

Order of Worship Service October 4, 2020
18th Sunday After Pentecost
World Communion Sunday

PRELUDES	Air - Bach How Great Thou Art – arr. Wood
WELCOME	
CALL TO WORSHIP	
OUR RESPONSE HYMN #809	Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow (OLD HUNDREDTH)
OPENING PRAYER	
SOLO	The Call – Vaughn Williams* <i>lyrics printed below</i>
SCRIPTURE READING	Psalm 19 Reader: <i>The Word of the Lord.</i> Congregation response: <i>Thanks be to God.</i>
SOLO	How Great Thou Art (Text: Hymn #21) – arr. Larson
PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE	Wilma Wiens Leader: <i>Lord, in your mercy</i> Congregation: <i>Hear our prayer.</i>
HYMN #556	Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to Me (ST. CATHERINE) <i>(the children and youth leave for Sunday School during this hymn)</i>
SCRIPTURE READING	Philippians 3:4b-14 Reader: <i>The Word of the Lord.</i> Congregation response: <i>Thanks be to God.</i>
SOLO	In Christ Alone – Townend* <i>lyrics printed below</i>
MESSAGE	Losing to Win David Johnson
COMMUNION HYMN #213	When I Survey the Wondrous Cross (HAMBURG)
HOLY COMMUNION	
BENEDICTION	
POSTLUDE	The Heavens Declare (Psalm 19) - Marcello

Worship Leader	- Wilma Wiens
Minister of Pastoral & Spiritual Care	- Wilma Wiens
Minister of Music	- Margot Sim
Scripture Readers	- Wilma Wiens, David Johnson
Soloist	- David Watson

NEXT SUNDAY: October 11 (Thanksgiving Sunday and Baptism Sunday) Don Friesen will be speaking on “The Story of Ten Lepers, Ten Ex-lepers, Nine Ingrates, One Grateful Foreigner, and the One to Whom We Owe our Gratitude” with scriptures Psalm 65 and Luke 17:11-19. Ben Kroeker will be baptized.

PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen

THE CALL (George Herbert)

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life: such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife: such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength: such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length: such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart: such a Joy as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part: such a Heart, as joys in love.

JESUS, THY BOUNDLESS LOVE TO ME (Henri Hemy)

Jesus, thy boundless love to me no thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O draw my thankful heart to thee, and reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am; be thou alone my constant flame.

Oh, grant that nothing in my soul may dwell, but thy pure love alone;
Oh, may thy love possess me whole, my joy, my treasure, and my crown!
All coldness from my heart remove; my every act, word, thought, be love.

In suffering be thy love my peace, in weakness by thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease, O Jesus, in that final hour,
Be thou my rod and staff and guide and draw me safely to thy side!

IN CHRIST ALONE (Stuart Townend/William Bradbury)

In Christ alone my hope is found, he is my light, my strength, my song
This cornerstone, this solid ground, firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace, when fears are stilled, when strivings cease
My comforter, my all in all, here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, who took on flesh, fullness of God in helpless babe.
This gift of love and righteousness, scorned by the ones He came to save
'Til on that cross as Jesus died, the wrath of God was satisfied
For every sin on Him was laid, here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay, light of the world by darkness slain.
Then bursting forth in glorious day, up from the grave he rose again!
And as he stands in victory, sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
For I am his and he is mine, bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death, this is the power of Christ in me.
From life's first cry to final breath, Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man, can ever pluck me from his hand.
'Til he returns or calls me home, here in the power of Christ I'll stand.
On Christ the solid Rock I stand; all other ground is sinking sand.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS (Isaac Watts)

When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.