

LUKE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BIRTH OF JESUS  
(Luke 1:26-38; 2:1-20 from The Clear Word)

Midland Seventh-day Adventist Church  
December 15, 2012

Welcome and Announcements		Norman Moll
Preparation	"The Coventry Carol / The First Nowell"	<i>arr. Mark Hayes</i>
Choral Call to Worship	"This Is the Day"	<i>Natalie Sleeth</i>
* Hymn of Praise	"Angels from the Realms of Glory"	No. 119
Prayer		Gerri Khotz
Choral response	"The Lord's Prayer"	<i>Traditional Caribbean</i>
Vocal solo	"O Holy Night"	<i>Adolphe Adam</i>
Anthem	"The Promise"	<i>Michael Card</i>
Euphonium solo	"Breath of Heaven (Mary's Song)"	<i>Amy Grant, arr. Pethel</i>
Vocal solo	"Sweet Little Jesus Boy"	<i>Spiritual</i>
Violin solo	"O Holy Night"	<i>Adolphe Adam</i>
Piano/vocal solo	"Shepherd's Serenade"	
Trumpet/Euphonium duet	"Infant Holy"	<i>Traditional, arr. P. Curnow</i>
Violin solo	"Good King Wenceslaus"	<i>Traditional</i>
Trumpet solo	"Children, Go Where I Send Thee"	<i>Spiritual, arr. L. Schakley</i>
Vocal solo	"Stars of Ice"	<i>Chinese, arr. D. Walker</i>
Vocal solo	"Then They Will Know"	<i>Michael Card</i>
Poem	"As Is"	<i>Valerie N. Phillips</i>
Giving of Gifts	Offering: Local Church Budget	Norman Moll
Offertory	"Go, Tell It on the Mountain" (#121)	<i>American Negro Spiritual</i>
* Congregation response	"We Give Our Gifts"	<i>Early American</i>

We give our gifts, O Lord, whatever they may be,  
So people everywhere may love and serve you joyously!

I give my life to you, to serve you happily,  
For you have given your own Son, a special gift for me.

* Dedication of Gifts		Norman Moll
* Choral Blessing	"Shalom"	<i>Traditional Hebrew</i>
Postlude	"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen"	<i>Traditional English Carol</i>

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

*Sabbath School Leaders:* Brenda Khalil, Gerri Kohtz, Susan Mercy, Sharon Moll  
*Youth:* Anna, Aneliese, & Lance Alvarez, Bobby Galovics, Hannah Kohtz, Cade & Keagan  
Leuenberger, Natalie Marsh, Kaitlyn & Kristopher Mercy, Cedric and Johnathon Merrills  
*Music:* Dorothy Moll

## O HOLY NIGHT

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining, it is the night of the dear Savior's birth.  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining, 'till he appear'd and the soul felt its worth.  
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices, for yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.  
Fall on your knees! Oh hear the angel voices! O night divine when Christ was born.

Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming, with glowing hearts by his cradle we stand;  
So, led by light of a star sweetly gleaming, here came the wise men from the Orient land.  
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger, in all our trials born to be our Friend;  
He knows our need, to our weakness no stranger; behold your king! Before Him bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another; His law is love and His Gospel is Peace.  
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our brother, and in His name all oppression shall cease.  
Sweet hymn of joy in grateful chorus raise we, let all within us praise His Holy name.  
Christ is the Lord, then ever praise we, His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim.

## THE PROMISE

The Lord God said when time was full, He would shine His light in the darkness.  
He said a virgin would conceive and give birth to the Promise.  
For a thousand years the dreamers dreamt, and hoped to see His love.  
But the Promise showed their wildest dreams had simply not been wild enough.

The faithful One saw time was full, and the ancient pledge was honored.  
For God the Son, the Incarnate One, His final word,  
His own Son was born in Bethlehem, But came into our hearts to live.  
What more could God have given, tell me what more did He have to give?

*The Promise was love and the Promise was life;  
The Promise meant light to the world.  
Living proof Jehovah saves for the name of the Promise was Jesus.*

## SWEET LITTLE JESUS BOY

Sweet little Jesus Boy, they made you be born in a manger.  
Sweet little Holy Child, didn't know who you were.  
Didn't know you'd come to save us Lord, to take our sins away.  
Our eyes were blind, we couldn't see—we didn't know who you were.

Long time ago you was born, born in a Manger low, sweet little Jesus Boy.  
The world treats you mean Lord, treats me mean too,  
But that's how things are down here; we don't know who you are.

You have told us how, we are trying,  
Master you have shown us how, even when you were dying.  
Just seems like we can't do right, look how we treated you,  
But please sir, forgive us Lord—we didn't know who you were.

### SHEPHERD'S SERENADE

Long ago when the world was gray I strolled away from the throng.  
Gone the plans that were once so gay and gone the hopes held so long.  
Dusk was slowly falling on the lea, the birds were hushed in every tree.

Suddenly so sweet, so strong, down from the hill came a song.  
I heard a lonely shepherd playing, it was a haunting melody.  
I heard the music clearly saying, that he was happy as could be.

He played and he played, the world was forgotten,  
Like castles in air, my every care began to fade—  
If he would only play forever his little shepherd serenade.

### STARS OF ICE

Stars of ice, wheel of moonlight bright, shine on sheep with silv'ry light,  
Humble shepherds, chatting circled round, sit content on grassy heights;  
Sudden light! Hark, the angels sing! Shepherds crouch in awe.  
Mid the clouds the angels proclaim: God's Son is born in Bethlehem.

Dies the song, stars and moon gently fade, shepherds leap for very joy;  
Leave their quiet flocks, homeward quickly fly, worship then the holy Boy  
Wondrous news through the streets resounds, glad praises fill ev'ry home.  
Poor man's Savior, peasant's Friend, comes today to Bethlehem.

Learned men from far eastern lands, kneel before the holy Child,  
Bring abundant gifts, rare, luxuriant; crowd the age-worn village inn.  
Miles on miles had they come to adore; no distance seemed to far,  
Boundless, saving, peaceful love now has come to Bethlehem.

### THEN THEY WILL KNOW

I will speak, I will wait, I will send prophets among them  
That they might hear, that they might see and understand how much I love them

*Then they will know that I am Father, then they will know I am Lord  
They'll walk with Me and be My people, I'll walk with them as their God.*

I will strike, I will scourge and carry out vengeance upon them  
But I will heal the wounds I make and tenderly take them back to me.

This is heaven, this is salvation, this is their great hope and Mine.

He will come, My own Son, a Word faithful hearts can't help hearing  
And by His death, with His last breath a Father's forgiveness comes flowing.

They will know that I am Savior, I am Redeemer and Friend  
Immanuel, the God who is with them, the God who gives all He can.

He is salvation, He is the kingdom, to know Him is paradise.

## AS IS

Why are we so surprised that Jesus was born in a stable?  
Have we not yet understood from our own experience  
That He is always moving in "as is"  
And then cleaning up from within?

He *could* not wait until the world was good enough before He came;  
It would never be good unless He came.  
And He *will* not wait until you are good enough before He comes to you;  
You will never be good unless He comes.

Don't wait until you've cleaned the stable,  
Mucked out the stalls,  
Carted out the dung,  
Aired out the stench.  
You can't, you know; it's *you* who smells of offal.

He knows, He understands,  
He has been in the muck before,  
At that other Birthing.  
He will gladly endure the muck of your place  
To birth you back to His.

### **Don't wait!**

Swing wide the door of your hovel and invite Him in.

As is.