



CHRIST THE KING
— PRESBYTERIAN —

THE LORD'S DAY – SEPTEMBER 24, 2023

“O Worship The King”

*by Johann Michael Haydn, Lani Smith,
and Robert Grant*

O worship the King all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath
the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, your pow'r has founded of old;
Established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it has cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Your bountiful care what tongue can recite?

It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;

It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;

And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

We children of dust are feeble and frail,
In You do we trust, for You never fail;
Your mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
Whom angels delight to worship above!
Your ransomed creation, with glory ablaze,
In true adoration shall sing to Your praise!

CALL TO WORSHIP - from Psalm 131

Leader: *O Lord, my heart is not lifted up; my eyes are not raised too high;*

People: I do not occupy myself with things too great and too marvelous for me.

Leader: *But I have calmed and quieted my soul,
like a weaned child with its mother;*

People: like a weaned child is my soul within
me.

All: O Israel, hope in the Lord from this time
forth and forevermore.

“A Mighty Fortress is Our God”

by Martin Luther

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same;
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.

The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure;
One little word shall fell him.

That Word above all earthly powers
No thanks to them abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.

Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is forever!

“Only a Holy God”

*by Michael Farren, Jonny Robinson,
Dustin Smith, Rich Thompson*

Who else commands all the hosts of heaven
Who else could make every king bow down
Who else can whisper and darkness trembles
Only a Holy God

What other beauty demands such praises

What other splendor outshines the sun

What other majesty rules with justice

Only a Holy God

Come and behold Him
The One and the Only
Cry out, sing holy
Forever a Holy God
Come and worship the Holy God

What other glory consumes like fire
What other power can raise the dead
What other name remains undefeated
Only a Holy God

Come and behold Him
The One and the Only
Cry out, sing holy
Forever a Holy God
Come and worship the Holy God

Who else could rescue me from my failing

Who else would offer His only Son

Who else invites me to call Him Father

Only a Holy God

Only my Holy God!

Come and behold Him
The One and the Only
Cry out, sing holy
Forever a Holy God
Come and worship the Holy God

PRAYER OF ADORATION

FIRST SCRIPTURE READING

John 1:1-13

Reader: *This is the Word of the Lord!*

People: Thanks be to God!

CONFESSION OF SIN

O Lord our Lord, we thank you for your throne of grace, where free mercy reigns; we praise you because the blood of Jesus has opened for us the path to the holy places of heaven, where we find you ready to hear, eager to be gracious, inviting us to pour out our needs, promising to give more than we can ask or imagine.

But while we bless you, we confess our apathy: we remember our mindless worship, our bored ingratitude, our cold, dull praise. Wash all our past Sundays with the cleansing blood of Jesus, and may this day bring real change in us.

Flood our minds with peace beyond understanding; may our meditations be sweet; may our worship be vibrant and joyful; may our food be the precious Word; and may our hearts be more closely tied to Jesus. Amen.

ASSURANCE OF PARDON

Minister: *Our help is in the name of the Lord,*

People: The maker of heaven and earth!

Minister: *O Lord, open our lips,*

People: And our mouths will declare Your
praise!

DOXOLOGY

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Praise Him all creatures here below.

Praise Him above, ye heavenly hosts.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

“What a Beautiful Name”

by Ben Fielding and Brooke Ligertwood

You were the Word at the beginning
One with God the Lord Most High
Your hidden glory in creation
Now revealed in You our Christ

What a beautiful Name it is

What a beautiful Name it is

The Name of Jesus Christ my King

What a beautiful Name it is

Nothing compares to this

What a beautiful Name it is

The Name of Jesus

You didn't want heaven without us
So Jesus You brought heaven down
My sin was great Your love was greater
What could separate us now

What a wonderful Name it is
What a wonderful Name it is
The Name of Jesus Christ my King
What a wonderful Name it is
Nothing compares to this

What a wonderful Name it is

The Name of Jesus

What a wonderful Name it is

The Name of Jesus

Death could not hold You
The veil tore before You
You silence the boast of sin and grave
The heavens are roaring
The praise of Your glory
For You are raised to life again

You have no rival
You have no equal
Now and forever God You reign
Yours is the kingdom
Yours is the glory
Yours is the Name above all names

What a powerful Name it is
What a powerful Name it is
The Name of Jesus Christ my King
What a powerful Name it is
Nothing can stand against
What a powerful Name it is
The Name of Jesus

GREETING

Leader: *May the peace of Christ be with you!*

People: And also with you!

Leader: *Let us share His peace with one another.*

Children may leave for lesson (ages 4-6).

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

As the leader directs, the congregation is invited to pray for those for whom they are burdened.

Pray aloud and by name or silently if you prefer.

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our debts,
as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, forever. Amen

SECOND SCRIPTURE READING

1 Corinthians 8:6

Reader: *This is the Word of the Lord!*

People: Thanks be to God!

“Christ Is Mine Forevermore”

by Jonny Robinson and Rich Thompson

Mine are days that God has numbered
I was made to walk with Him
Yet I look for worldly treasure
And forsake the King of kings

But mine is hope in my Redeemer
Though I fall, his love is sure
For Christ has paid for every failing
I am His forevermore

Mine are tears in times of sorrow
Darkness not yet understood
Through the valley I must travel
Where I see no earthly good

But mine is peace that flows from heaven
And the strength in times of need
I know my pain will not be wasted
Christ completes his work in me

Mine are days here as a stranger
Pilgrim on a narrow way
One with Christ I will encounter
Harm and hatred for his name

But mine is armor for this battle
Strong enough to last the war
And he has said he will deliver
Safely to the golden shore

And mine are keys to Zion city
Where beside the King I walk
For there my heart has found its treasure
Christ is mine forevermore

Come rejoice now, O my soul
For his love is my reward
Fear is gone and hope is sure
Christ is mine forevermore!

And mine are keys to Zion city
Where beside the King I walk
For there my heart has found its treasure
Christ is mine forevermore

CELEBRATING COMMUNION

Minister: *The peace of the Lord be always with you.*

People: And also with you!

Minister: *Lift up your hearts!*

People: We lift them up to the Lord!

Wine is in the outer circles of cups; the inner circle contains grape juice. Gluten-free bread is in its own tray.

As the usher directs, please come forward one row at a time to pick up your cups.

Please hold your elements until all are served so that we may all partake together, as one body.

“Spirit of God”

by George Croly and Karl Digerness

Spirit of God, descend upon my heart,
Wean it from earth, through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel vision, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

Hast Thou not bid me love Thee, God and King?

All all Thine own soul, heart
and strength and mind;

I see thy cross there teach me to cling;
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame:
The presence of Thy descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

CELEBRATING COMMUNION

THE SENDING - From 2 Peter 1:2

May grace and peace be multiplied to you in the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord. Amen.

“This World Is Not My Home”

by Albert E. Brumley

This world is not my home,
I'm just a passing through
My treasures are laid up
somewhere beyond the blue;
The angels beckon me
from heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

O Lord, you know I have no friend like you,
If heaven's not my home,
then Lord what will I do?
The angels beckon me
from heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

They're all expecting me,
and that's one thing I know,
My Savior pardoned me and now I onward go;
I know He'll take me through,
though I am weak and poor,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

O Lord, you know I have no friend like you,
If heaven's not my home,
then Lord what will I do?
The angels beckon me
from heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

I have a loving Savior up in glory-land,
I don't expect to stop until I with Him stand,
He's waiting now for me in heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

O Lord, you know I have no friend like you,
If heaven's not my home,
then Lord what will I do?
The angels beckon me
from heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.



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