

THE LORD'S DAY

Celebrating The Resurrection of Jesus Christ

Nov. 23, 2008

Matthew 11:28-30 'Come to Me, all who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn from Me, for I am gentle and humble in heart; and you will find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light.'

PRELUDE

WELCOME, INVOCATION, & CALL TO WORSHIP

PRAISE & PRAYERS

Hymns & Songs

Prayers of Adoration, Thanksgiving, & Confession

Scriptures

❖ ***Come, Now is the Time to Worship.*** Brian Doerksen

Come, now is the time to worship.

Come, now is the time to give your heart.

Come, just as you are to worship.

Come, just as you are before your God – Come.

One day every tongue will confess you are God.

One day every knee will bow.

Still, the greatest treasure remains
for those who gladly choose You now.

Come, now is the time to worship.

Come, now is the time to give your heart.

Come, just as you are to worship.

Come, just as you are before your God – Come.

(c.1998 Vineyard Songs) CCLI #85330

❖ ***Come, Ye Sinners***

Words: Joseph Hart. Music: Matthew S. Smith

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
weak and wounded, sick and sore;

Jesus, ready, stands to save you,

full of pity, joined with power.

He is able, He is able;

He is willing; doubt no more.

Come ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
true belief and true repentance,
every grace that brings you nigh.
Without money, without money,
come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
bruised and broken by the fall;
if you tarry 'til you're better,
you will never come at all.

Not the righteous, not the righteous;
sinners Jesus came to call.

Let not conscience make you linger,
nor of fitness fondly dream;
all the fitness He requires
is to feel your need of Him.

This He gives you, this He gives you,
'tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Lo! The Incarnate God, ascended;
pleads the merit of His blood.
Venture on Him; venture wholly,
let no other trust intrude.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
can do helpless sinners good.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
can do helpless sinners good.

(c. 2000 Detuned Radio Music (ASCAP) CCLI #85330)

(Congregation may be seated.)

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come Hymn #715

Come, ye thankful people, come, raise the song
of harvest home: All is safely gathered in, ere the
winter storms begin; God, our Maker, doth provide for
our wants to be supplied: Come to God's own temple,
come, raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field, fruit unto his praise
to yield; wheat and tares together sown, unto joy
or sorrow grown: First the blade, and then the ear, then
the full corn shall appear: Lord of harvest,
grant that we whole-some grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come, and shall
take his harvest home; from his field shall in
that day all offenses purge away; give his angels
charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
but the fruitful ears to store in his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come to thy final harvest home;
gather thou thy people in, free from sorrow,
free from sin; there forever purified, in thy presence
to abide: come, with all thine angels, come,
raise the glorious harvest home.

Jesus, I Come

William Sleeper & Greg Thompson

Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Jesus, I come;
Jesus, I come. Into Thy freedom, gladness and light,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of my sickness into Thy health, out of my wanting
and into Thy wealth, out of my sin, and into Thyself,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of my shameful failure and loss, Jesus, I come;
Jesus, I come. Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of earth's sorrow into Thy balm, out of life's storms
and into Thy calm, out of distress into jubilant psalm,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of unrest and arrogant pride, Jesus, I come;
Jesus, I come. Into Thy blessed will to abide,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, out of despair into
raptures above, upward forever on wings like a dove,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Jesus, I come;
Jesus, I come. Into the joy and light of Thy home,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of the depths of ruin untold, into the peace of Thy
sheltering fold, ever Thy glorious face to behold,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

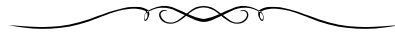
(c. 2000 Greg Thompson Music) CCLI #85330

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MISSIONS UPDATE Pastor Bryan Wright
PRAYER OF INTERCESSION &
"THE LORD'S PRAYER"

OFFERING

PREACHING OF THE WORD Pastor Bryan Wright
Matthew 11:25-30
"The Lord Jesus' Magnificent Invitation"



THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER
Pastor Wright & Elders

When I Survey The Wondrous Cross Hymn #252

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.

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed Hymn #254

Alas! And did my Savior bleed, and did my
Sovereign die! Would he devote that sacred head
for such a worm as I!

Was it for crimes that I had done he groaned
upon the tree! Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut
his glories in, when Christ the mighty Maker,
died for man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face while his
dear cross appears; dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
and melt mine eyes in tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt
of love I owe; here, Lord, I give myself away,
'tis all that I can do.

BENEDICTION Pastor Bryan
Wright

POSTLUDE

❖ If you are able, you are invited to stand.