

Sunday 8th November 2020 at 10.30

Welcome and announcements:

'Jesus is Lord' - the cry that echoes through creation;

resplendent power, eternal Word, our Rock.
The Son of God, the King whose glory fills the heavens,
yet bids us come to taste this living Bread.

Jesus is Lord - whose voice sustains the star and planets,
yet in His wisdom laid aside His crown.
Jesus the Man, who washed our feet, who bore our suffering,
became a curse to bring salvation's plan.

Jesus is Lord - the tomb is gloriously empty!
Not even death could crush this King of love!
The price is paid, the chains are loosed, and we're forgiven,
and we can run into the arms of God.

'Jesus is Lord' - a shout of joy, a cry of anguish,
as He returns, and every knee bows low.
Then every eye and every heart will see His glory,
the Judge of all will take His children home.

*Stuart Townend & Keith Getty
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Prayer

Children's Talk:

Crown Him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon His throne;
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
of Him who died for thee,
and hail Him as thy matchless King
through all eternity.

Crown Him the Son of God,
before the worlds began,
and ye, who tread where He hath trod,
crown Him the Son of Man;
who every grief hath known
that wrings the human breast,
and takes and bears them for His own,
that all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of love,
behold His hands and side,
those wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
but downward bends his burning eye
at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife
for those He came to save:
His glories now we sing,
who died and rose on high,
who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
whose power a sceptre sways
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,
and all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
and round His pierced feet
fair flowers of paradise extend
their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
the Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres
ineffably sublime:
all hail, Redeemer, hail,
for Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity!

*Matthew Bridges (1800-94),
Godfrey Thring (1823-1903)*

Prayer

Bible Reading: 2 Timothy Chapter 2 vs 1-14

You therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. ² And the things that you have heard from me among many witnesses, commit these to faithful men who will be able to teach others also. ³ You therefore must endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. ⁴ No one engaged in warfare entangles himself with the affairs of *this* life, that he may please him who enlisted him as a soldier. ⁵ And also if anyone competes in athletics, he is not crowned unless he competes according to the rules. ⁶ The hardworking farmer must be first to partake of the crops. ⁷ Consider what I say, and may the Lord give you understanding in all things.

⁸ Remember that Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, was raised from the dead according to my gospel, ⁹ for which I suffer trouble as an evildoer, *even* to the point of chains; but the word of God is not chained. ¹⁰ Therefore I endure all things for the sake of the elect, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory.

¹¹ *This is a faithful saying:*

For if we died with *Him*,
We shall also live with *Him*.

¹² If we endure,
We shall also reign with *Him*.
If we deny *Him*,

He also will deny us.

¹³ If we are faithless,
He remains faithful;
He cannot deny Himself.

¹⁴ Remind them of these things, charging them before the Lord not to strive about words to no profit, to the ruin of the hearers.

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:
till 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;
till He returns or calls me home,
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

Stuart Townend b 1963
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Message: "Remember Jesus Christ"

I have a Friend whose faithful love

is more than all the world to me,
it's higher than the heights above,
and deeper than the soundless sea;
so old, so new, so strong, so true;
before the earth received its frame,
He loved me – Blessèd be His Name!

He held the highest place above,
adored by all the sons of flame,
yet, such His self-denying love,
He laid aside His crown and came
to seek the lost, and, at the cost
of heavenly rank and earthly fame,
He sought me – Blessèd be His Name!

It was a lonely path He trod,
from every human soul apart,
known only to Himself and God
was all the grief that filled His heart:
yet from the track He turned not back
till where I lay in want and shame
He found me – Blessèd be His Name!

Then dawned at last that day of dread
when, desolate but undismayed,
with wearied frame and thorn-crowned head
He, now forsaken and betrayed,
went up for me to Calvary,
and dying there in grief and shame
He saved me – Blessèd be His Name!

Long as I live my soul shall tell
the wonders of His matchless love:
and when at last I rise to dwell
in the bright home prepared above,
my joy shall be His face to see,
and bowing then with loud acclaim,
I'll praise Him – Blessèd be His Name!

C.A. Tydeman

Close.

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