

The Power of the Cross

Oh to see the dawn of the darkest day. Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten then Nailed to a cross of wood.

***This the pow'r of the cross. Christ became sin for us.
Took the blame, bore the wrath. We stand forgiven at the cross.***

Oh to see the pain written on Your face, Bearing the awesome weight of sin.
Ev'ry bitter thought, ev'ry evil deed Crowning Your bloodstained brow.

Now the daylight flees, now the ground beneath
Quakes as its maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life. "Finished!" the vict'ry cry.

Oh to see my name written in the wounds,
For through Your suff'ring I am free.
Death is crushed to death, life is mine to live
Won through Your selfless love!
This the pow'r of the cross, Son of God slain for us.
What a love, what a cost. We stand forgiven at the cross.

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Keith Getty | Stuart Townend*

Message - Pastor Cody Busby - 2 Tim 2:1-13 Images of Endurance

For The Cause

For the cause of Christ the King, we give our lives an offering,
'Til all the earth resounds With ceaseless praise to the Son.

For the cause of Christ we go with joy to reap, with faith to sow,
As many see and many put their trust in the Son.

*Christ we proclaim, the Name above every name;
For all creation, ev'ry nation, God's salvation through the Son*

For the King once lifted high To cries of rage of "Crucify!"
Endured the cross As every sin was laid on the Son.

To the King who conquered death to free the poor and the oppressed;
For lasting peace, for life and liberty in the Son.
Let it be my life's refrain: To live is Christ to die is gain,
Deny myself, take up my cross and follow the Son.

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CELEBRATION OF WORSHIP AND PRAISE August 11, 2019

1 Peter 1:3-5 Worship Leader

1 Peter 1:6-9

⁶ You rejoice in this, even though now for a short time, if necessary, you suffer grief in various trials ⁷ so that the proven character of your faith—more valuable than gold which, though perishable, is refined by fire—may result in praise, glory, and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ. ⁸ Though you have not seen him, you love him; though not seeing him now, you believe in him, and you rejoice with inexpressible and glorious joy, ⁹ because you are receiving the goal of your faith, the salvation of your souls.

Come, Behold the Wondrous Mystery

Come behold the wondrous mystery in the dawning of the King,
He, the theme of heaven's praises, robed in frail humanity.
In our longing, in our darkness, now the light of life has come;
Look to Christ, who condescended, took on flesh to ransom us

Come behold the wondrous mystery: He the perfect Son of Man,
In His living, in His suffering, never trace nor stain of sin
See the true and better Adam come to save the hell-bound man,
Christ, the great and sure fulfillment of the law, in Him we stand.

Come behold the wondrous mystery: Christ the Lord upon the tree;
In the stead of ruined sinners hangs the Lamb in victory.
See the price of our redemption; see the Father's plan unfold,
Bringing many sons to glory, grace unmeasured, love untold!

Come behold the wondrous mystery: slain by death, the God of life;
But no grave could e'er restrain Him, praise the Lord, He is alive!
What a foretaste of deliverance; how unwavering our hope:
Christ in power resurrected, as we will be when He comes.

*TEXT AND MUSIC: Matt Papa, Matt Boswell, Michael Bleecker; © 2013 Love Your Enemies
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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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Responsive Reading from Romans 8:31-39

³¹ What then shall we say to these things? If God is for us, who can be against us? ³² He who did not spare his own Son but gave him up for us all, how will he not also with him graciously give us all things?

³³ **Who shall bring any charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies. ³⁴ Who is to condemn? Christ Jesus is the one who died—more than that, who was raised—who is at the right hand of God, who indeed is interceding for us.**

³⁵ Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or sword? ³⁶ As it is written, "For your sake we are being killed all the day long; we are regarded as sheep to be slaughtered."

³⁷ **No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. ³⁸ For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels nor rulers, nor things present nor things to come, nor powers, ³⁹ nor height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.**

See What A Morning (Resurrection Hymn)

See what a morning, gloriously bright,
With the dawning of hope in Jerusalem;
Folded the grave-clothes, tomb filled with light,
As the angels announce "Christ is risen!"
See God's salvation plan, wrought in love,
Borne in pain, paid in sacrifice,
Fulfilled in Christ, the Man, for He lives: Christ is risen from the dead.

See Mary weeping, "Where is He laid?"
As in sorrow she turns from the empty tomb.
Hears a voice speaking calling her name;
It's the Master, the Lord, raised to life again!
The voice that spans the years,
Speaking life, stirring hope, bringing peace to us,
Will sound till He appears, For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead.

One with the Father, Ancient of Days,
Through the Spirit who clothes faith with certainty.
Honor and blessing, glory and praise
To the King crowned with power and authority.
And we are raised with Him;
Death is dead, love has won, Christ has conquered.
And we shall reign with Him, For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead.

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Announcements/Scripture Reading/Prayer – Pastor Cody Busby

Offering

O Sacred Head Now Wounded - Hymnal No. 316

O sacred Head, now wounded with grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Thine only crown.
How pale Thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish, which once was bright as morn!

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression, but Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior; 'Tis I deserve Thy place.
Look on me with Thy favor; assist me with Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow to thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever; and, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to Thee.

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