

EVENING WORSHIP  
NOVEMBER 29, 2020

The Call to Worship

The Hymn

*O Come All Ye Faithful*

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem. Come and behold Him, born the King of angels. O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation, O sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above! Glory to God, all glory in the highest! *Refrain*

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning, Jesus, to Thee be all glory giv'n; Word of the Father now in flesh appearing! *Refrain*

Text and Music by John Francis Wade (1751), translated by Frederick Oakeley (1841) CCLI #600485

The Invocation

The Confession of Faith      Westminster Shorter Catechism #97  
I Corinthians 11:27-29

Leader: What is required to the worthy receiving of the Lord's supper?

*Leader and People: It is required of them that would worthily partake of the Lord's supper, that they examine themselves of their knowledge to discern the Lord's body, of their faith to feed upon him, of their repentance, love, and new obedience; lest, coming unworthily, they eat and drink judgment to themselves.*

The Song

*It Came Upon a Midnight Clear*

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old, from angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold; "Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heaven's all-gracious King." The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfurled, and still their heav'nly music floats o'er all the weary world: Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hov'ring wing, and ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low, Who toil along the climbing way with painful steps and slow. Look now! for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing; O rest beside the weary road, and hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on, by prophet bards foretold, when with the ever-circling years comes round the age of gold; when peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling, and the whole world give back the song which now the angels sing.

Text by Edmund H. Sears (1850) Music by Richard S. Willis (1850)

The Scripture Reading

**Daniel 9:1-23**

The Anthem

*Sing We the Song of Emmanuel*

Sing we the song of Emmanuel, this the Christ who was long foretold. Lo in the shadows of Bethlehem, promise of dawn now our eyes behold. God most high in a manger laid. Lift your voices and now proclaim, great and glorious, love has come to us, join now with the hosts of heaven.

Come we to welcome Emmanuel, King who came with no crown or throne. Helpless He lay, the invincible, Maker of Mary, now Mary's son. O what wisdom to save us all. Shepherds, sages, before him fall. Grace and majesty, what humility, come on bended knee, adore Him.

Go spread the news of Emmanuel, joy and peace for the weary heart. Lift up your heads, for your King has come, sing for the light overwhelms the dark. Glory shining for all to see, hope alive, let the gospel ring. God has made a way, He will have the praise tell the world His name is Jesus.

Matt Boswell, Matt Papa, Stuart Townend, and Keith Getty © 2015 Getty Music Publishing (BMI) / Messenger Hymns (BMI) / Getty Music Hymns and Songs (ASCAP) / Love Your Enemies Publishing (ASCAP) / Townend Songs (PRS) (Admin. by Music Services.org)

*The children are dismissed to their choirs.*

The Evening Prayer

The Sermon

Mr. Wilson Van Hooser

**Ruth 2**

*When You Least Expect It, Expect It!*

The Song

*Yet Not I But Through Christ in Me*

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 Savior He will stay. I labor 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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The Benediction