

Sunday 6th December 2020 at 10.30

Welcome and announcements:

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
to His feet your tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like you His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise Him, still the same for ever,
slow to chide and swift to bless;
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
well our feeble frame He knows;
in His hands He gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
blows the wind and it is gone;
but while mortals rise and perish
God endures unchanging on.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the high eternal one.

Angels, help us to adore Him;
you behold Him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before Him,
dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Frances Lyte (1793-1847)

Prayer

Children's Talk:

I stand amazed in the presence
of Jesus the Nazarene,
and wonder how He could love me,
a sinner, condemned, unclean.

*How marvellous! how wonderful!
and my song shall ever be;
how marvellous! how wonderful!
is my Saviour's love to me!*

For me it was in the garden
He prayed - 'Not my will but Thine'.
He had no tears for His own grief,
but sweat drops of blood for mine.

*How marvellous! how wonderful!
and my song shall ever be;
how marvellous! how wonderful!
is my Saviour's love to me!*

In pity angels beheld Him,
And came from the world of light
To comfort Him in the sorrows
He bore for my soul that night

*How marvellous! how wonderful!
and my song shall ever be;
how marvellous! how wonderful!
is my Saviour's love to me!*

He took my sins and my sorrows,
He made them His very own;
He bore the burden to Calvary,
and suffered and died alone.

*How marvellous! how wonderful!
and my song shall ever be;
how marvellous! how wonderful!
is my Saviour's love to me!*

When with the ransomed in glory
His face I at last shall see,
will be my joy through the ages
to sing of His love for me.

*How marvellous! how wonderful!
and my song shall ever be;
how marvellous! how wonderful!
is my Saviour's love to me!*

Charles H Gabriel (1856-1932)

Prayer

Bible Reading: 1 Peter chapter 2 v 11-17

Beloved, I beg *you* as sojourners and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul, ¹² having your conduct honourable among the Gentiles, that when they speak against you as evildoers, they may, by *your* good works which they observe, glorify God in the day of visitation.

¹³ Therefore submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether to the king as supreme, ¹⁴ or to governors, as to those who are sent by him for the punishment of evildoers and *for the* praise of those who do good. ¹⁵ For this is the will of God, that by doing good you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men— ¹⁶ as free, yet not using liberty as a cloak for vice, but as bondservants of God. ¹⁷ Honour all *people*. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. honour the king.

Speak, O Lord, as we come to You

to receive the food of Your holy word.

Take Your truth, plant it deep in us;
shape and fashion us in Your likeness,
that the light of Christ might be seen today
in our acts of love and our deeds of faith.

Speak, O Lord, and fulfil in us
all Your purposes for Your glory.

Teach us Lord full obedience,
holy reverence, true humility.

Test our thoughts and our attitudes
in the radiance of Your purity.

Cause our faith to rise; cause our eyes to see
Your majestic love and authority.
Words of power that can never fail;
let their truth prevail over unbelief.

Speak, O Lord, and renew our minds;
help us grasp the heights of Your plans for us.
Truths unchanged from the dawn of time,
that will echo down through eternity.
And by grace we'll stand on Your promises;
and by faith we'll walk as You walk with us.
Speak, O Lord, till Your church is built
and the earth is filled with Your glory.

Keith Getty & Stuart Townend
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Message:

“What are you to make of government?”

Who is He in yonder stall,
at whose feet the shepherds fall?

'tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'tis the Lord, the king of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

Who is He to whom they bring
all the sick and sorrowing?

'tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'tis the Lord, the king of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

Lo, at midnight, who is He
prays in dark Gethsemane?

'tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'tis the Lord, the king of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

Who is He on yonder tree
dies in grief and agony?

'tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'tis the Lord, the king of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

Who is He that from the grave
comes to rescue, help and save?

'tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'tis the Lord, the king of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

Benjamin Russel Hanby, 1833-67

Close.

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