

April 9, 2023



**GRACE**  
REFORMED BAPTIST CHURCH

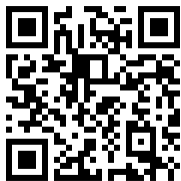
# He is Risen!



## Events

4/15 Ladies Missionary  
Society 9 AM  
4/16 Malawi Love Offering  
4/16 Budget Presentation  
4/22 Mother/Daughter Tea  
1:30-3 PM  
4/23 College & Career Lunch  
1 PM

## Give



## Upcoming Events



## Pastors

Stephen Byrd    Stu Johnston  
Michael Lopes    Jones Ndzi

## Service Times

—Sunday School 9:30 am  
—Sunday Morning Worship 11:00 am  
—Sunday Evening Worship 5:30 pm  
—Wednesday Prayer Meeting 7:15 pm

919-563-9249  
[www.grbc.net](http://www.grbc.net)

# Morning Worship

## Call to Worship Opening Hymn

## Pastor Stephen Byrd Christ Our Hope in Life and Death

What is our hope in life and death? Christ alone, Christ alone  
What is our only confidence? That our souls to Him belong  
Who holds our days within His hand? What comes, apart from His command?  
And what will keep us to the end? The love of Christ, in which we stand

**(Chorus)** O sing hallelujah! Our hope springs eternal  
O sing hallelujah! Now and ever we confess  
Christ our hope in life and death

What truth can calm the troubled soul? God is good, God is good  
Where is His grace and goodness known? In our great Redeemer's blood  
Who holds our faith when fears arise? Who stands above the stormy trial?  
Who sends the waves that bring us nigh Unto the shore, the rock of Christ?

### **(Chorus)**

Unto the grave, what will we sing? "Christ, He lives; Christ, He lives!"  
And what reward will heaven bring? Everlasting life with Him  
There we will rise to meet the Lord, Then sin and death will be destroyed  
And we will feast in endless joy, When Christ is ours forevermore

### **(Chorus 2x)**

## **Now and ever we confess, Christ our hope in life and death**

Text and Music: Jordan Kauflin, Keith Getty, Matt Boswell, Matt Papa, Matthew Merker  
2020 Getty Music Hymns and Songs Used by Permission CCLI # 1899094

## Scripture Reading

## 1 Corinthians 15:1-28, page 961

## Pastoral Prayer

## Pastor Stephen Byrd

## Offering/Preparatory

## See What a Morning

1. See, what a morning, gloriously bright, with the dawning of hope in Jerusalem;  
folded the graveclothes, tomb filled with light, as the angels announce, "Christ is risen!"

See God's salvation plan, wrought in love, born in pain, paid in sacrifice,  
fulfilled in Christ the man, for He lives: Christ is risen from the dead!

2. See, Mary weeping, "Where is He laid?" As in sorrow she turns from the  
empty tomb.

Hears a voice speaking, calling her name; It's the Master, the Lord, raised to life  
again!

The voice that spans the years, speaking life, stirring hope, bringing peace to us,  
will sound 'til He appears, for He lives: Christ is risen from the dead!

3. One with the Father, Ancient of Days, through the Spirit who clothes faith with  
certainty.

Honor and blessing, glory and praise to the King crowned with pow'r and  
authority.

And we are raised with Him; death is dead, life has won, Christ has conquered.

And we shall reign with Him, for He lives: Christ is risen from the dead!

Text and Music: Keith Getty and Stuart Townend © 2003 Thankyou Music Used by Permission CCLI #1899094

## Sermon

## Pastor Jones Ndzi

## Post-lude after sermon for quiet meditation

## Communion

## Pastor Jones Ndzi

## My Song is Love Unknown

My song is love unknown; my Savior's love to me,  
love to the loveless shown, that they might lovely be.  
O who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

He came from His blest throne, salvation to bestow;  
but men cared not, and none the longed-for Christ would know.  
But oh, my Friend, my Friend indeed, who at my need His life did spend!

Sometimes they strew His way, and His sweet praises sing;  
resounding all the day hosannas to their King.  
Then "Crucify!" is all their breath, and for His death they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite?  
He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight.  
Sweet injuries! Yet all His deeds their hatred feeds; they 'gainst Him rise.

They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made away;  
A murderer they save, the Prince of Life they slay.  
Yet willing He to suffering goes, that He His foes from thence might free.

In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have;  
in death, no friendly tomb but what a stranger gave.  
What may I say? Heav'n was His home, but mine the tomb wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine;  
never was love, dear King, never was grief like Thine.  
This is my Friend, in Whose sweet praise I all my days could gladly spend.

Text: Samuel Crossman, ca. 1624-1683 Alt. 1990  
Music: John Ireland, 1879-1962 © John Ireland Trust Used by Permission CCLI # 1899094

## #192 Stricken, Smitten

## #217 Look Ye Saints

# Evening Worship

## Call to Worship Opening Hymn

## Jack Dix #205 Christ the Lord is Risen Today

## Scripture Reading Pastoral Prayer Offering Preparatory

## Ecclesiastes 12:9-14, page 559 Pastor Stu Johnston #201 The Strife is O'er #206 Low in the Grave He Lay

## Sermon

## Pastor Stu Johnston

## Post-lude after sermon for quiet meditation

## Post-sermon song