



Chorus—Then sings my soul, my Savior, God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art.  
Then sings my soul, my Savior, God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art.

And when I think of God, His Son not sparing  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Chorus

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.  
Then I shall bow with humble adoration  
And then proclaim: "My God how great Thou art!"

Chorus

## \*MEET AND GREET

### PREPARATION FOR PRAYER (sung by all)

#### WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NAME

You were the Word at the beginning,  
One with God, the Lord Most High.  
Your hidden glory in creation  
Now revealed in You, our Christ.

What a beautiful Name it is.  
What a beautiful Name it is.  
The Name of Jesus Christ, my King.  
What a beautiful Name it is.  
Nothing compares to this.  
What a beautiful Name it is,  
The Name of Jesus.

You didn't want heaven without us,  
So Jesus, You brought heaven down.  
My sin was great, Your love was greater.  
What could separate us now?

What a wonderful Name it is.  
What a wonderful Name it is.  
The Name of Jesus Christ, my King.  
What a wonderful Name it is.  
Nothing compares to this.  
What a wonderful Name it is,  
The Name of Jesus.

Death could not hold You.  
The veil tore before You.  
You silence the boast of sin and grave.  
The heavens are roaring  
The praise of Your glory,  
For You are raised to life again.

You have no rival, You have no equal,  
Now and forever, God, You reign.  
Yours is the kingdom, Yours is the glory,  
Yours is the Name above all names!

What a powerful Name it is.  
What a powerful Name it is.  
The Name of Jesus Christ, my King.  
What a powerful Name it is.  
Nothing can stand against  
What a powerful Name it is,  
The Name of Jesus.  
What a powerful Name it is,  
The Name of Jesus.

Written by Ben Fielding and Brooke Ligertwood  
Copyright © 2016 Hillsong Music Publishing

### PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

Matt Morrison—8:00 AM  
David Chang—9:30 AM

### EXPRESSING OUR GRATITUDE

### MUSICAL OFFERING (sung by choir)

#### THE CARPENTER'S SON

*The carpenter's Son stood before them and bowed  
His head to the mocking that came from the crowd.*

*"Son of the carpenter, what makes you think  
That You have the right to the crown of a king?"*

*They crucified Him on a cross that was made  
Using the hammer and nails from His trade.*

*"Son of the carpenter, set Yourself free!  
If you are the Savior, come down from the tree."*

*"O Father, forgive them." They don't understand  
That being a carpenter is part of Your plan.  
The power and strength do not lie in the man,  
But the way that He uses the nails in His hands.*

*So yielding His will to the cross where it stood,  
The carpenter's nails met the splintering wood.  
And though He surrendered His life with each breath,  
The carpenter's Son was triumphant in death.*

*Amen.*

Music and Lyrics by Craig Courtney and Pamela Martin  
Copyright © 2006 Beckenhorst Press

### MESSAGE

Jeff Schulte

### \*SONG OF RESPONSE (sung by all)

#### BE THOU MY VISION

Be Thou my vision, oh Lord, of my heart,  
Naught be all else to me save that Thou art.  
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom and Thou my true Word  
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord.  
Thou my great Father and I Thy true son.  
Thou in me dwelling and I with Thee one.

High King of Heaven, my victory won.  
May I reach Heaven's joys, oh bright Heav'n's Sun.  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall.  
Still be my vision, oh Ruler of all.

#### AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost but now am found,  
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear  
And grace my fears relieved.  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers toils and snares  
I have already come.  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.