

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more;
Be saved, to sin no more,
Be saved, to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die;
And shall be till I die,
And shall be till I die,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

Words: William Cowper: Early American Melody; Public Domain.

COMMUNION — *1 Corinthians 11:23-26; Revelation 20:22*

Bread—For I received from the Lord what I also delivered to you, that the Lord Jesus on the night when he was betrayed took bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it, and said, “This is my body, which is for you. Do this in remembrance of me.”

Cup— In the same way also he took the cup, after supper, saying, “This cup is the new covenant in my blood. Do this, as often as you drink it, in remembrance of me.”

Conclusion—For as often as you eat this bread and drink the cup, you proclaim the Lord's death until he comes. **Even so come Lord Jesus.**

SERMON — “Humility Means Risking Your Life For Others” - Phi. 2:25-30

Doxology

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow
Praise Him all creatures here below
Praise Him above ye heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Amen.

Words: Thomas Ken; Music: Old 100th

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CALVARY COMMUNITY CHURCH

Worship Guide | January 8, 2023

WELCOME & PRAYER

CALL TO WORSHIP — *Psalm 16:8-9, 11*

I have set the Lord always before me;
because he is at my right hand, I shall not be shaken.
**Therefore my heart is glad, and my whole being rejoices;
my flesh also dwells secure.**
You make known to me the path of life;
in your presence there is fullness of joy;
at your right hand are pleasures forevermore.

PRAISE & ADORATION

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.

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, O bright heaven's sun.
Heart of my own heart whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

W- Ancient Irish; tr. M. Byrne; verse; E. Hull; M-Irish tune; Public Domain

Here I Am To Worship

Light of the world,
You stepped down into darkness,
Opened my eyes, let me see.
Beauty that made this heart adore You,
Hope of a life spent with You.

So here I am to worship,
Here I am to bow down,
Here I am to say that You're my God
You're altogether lovely,
Altogether worthy,
Altogether wonderful to me.

King of all days,
Oh so highly exalted,
Glorious in heaven above.
Humbly You came to the earth You created,
All for love's sake became poor.

So here I am to worship,
Here I am to bow down,
Here I am to say that You're my God.
And You're altogether lovely,
Altogether worthy,
Altogether wonderful to me.

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GRACE & ASSURANCE — Psalm 39:4-7

“O Lord, make me know my end
and what is the measure of my days;
let me know how fleeting I am!
Behold, you have made my days a few handbreadths,
and my lifetime is as nothing before you.
Surely all mankind stands as a mere breath!
Surely a man goes about as a shadow!
“**And now, O Lord, for what do I wait?**
My hope is in you.

Ancient of Days
Though the nations rage
Kingdoms rise and fall
There is still one King
Reigning over all
So I will not fear for this truth remains:
That my God is the Ancient of Days

None above Him, none before Him
All of time in His hands
For His throne it shall remain and ever stand
All the power, all the glory
I will trust in His name
For my God is the Ancient of Days

Though the dread of night
Overwhelms my soul
He is here with me
I am not alone
O His love is sure and He knows my name
For my God is the Ancient of Days

None above Him, none before Him
All of time in His hands
For His throne it shall remain and ever stand
All the power, all the glory
I will trust in His name
For my God is the Ancient of Days

Though I may not see
What the future brings
I will watch and wait
For the Saviour King
Then my joy complete standing face to face
In the presence of the Ancient of Days

None above Him, none before Him
All of time in His hands
For His throne it shall remain and ever stand
All the power, all the glory
I will trust in His name
For my God is the Ancient of Days

By: Jonny Robinson, Rich Thompson, Michael Farren, Jesse Reeves; © 2018 Cityalight; ccli #2850991

There is a Fountain
There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains
Lose all their guilty stains
Lose all their guilty stains
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away;
Washed all my sins away,
Washed all my sins away;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.