

MORNING WORSHIP CELEBRATION

The Lord's Day

May 9, 2021

10:30 a.m.

Welcome & Announcements: Pastor Jeff Birch

Prelude: Mrs. Amy Reber

Great Is Thy Faithfulness / Libestraum

Arranged by Dino Kartsonakis

Call to Worship: Matthew 11:28-30

The Invocation

***Hymn of Praise 347 (vs. 1,2,5,6)**

The Church's One Foundation

The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the Word:
From heav'n he came and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Elect from ev'ry nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With ev'ry grace endued.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!

Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

The Confession of Faith: The Heidelberg Catechism, 1 & 2

Pastor: What is your only comfort in life and death?

People: That I am not my own, but belong—body and soul, in life and in death, to my faithful Savior Jesus Christ. He has fully paid for all my sins with his precious blood, and has set me free from the tyranny of the devil. He also watches over me in such a way that not a hair can fall from my head without the will of my Father in heaven: in fact, all things must work together for my salvation. Because I belong to him, Christ, by his Holy Spirit, assures me of eternal life and makes me wholeheartedly willing and ready from now on to live for him.

Pastor: What must you know to live and die in the joy of this comfort?

People: Three things: first, how great my sin and misery are; second, how I am set free from all my sins and misery; third, how I am to thank God for such deliverance.

***Hymn**

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

How deep the Father's love for us,
How vast beyond all measure,
That he should give his only Son
To make a wretch his treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss;
The Father turns his face away,
As wounds which mar the Chosen One
Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,
My sin upon his shoulders;
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
Call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held him there
Until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
No gifts, no pow'r, no wisdom;
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from his reward?
I cannot give an answer.
But this I know with all my heart:
His wounds have paid my ransom.
But this I know with all my heart:
His wounds have paid my ransom.

The Lord's Prayer / Pastoral Prayer

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.

Offertory: Chancel Choir

O Great God *By Bob Kauffman*

***Doxology**

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.

Sermon Text: Acts 2:41-47

Sermon: Doing Life Together

The Celebration of the Lord's Supper

***Hymn 252**

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

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.

***The Benediction**

Postlude