

Sunday 31st January 2021 at 10.30

Welcome and announcements:

Glory be to God the Father,
glory be to God the Son,
glory be to God the Spirit,
great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory, while eternal ages run!

Glory be to Him who loved us,
washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,
made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory, to the Lamb that once was slain!

Glory to the King of angels,
glory to the Church's King,
glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring.
Glory, glory, to the King of Glory bring!

'Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings.
'Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings.
Glory, glory, glory to the King of kings!
Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

Prayer

Children's talk:

What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer
There is no more for heaven now to give
He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom
My steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace.

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus
For my life is wholly bound to His
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing: all is mine
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

The night is dark but I am not forsaken
For by my side, the Saviour He will stay
I labour on in weakness and rejoicing
For in my need, His power is displayed.

To this I hold, my Shepherd will defend me
Through the deepest valley He will lead
Oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven
The future sure, the price it has been paid
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon
And He was raised to overthrow the grave.

To this I hold, my sin has been defeated
Jesus now and ever is my plea
Oh the chains are released, I can sing: I am free
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

With every breath I long to follow Jesus
For He has said that He will bring me home
And day by day I know He will renew me
Until I stand with joy before the throne.

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus
All the glory evermore to Him
When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

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*Michael Ray Farren / Jonny Robinson / Richard C.
Thompson*

*Yet Not I but Through Christ in Me lyrics © Farren Love And
War Publishing, Integrity's Praise Music, Integrity's Alleluia!
Music*

Prayer

Bible reading: -1 Peter Chapter 4 verse 1-6

4 Therefore, since Christ suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves also with the same mind, for he who has suffered in the flesh has ceased from sin, ²that he no longer should live the rest of *his* time in the flesh for the lusts of men, but for the will of God. ³For we *have spent* enough of our past lifetime in doing the will of the Gentiles— when we walked in lewdness, lusts, drunkenness, revelries, drinking parties, and abominable idolatries. ⁴In regard to these, they think it strange that you do not run with *them* in the same flood of dissipation, speaking evil of *you*. ⁵They will give an account to Him who is ready to judge the living and the dead. ⁶For this reason the gospel was preached also to those who are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.

O Church, arise and put your armour on;
hear the call of Christ our Captain;
for now the weak can say that they are strong
in the strength that God has given.
With shield of faith and belt of truth
we'll stand against the devil's lies;
an army bold whose battle cry is: "Love!"
Reaching out to those in darkness.

Our call to war, to love the captive soul,
but to rage against the captor;
and with the sword that makes the wounded
whole,
we will fight with faith and valour.
When faced with trials on every side
we know the outcome is secure,
and Christ will have the prize for which He died,
an inheritance of nations.

Come, see the cross where love and mercy meet,
as the Son of God is stricken;
then see His foes lie crushed beneath His feet,
for the Conqueror has risen!
And as the stone is rolled away
and Christ emerges from the grave,
this victory march continues till the day
every eye and heart shall see Him.

So Spirit, come, put strength in every stride,
give grace for every hurdle,
that we may run with faith to win the prize
of a servant good and faithful.
As saints of old still line the way
retelling triumphs of His grace,
we hear their calls and hunger for the day
when, with Christ, we stand in glory.
As saints of old still line the way
retelling triumphs of His grace,
we hear their calls and hunger for the day
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Keith Getty & Stuart Townend
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Message:
**"Underestimate neither the battle nor the
victory"**

The battle is the Lord's!

The harvest fields are white:
How few the reaping hands appear,
Their strength how slight!
Yet victory is sure--
We face a vanquished foe;
Then forward with the risen Christ
To battle go!

The battle is the Lord's!
Not ours in strength or skill,
But his alone, in sovereign grace,
To work His will.
Ours, counting not the cost,
Unflinching, to obey;
And in His time His holy arm
Shall win the day.

The battle is the Lord's!
The Victor crucified
Must with the travail of His soul
Be satisfied.
The powers of hell shall fail,
And all God's will be done,
Till every soul whom He has given
To Christ be won.

The battle is the Lord's!
Stand still, my soul, and view
The great salvation God has wrought
Revealed for you.
Then, resting in His might,
Lift high His triumph song,
For power, dominion, kingdom, strength
To Christ belong!

Margaret Clarkson, 1915-2008

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