

Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> January 2021 at 10.30

Welcome and announcements:

**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

Children's talk

**There is a hope that burns within my heart,**  
that gives me strength for every passing day;  
a glimpse of glory now revealed in meagre part,  
yet drives all doubt away:

I stand in Christ, with sins forgiven;  
and Christ in me, the hope of heaven!  
My highest calling and my deepest joy,  
to make His will my home.

There is a hope that lifts my weary head,  
a consolation strong against despair,  
that when the world has plunged me in its  
deepest pit,

I find the Saviour there!  
Through present sufferings, future's fear,  
He whispers 'courage' in my ear.  
For I am safe in everlasting arms,  
and they will lead me home.

There is a hope that stands the test of time,  
that lifts my eyes beyond the beckoning grave,  
to see the matchless beauty of a day divine  
when I behold His face!

When sufferings cease and sorrows die,  
and every longing satisfied.  
Then joy unspeakable will flood my soul,  
for I am truly home.

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& Mark Edwards*

Prayer

**Bible reading: - 1 Peter Chapter 3 verses 8-12**

<sup>8</sup> Finally, all of you be of one mind, having compassion for one another; love as brothers, be tender-hearted, be courteous; <sup>9</sup> not returning evil for evil or reviling for reviling, but on the contrary blessing, knowing that you were called to this, that you may inherit a blessing. <sup>10</sup> For

“He who would love life

And see good days,

Let him refrain his tongue from evil,

And his lips from speaking deceit.

<sup>11</sup> Let him turn away from evil and do good;

Let him seek peace and pursue it.

<sup>12</sup> For the eyes of the LORD are on the righteous,

And His ears are open to their prayers;

But the face of the LORD is against those who do evil.”

**O great God of highest heaven,**

occupy my lowly heart.

Own it all and reign supreme,  
conquer every rebel power.

Let no vice or sin remain  
that resists Your holy war.

You have loved and purchased me,  
make me Yours forevermore.

I was blinded by my sin,  
had no ears to hear Your voice,  
did not know Your love within,  
had no taste for heaven's joys.  
Then Your Spirit gave me life,  
opened up Your Word to me  
through the gospel of Your Son,  
gave me endless hope and peace.

Help me now to live a life  
that's dependent on Your grace.  
Keep my heart and guard my soul  
from the evils that I face.

You are worthy to be praised  
with my every thought and deed.  
O great God of highest heaven,  
glorify Your Name through me.

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with my every thought and deed.  
O great God of highest heaven,  
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*based on Valley of Vision prayer  
'regeneration' Bob Kauflin  
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**Message: “Be a blessing and be blessed”**

**Long as I live, I'll bless your Name**

my King, my God of love;  
my work and joy shall be the same,  
in the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, His power unknown,  
And let His praise be great:  
I'll sing the honours of your throne,  
Your works of grace repeat.

Your grace shall dwell upon my tongue,  
and while my lips rejoice,  
the men that hear my sacred song  
shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach Your Name,  
and children learn Your ways;  
ages to come Your truth proclaim,  
and nations sound Your praise.

Your glorious deeds of ancient date  
shall through the world be known:  
Your arm of power, your heavenly state,  
with public splendour shown.

The world is managed by Your hands,  
Your saints are ruled by love;  
and Your eternal kingdom stands  
though rocks and hills remove.

*Isaac Watts, 1674 - 1748*

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