

Sunday Service

6.30pm | Sunday, 12th February 2023 | The Second Sunday before Lent

Welcome: Will Sykes (Junior Children, Youth and Families' Worker)

Song: Come, Thou Fount

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
streams of mercy never ceasing
call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the name! I'm fixed upon it,
name of Thy redeeming love.

Hitherto Thy love has blessed me,
Thou hast brought me to this place,
and I know Thy hand will bring me
safely home by Thy good grace.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
interposed His precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
prone to leave the God I love;
here's my heart, O take and seal it,
seal it for Thy courts above!

O that day when, freed from sinning,
I shall see Thy lovely face;
full arrayed in blood-washed linen,
how I'll sing Thy sovereign grace!
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry,
bring Thy promises to pass;
for I know Thy pow'r will keep me
till I'm home with Thee at last.

Robert Robinson & John Wyeth Fourth verse alternate
words by Bob Kauflin. Public Domain

Song: 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!

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Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we have sinned against you and against our neighbour, in thought and word and deed, through negligence, through weakness, through our own deliberate fault. We are truly sorry and repent of all our sins. For the sake of your Son Jesus Christ, who died for us, forgive us all that is past; and grant that we may serve you in newness of life to the glory of your name. Amen

Prayers : Eloise Naylor

Church Family News

Song: For me to live is Christ

For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.
To hold His hand, and walk His narrow way.
There is no peace, no joy, no thrill,
Like walking in His will.
For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.

Now once my heart was full of sin and shame.
'Til someone told me Jesus came to save.
And when He said "Come home to me"
He set my poor heart free
For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.

Now there are things that I still do not know,
But of this one thing I'm completely sure:
that He who called me on that day,
washed all my sin away.
For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.

For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.
To hold His hand, and walk His narrow way.
There is no peace, no joy, no thrill,
Like walking in His will.
For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.

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Reading: Philippians 2:19-30 (p. 1179)
Penny Simons

**This is the Word of the Lord
Thanks be to God**

Sermon: 'Partnership in the Gospel: A New Concern'

Pete Scamman (Associate Vicar)

Song: The Servant King

From heaven you came, helpless babe,
entered our world, Your glory veiled;
not to be served but to serve,
and give Your life that we might live.

**This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow Him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the Servant King.**

There in the garden of tears,
my heavy load He chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not My will but Yours,' He said.

Come see His hands and His feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice;
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve,
and in our lives enthrone Him;
each other's needs to prefer,
for it is Christ we're serving.

Graham Kendrick ©1983 Thankyou Music

Song: 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 Saviour he will stay.
I labour 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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Closing prayer