

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.

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 blood-stained brow.

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

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 victory cry.

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 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.

Words & Music by Keith Getty & Stuart Townend; © 2005 Thankyou Music; CCLI #2850991

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WELCOME & PRAYER: James Sperry, Pastor

CALL TO WORSHIP — Isaiah 53:3-6

He was despised and rejected by men,
a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;
and as one from whom men hide their faces
he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

**Surely he has borne our griefs
and carried our sorrows;
yet we esteemed him stricken,
smitten by God, and afflicted.**

But he was pierced for our transgressions;
he was crushed for our iniquities;
upon him was the chastisement that brought us peace,
and with his wounds we are healed.

**All we like sheep have gone astray;
we have turned—every one—to his own way;
and the Lord has laid on him
the iniquity of us all.**

Hallelujah, What a Savior

“Man of sorrows!” What a name
For the Son of God who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim! Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood,
Sealed my pardon with His blood; Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Guilty, vile and helpless we,
Spotless Lamb of God was He;
Full atonement! Can it be? Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Lifted up was He to die,
“It is finished,” was His cry;
Now in heav'n exalted high: Hallelujah, what a Savior!

When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Savior! Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Philip P. Bliss; arr. Charlie Sinclair
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Romans 5:8
But God shows his love for us in that while we were still sinners,
Christ died for us.

What Wondrous Love Is This

What wondrous love is this O my soul, O my soul
What wondrous love is this O my soul
What wondrous love is this
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul, for my soul
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down
When I was sinking down, sinking down
When I was sinking down
Beneath God's righteous frown
Christ laid aside His crown
For my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb I will sing
To God and to the Lamb Who is the great I am
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

To God and to the Lamb Who is the great I am
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

American Folk Hymn; William Walker's Southern Harmony, 1835

Ephesians 1:7
In him we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses,
according to the riches of his grace.

O The Blood of Jesus

O the blood of Jesus, O the blood of Jesus,
O the blood of Jesus,
It washes white as snow.

There is power in the blood of Jesus,
There is power in the blood of Jesus,
There is power in the blood of Jesus, It washes white as snow.

O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O the blood of Jesus, O the blood of Jesus,
O the blood of Jesus,
It washes white as snow,
It washes white as snow.

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Galatians 6:14
But far be it from me to boast except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,
by which the world has been crucified to me, and I to the world.

When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it Lord that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God.
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from his head his hands his feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Music by Lowell Mason, words by Isaac Watts; Public Domain

1 Peter 2:24
He himself bore our sins in his body on the tree, that we might die to sin and
live to righteousness. By his wounds you have been healed.
For you were straying like sheep, but have now returned to the Shepherd and
Overseer of your souls.

SERMON — Luke 9:28-36

COMMUNION