

August 23, 2020

9:30 AM

Prelude

A 'Friendly' Medley; Sweet Hour of Prayer

Welcome and Announcements

Worship & Song

1. Let the poor man say, "I am rich in Him."
Let the lost man say, "I am found in Him."
And let the river flow.
Let the blind man say, "I can see again."
Let the dead man say, "I am born again."
And let the river flow. Let the river flow.

2. Let the river flow, let the river flow.
Holy Spirit, come, move in power.
Let the river flow.

3. Let the poor man say, "I am rich in Him."
Let the lost man say, "I am found in Him."
And let the river flow.
Let the blind man say, "I can see again."
Let the dead man say, "I am born again."
And let the river flow. Let the river flow.

Let the River Flow

4. Let the river flow, let the river flow.
Holy Spirit, come, move in power.
Let the river flow. (let the river flow.)
Let the river flow. (let the river flow.)
Let the river flow. (let the river flow.)
Let the river flow.

5. Let the river flow, let the river flow.
Holy Spirit, come, move in power.
Let the river flow.
Holy Spirit... Move in power...

6. Let the river flow, let the river flow.
Holy Spirit, come, move in power.
Let the river flow, let the river flow.
Holy Spirit, come, move in power.

7. Let the river flow. (let the river flow.)
(repeat 7 times)

It Is Well with My Soul

1. When peace, like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2. *It is well, (it is well) with my soul, (with my soul)*
It is well, it is well with my soul.

3. My sin, O, the bliss of this glorious thought,
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4. And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.

The Old Rugged Cross

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

2. *Chorus*
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.

3. O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary.

4. *Chorus*

(over)

The Old Rugged Cross *(continued)*

5. In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see,
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me.

6. *Chorus*

7. To that old rugged cross I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
where his glory forever I'll share.

8. *Chorus*

Prayer Concerns

Rev. Scott Miller

The Lord's Prayer

Scripture

1 Corinthians 15:19-26

Sermon

"Living the Resurrection"

Rev. Thomas Q. Strandburg

Blessing the Backpacks

Offering Prayer

Benediction Song

Ain't No Grave

1. Shame is a prison as cruel as a grave.
Shame is a robber and he's come to take my name.
Love is my redeemer lifting me up from the ground.
Love is the power where my freedom song is found.

2. *Chorus*

There ain't no grave gonna hold my body down.
There ain't no grave gonna hold my body down.
When I hear that trumpet sound,
I'm gonna rise up out of the ground.
There ain't no grave gonna hold my body down.

3. Oh, oh, oh oh. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

4. Fear is a liar with a smooth and velvet tongue.
Fear is a tyrant he's always telling me to run.
Love is resurrection, and love is a trumpet sound.
Love is my weapon, I'm gonna take my giants down.

5. *Chorus*

6. There was a battle a war between death and life;
There on a tree the Lamb of God was crucified.
He went on down to hell He took back every key,
He rose up as a lion Now He's set the captives free.

7. There ain't no grave gonna hold His body down.
There ain't no grave gonna hold His body down.
When He heard the trumpet sound
He rose up out of the ground.

There ain't no grave gonna hold His body down.
There ain't no grave gonna hold His body down.

8. If He walked out of the grave, I'm walkin' too.

Postlude

Come Thou Fount of Every; Blessing Standing on the Promises

Musicians: B.J. Collins, keyboard and vocals; Bob Banerjee, violin; Keith Moorhouse, drums; Eric Palmer, bass

*Brass Ensemble: Mitchell Stecker, Trumpet; Jaison Ignatius, French Horn; Sarah Boice, Trombone 1;
Matthew Boice, Trombone 2*