Ransom shed for us, His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember? Who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be forgotten, throughout Heav'n's eternal days.

**(Chorus) Oh, how marvelous, Oh, how glorious,
is my Savior's love for me!**

Oh, how marvelous, Oh, how glorious, is my Savior's love for me!

On the mount of crucifixion, fountains opened deep and wide;
Through the floodgates of God's mercy, flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers, poured incessant from above,
And Heav'n's peace and perfect justice kissed a guilty world in love. **(Chorus)**

Of Your fullness You are pouring Your great love on me anew,
Without measure, full and boundless, drawing out my heart to You.
You alone will be my glory, nothing in the world I see,
You have cleansed and sanctified me, You Yourself have set me free. **(Chorus)**

Words: Verses 1-2: William Rees (1802-1883)
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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!

Evening Worship

Call to Worship
Opening Hymn
Scripture Reading
Pastoral Prayer
Offertory/Preparatory

Nathan Allen
#639 Once in Royal David's City
Luke 2:8-20, page 857
Pastor Stephen Byrd
What Child is This

What Child is this, who, laid to rest, on Mary's lap is sleeping?

Whom angels greet with anthems sweet, while shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King, whom shepherds guard and angels sing:

Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the Babe, the Son of Mary.

Why lies He in such mean estate, where ox and ass are feeding?

Good Christian, fear; for sinners here the silent Word is pleading.

Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through; the cross He bore for me, for you:

Hail, hail the Word made flesh, the Babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh; come, peasant, king, to crown Him;

The King of kings salvation brings, let loving hearts enthrone Him.

Raise, raise the song on high, the virgin sings her lullaby:

Joy, joy for Christ is born, the Babe, the Son of Mary.

Traditional English Carol, adapted by William C. Dix, ca. 1865

Sermon

Pastor Michael Lopes