

**Welcome and Announcements:**

**Who can cheer the heart like Jesus,**  
By His presence all divine?  
True and tender, pure and precious,  
O how blest to call Him mine!

*All that thrills my soul is Jesus;  
He is more than life to me;  
And the fairest of ten thousand,  
In my blessed Lord I see.*

Love of Christ so freely given.  
Grace of God beyond degree,  
Mercy higher than the heaven,  
Deeper than the deepest sea.

*All that thrills my soul is Jesus;  
He is more than life to me;  
And the fairest of ten thousand,  
In my blessed Lord I see.*

What a wonderful redemption!  
Never can a mortal know  
How my sin, tho' red like crimson,  
Can be whiter than the snow.

*All that thrills my soul is Jesus;  
He is more than life to me;  
And the fairest of ten thousand,  
In my blessed Lord I see.*

Every need His hand supplying,  
Every good in Him I see;  
On His strength divine relying,  
He is all in all to me.

*All that thrills my soul is Jesus;  
He is more than life to me;  
And the fairest of ten thousand,  
In my blessed Lord I see.*

By the crystal flowing river  
With the ransomed I will sing,  
And forever and forever  
Praise and glorify the King.

*All that thrills my soul is Jesus;  
He is more than life to me;  
And the fairest of ten thousand,  
In my blessed Lord I see.*

*Thoro Harris 1873-1955*

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**Prayer**

**Children's Talk:**

**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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**Prayer:**

**Bible Reading: 1 Peter Chapter 5 verses 1-4**

**5** The elders who are among you I exhort, I who am a fellow elder and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that will be revealed: <sup>2</sup> Shepherd the flock of God which is among you, serving as overseers, not by compulsion but willingly, not for dishonest gain but eagerly; <sup>3</sup> nor as being lords over those entrusted to you, but being examples to the flock; <sup>4</sup> and when the Chief Shepherd appears, you will receive the crown of glory that does not fade away.

**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*

**Message: "How church elders are to serve".**

**I have a Friend whose faithful love**

is more than all the world to me,  
'tis 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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