

Order of Worship Service
January 3, 2021
Epiphany Sunday/Communion Sunday

WELCOME

CALL TO WORSHIP

OUR RESPONSE - HYMN #809 Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow (OLD HUNDREDTH)

OPENING PRAYER

SOLO New Year's Hymn - Wiebe **lyrics printed below*

SCRIPTURE READING Isaiah 60:1-6
Reader: *The Word of the Lord.* Congregation response: *Thanks be to God.*

DALE'S CORNER Dale Murphy

SOLO Watchman, Tell Us of the Night - Courtney **lyrics printed below*

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE Brent Peterson
Leader: *Lord, in your mercy* Congregation: *Hear our prayer.*

HYMN #181 As with Gladness Men of Old (DIX) **lyrics printed below*

SCRIPTURE READING Matthew 2:1-12
Reader: *The Word of the Lord.* Congregation response: *Thanks be to God.*

SOLO The Three Kings – Cornelius) **lyrics printed below*

MESSAGE Searching, Finding, Giving Ken Penner

COMMUNION HYMN #150 What Child is This? (GREENSLEEVES) **lyrics printed below*

UNISON BENEDICTION Epiphany Prayer **see below*

Worship Leader	- Wilma Wiens
Minister of Pastoral & Spiritual Care	- Wilma Wiens
Minister of Music	- Margot Sim
Scripture Readers	- Wilma Wiens, Ken Penner
Soloist	- David Watson
Pianist	- Sara Kreindler

NEXT SUNDAY - JANUARY 10 (Baptism of the Lord): Cameron McKenzie will be speaking on "Washed by Water and Wind" with scriptures Acts 19:1-7 and Mark 1:4-11

NEW YEAR'S HYMN (Esther Wiebe)

Let us walk softly, friend, for strange paths lie before us all untrod.
The new year, spotless from the hand of God, is thine and mine, O friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend. We cannot tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years be over past. Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend. Work with our might while lasts our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way; and may God guide us, friend.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT (John Bowring)

Watchman, tell us of the night, what its signs and promise are,
Travellers o'er yon mountain height see that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray any joy of hope foretell?
Travellers, yes; it brings the day, promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night; higher yet that star ascends.
Travellers, blessedness and light, peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone gild the spot that gave them birth?
Travellers, ages are its own. See! It bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night, for the morning seems to dawn.
Travellers, darkness takes its flight, doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease; hie thee to thy quiet home.
Travellers, lo! the Prince of Peace. Lo! the Son of God is come!

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD (William Chatterton)

As with gladness men of old did the guiding star behold.
As with joy they hailed its light leading onward, beaming bright.
So, most gracious God, may we evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped to that lowly manger bed.
There to bend the knee before Thee whom heaven and earth adore.
So may we with willing feet ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare at that manger rude and bare.
So may we with holy joy pure, and free from sin's alloy.
All our costliest treasures bring Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day keep us in the narrow way.
And when earthly things are past, bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide, where no clouds thy glory hide.

THE THREE KINGS (translation by H. N. Bate)

Three kings have travelled from lands afar to Jordan, led by the pointing star.
And thus, the quest of the travellers three, where the newborn King of the Jews may be.
Full royal gifts they bear for the King; gold, incense, myrrh, are their offering.

The star shines out with a steadfast ray; the kings to Bethlehem make their way,
And there in worship they bend the knee, as Mary's child in her lap they see.
Their royal gifts they show to the King, gold, incense, myrrh their offering.

O child of man, lo, to Bethlehem the kings are travelling, travel with them!
The star of mercy, the star of grace, will shine on the way to his resting place,
And though no gift you bear for the King, give him your heart as offering!
Give him your heart!

WHAT CHILD IS THIS? (William Dix)

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 Christians fear, for sinners here the silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spear shall pierce him through, the cross be borne 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 own 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.

EPIPHANY PRAYER (in Unison) by Lawrence Hull Stookey

**O God, you made of one blood all nations, and, by a star in the East,
Revealed to all peoples him whose name is Emmanuel.
Enable us who know your presence with us so to proclaim his unsearchable riches,
That all may come to his light and bow before the brightness of his rising,
Who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, now and forever. AMEN**