

Joyful, Joyful

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee,
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before Thee,
Op'ning to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!

Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Wellspring of the joy of living,
Ocean depth of happy rest!
Thou our Father, Christ our Brother,
All who live in love are Thine;
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the joy divine.

Mortals, join the happy chorus,
Which the morning stars began;
Father love is reigning o'er us,
Brother love binds man to man.

Ever singing, march we onward,
Victors in the midst of strife,
Joyful music leads us Sunward
In the triumph song of life.

Psalm 112

¹Praise the Lord! Blessed is the man who fears the Lord, who greatly delights in his commandments! ² His offspring will be mighty in the land; the generation of the upright will be blessed. ³ Wealth and riches are in his house, and his righteousness endures forever. ⁴ Light dawns in the darkness for the upright; he is gracious, merciful, and righteous. ⁵ It is well with the man who deals generously and lends; who conducts his affairs with justice. ⁶ For the righteous will never be moved; he will be remembered forever. ⁷ He is not afraid of bad news; his heart is firm, trusting in the Lord. ⁸ His heart is steady; he will not be afraid, until he looks in triumph on his adversaries. ⁹ He has distributed freely; he has given to the poor; his righteousness endures forever; his horn is exalted in honor. ¹⁰ The wicked man

sees it and is angry; he gnashes his teeth and melts away; the desire of the wicked will perish!

Apostles' Creed

We believe in God, the Father Almighty,
Creator of heaven and earth.

We believe in Jesus Christ,
God's only Son, our Lord
Who was conceived by the Holy Spirit,
born of the Virgin Mary,
suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died, and was buried;

He descended to the dead.
On the third day He rose again;
He ascended into heaven,
He is seated at the right hand of the Father,
and He will come to judge
the living and the dead.

We believe in the Holy Spirit;
one holy Church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting.

Amen.

My Worth is Not in What I Own

My worth is not in what I own
Not in the strength of flesh and bone
But in the costly wounds of love
At the cross

My worth is not in skill or name
In win or lose, in pride or shame
But in the blood of Christ that flowed
At the cross

**I rejoice in my Redeemer
Greatest Treasure,
Wellspring of my soul
And I will trust in Him, no other.
My soul is satisfied in Him alone.**

As summer flowers, we fade and die
Fame, youth, and beauty hurry by
But life eternal calls to us
At the cross

I will not boast in wealth or might
Or human wisdom's fleeting light
But I will boast in knowing Christ
At the cross

Two wonders here that I confess
My worth and my unworthiness
My value fixed, my ransom paid
At the cross

Christ is Mine Forevermore

Mine are days that God has numbered
I was made to walk with Him
Yet I look for worldly treasure
And forsake the King of kings

But mine is hope in my Redeemer
Though I fall, his love is sure
For Christ has paid for every failing
I am His forevermore

Mine are tears in times of sorrow
Darkness not yet understood
Through the valley I must travel
Where I see no earthly good

But mine is peace that flows from heaven
And the strength in times of need
I know my pain will not be wasted
Christ completes his work in me

Mine are days here as a stranger
Pilgrim on a narrow way
One with Christ I will encounter
Harm and hatred for his name

But mine is armour for this battle
Strong enough to last the war
And he has said he will deliver
Safely to the golden shore

**And mine are keys to Zion city
Where beside the King I walk
For there my heart has found its treasure
Christ is mine forevermore**

Come rejoice now, O my soul
For his love is my reward
Fear is gone and hope is sure
Christ is mine forevermore!

2 Corinthians 9:6-15

⁶ The point is this: whoever sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and whoever sows bountifully will also reap bountifully. ⁷ Each one must give as he has decided in his heart, not reluctantly or under compulsion, for God loves a cheerful giver. ⁸ And God is able to

make all grace abound to you, so that having all sufficiency in all things at all times, you may abound in every good work. ⁹ As it is written, “He has distributed freely, he has given to the poor; his righteousness endures forever.” ¹⁰ He who supplies seed to the sower and bread for food will supply and multiply your seed for sowing and increase the harvest of your righteousness. ¹¹ You will be enriched in every way to be generous in every way, which through us will produce thanksgiving to God. ¹² For the ministry of this service is not only supplying the needs of the saints but is also overflowing in many thanksgivings to God. ¹³ By their approval of this service, they will glorify God because of your submission that comes from your confession of the gospel of Christ, and the generosity of your contribution for them and for all others, ¹⁴ while they long for you and pray for you, because of the surpassing grace of God upon you. ¹⁵ Thanks be to God for his inexpressible gift!

Jesus, Thank You

The mystery of the cross I cannot comprehend
The agonies of Calvary
You the perfect holy One crushed Your Son
Drank the bitter cup reserved for me

**Your blood has washed away my sin
Jesus, thank You
The Father's wrath completely satisfied
Jesus, thank You**

**Once Your enemy now seated at Your table
Jesus, thank You**

By Your perfect sacrifice I've been brought near
Your enemy You've made Your friend
Pouring out the riches of Your glorious grace
Your mercy and Your kindness know no end

Lover of my soul, I want to live for You

Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me save that Thou art.
Thou my best thought by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom and Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my battle-shield, sword for my fight,
Be Thou my dignity, Thou my delight.
Thou my soul's shelter, Thou my high tow'r.
Raise Thou me heav'nward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven my Treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, bright heav'ns Sun,
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O ruler of all.

Benediction (2 Corinthians 13:14)

¹⁴The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ
and the love of God
and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit
be with you all.