



CROSSGATE CHURCH

Growing True Disciples

ORDER OF WORSHIP

December 4, 2022

“Come, let us worship and bow down, Let us kneel before the LORD our Maker. For He is our God,
and we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.” - Psalm 95 : 6, 7

WORSHIP IN SONG *Immanuel*

WELCOME—ANNOUNCEMENTS

CALL TO WORSHIP—CELEBRATION OF ADVENT

And again it is said, "Rejoice, O Gentiles, with His people." And again, "Praise the Lord, all you Gentiles, and let all the peoples extol Him." And again Isaiah says, "The root of Jesse will come, even He who arises to rule the Gentiles; in Him will the Gentiles hope." May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, so that by the power of the Holy Spirit you may abound in hope. (Romans 15:10-13)

WORSHIP IN SONG *Thou Who Wast Rich*

He Who Is Mighty

PRAYER OF INTERCESSION

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE WORD

Scripture: *Luke 1:39-56* Sermon: *“Hope for the Humble” - Reverend Jeff Tell*

WORSHIP IN SONG *Come, Behold The Wondrous Mystery*

SACRAMENT OF THE LORD’S SUPPER

WORSHIP IN SONG *The Solid Rock*

BENEDICTION

SONG LYRICS

Immanuel

A sign shall be given, a virgin will conceive
a human baby bearing undiminished Deity.
The glory of the nations, a light for all to see;
and hope for all who will embrace His warm reality.

*Immanuel, our God is with us.
And if God is with us, who could stand against us?
Our God is with us, Immanuel.*

For all those who live in the shadow of death,
a glorious light has dawned.
For all those who stumble in the darkness,
behold, Your light has come!

So what shall be your answer? Oh, will you hear the call
of Him who did not spare His Son, but gave Him for us all?
On earth there is no power, there is no depth or height
could ever separate us from the love of God in Christ.

Thou Who Wast Rich

Thou who wast rich beyond all splendor,
all for love's sake becamest poor;
thrones for a manger didst surrender,
sapphire-paved courts for stable floor.
Thou who wast rich beyond all splendor,
all for love's sake becamest poor.

Thou who art God beyond all praising,
all for love's sake becamest man;
stooping so low, but sinners raising,
heavenward by Thine eternal plan.
Thou who art God beyond all praising,
all for love's sake becamest man.

Thou who art love beyond all telling,
Savior and King, we worship Thee.
Emmanuel, within us dwelling,
make us what Thou wouldst have us be.
Thou who art love beyond all telling,
Savior and King, we worship Thee.

He Who Is Mighty

Oh, the mercy our God has shown
to those who sit in death's shadow.
The sun on high pierced the night;
born was the Cornerstone.

*Unto us a Son is given, unto us a Child is born.
He Who is mighty has done a great thing;
taken on flesh, conquered death's sting,
shattered the darkness and lifted our shame. Holy is His name.*

Oh, the freedom our Savior won;
the yoke of sin has been broken.
Once a slave, now by grace no more condemnation.

Now My soul magnifies the Lord;
I rejoice in the God Who saves,
I will trust His unfailing love,
I will sing His praises all my days.

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.

The Solid Rock

My hope is built on nothing less
than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
but wholly lean on Jesus' name.

*On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand,
all other ground is sinking sand.*

When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
in every high and stormy gale,
my anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, His covenant, His blood
support me in the whelming flood;
when all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found;
dressed in His righteousness alone,
faultless to stand before the throne.