

**Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup> November 2020 at 10.30**

**Welcome and announcements:**

**Come, people of the risen King**

who delight to bring Him praise.  
Come all, and tune your hearts to sing  
to the Morning Star of grace.  
From the shifting shadows of the earth  
we will lift our eyes to Him,  
where steady arms of mercy reach  
to gather children in

*Rejoice, rejoice,  
let every tongue rejoice!  
One heart, one voice,  
O church of Christ rejoice!*

Come, those whose joy is morning sun,  
and those weeping through the night.  
Come, those who tell of battles won  
and those struggling in the fight.  
For His perfect love will never change  
and His mercies never cease,  
but follow us through all our days  
with the certain hope of peace.

Come, young and old from every land,  
men and women of the faith.  
Come, those with full or empty hands,  
find the riches of His grace.  
Over all the world His people sing,  
shore to shore we hear them call,  
the truth that cries through every age:  
our God is all in all!

(Sing the chorus twice after the last verse)

*Keith & Kristyn Getty, Stuart Townend  
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**Prayer**

**Children's Talk:**

**O to see the dawn of the darkest day:**

Christ on the road to Calvary.  
Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten, then  
nailed to a cross of wood.

*This, the power of the cross:  
Christ became sin for us,  
took the blame, bore the wrath:  
we stand forgiven at the cross.*

O to see the pain, written on Your face,  
bearing the awesome weight of sin.  
Every bitter thought, every evil deed  
crowning Your bloodstained brow.

Now the daylight flees, now the ground beneath  
quakes as its Maker bows His head.  
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life;  
'Finished!' the victory cry.

O to see my name written in the wounds,  
for through Your suffering I am free.  
Death is crushed to death, life is mine to live,  
won through Your selfless love.

*This, the power of the cross:  
Son of God – slain for us.  
What a love! What a cost!*

*We stand forgiven at the cross.*

*Keith Getty & Stuart Townend.  
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**Prayer**

**Bible Reading: 1 Peter chapter 2 v 4-10**

<sup>4</sup> Coming to Him as to a living stone, rejected indeed by men, but chosen by God and precious, <sup>5</sup> you also, as living stones, are being built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Jesus Christ. <sup>6</sup> Therefore it is also contained in the Scripture,

“Behold, I lay in Zion  
A chief cornerstone, elect, precious,  
And he who believes on Him will by no means be put to shame.”

<sup>7</sup> Therefore, to you who believe, *He is precious*; but to those who are disobedient,

“The stone which the builders rejected  
Has become the chief cornerstone,”

<sup>8</sup> and

“A stone of stumbling  
And a rock of offense.”

They stumble, being disobedient to the word, to which they also were appointed.

<sup>9</sup> But you *are* a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, His own special people, that you may proclaim the praises of Him who called you out of darkness into His marvellous light; <sup>10</sup> who once *were* not a people but *are* now the people of God, who had not obtained mercy but now have obtained mercy.

### **The Church's one foundation**

is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
she is His new creation  
by water and the Word:  
from heaven 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 every 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 every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder  
men see her sore oppressed,  
by schisms rent asunder,  
by heresies distressed,  
yet saints their watch are keeping,  
their cry goes up, 'How long?'  
and soon the night of weeping  
shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,  
and tumult of her war,  
she waits the consummation  
of peace for evermore:  
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 has union  
with those whose rest is won,  
and mystic sweet communion  
with God the Three in One.  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we,  
like them, the meek and lowly,  
on high may dwell with Thee.

*Samuel John Stone, 1839-1900*

**Message: "Grand designs: the house of  
praise that God is building."**

### **How sweet the name of Jesus sounds**

in a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds and  
drives away his fear.  
It makes the wounded spirit whole and calms the  
troubled breast;  
'tis manna to the hungry soul, and to the weary  
rest, and to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
my shield and hiding place,  
my never-failing treasury filled  
with boundless stores of grace.  
Jesus! My Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
my Prophet, Priest and King,  
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
accept the praise I bring. Accept the praise I  
bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
and cold my warmest thought;  
but when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.  
Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
with every fleeting breath;  
and may the music of Thy name  
refresh my soul in death.  
Refresh my soul in death.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

### **Close.**

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