



THE WORSHIP OF GOD

2nd Sunday of Advent | December 6, 2020

PRELUDE

A Prayer for Advent

Words: J. Paul Williams; Music: Douglas Nolan;
Vicki Chadwick, Lynn Auman, Wayne Tillman, Ken Curry, vocal quartet;
Chad Hammer, cello

Veni, veni, Emmanuel. Come, Lord Jesus, come. *Veni, veni, Emmanuel.* Come, Lord Jesus, come. Deliver us from doubt and fear. Grant us joy and peace. Restore our hope, redeem our hearts. Let our sorrows cease. Let all our bitterness and hate surrender to Your loving way, O *veni, veni*, come, Emmanuel. *Veni, veni, Emmanuel.* Come, Lord Jesus, come. *Veni, veni, Emmanuel.* Come, Lord Jesus, come. Our longing hearts are waiting Lord, waiting in the night. Let all the clouds of sin and shame give way to truth and light. Bid envy, strife and quarrels cease. Fill all the world with joy and peace. O *veni, veni*, come, Emmanuel. **Rejoice!** Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel. **Come**, O come, Emmanuel.

Text and Music Copyright © 2009 Malcolm Music (A Division of Shawnee Press, Inc., Nashville, TN 37212)
Reprinted with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-732613

CALL TO WORSHIP/LIGHTING OF THE ADVENT CANDLES

Frank & Laura Morrison, liturgists
*(All speak words in **boldface**.)*

The Holy One of peace is coming!
How will we prepare the way?
We will light this candle and remember:
God's peace shows mercy on each generation. ☩

**Come, Lord Jesus, be born in us, we pray.
Amen.**

ADVENT HYMN

Blest Be the God of Israel

CAROL

***Blest be the God— of Israel, who comes— to set— us free;
who visits and— redeems— us, who grants us li—berty.
The prophets spoke— of mer—cy, of free—dom and— release;
God shall fulfill— that prom—ise and bring the peo—ple peace.***

(verse two on next page)

*On those who sit— in dark—ness the sun— begins— to rise,
the dawning of— forgive—ness upon the sin—ner's eyes.
God guides the feet— of pil—grims along— the paths— of peace.
O bless our God— and Sav—ior with songs that nev—er cease!*

TEXT: Michael Perry, 1973, alt. TUNE: Richard Storrs Willis, 1850 Text © 1973 The Jubilate Group (admin. Hope Publishing Company).
Reprinted with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-732613

PRAYER OF PRAISE AND CONFESSION

God of the Christ child,

holy is your name.

You come in many forms.

In the good news

to the oppressed, the brokenhearted, the prisoners and captives.

You come in the times this world is turned around

and the humble **are lifted up,**

the starving **are satisfied,**

the weak **are made strong.**

You come in us—in all people—who know firsthand,

the saving power and restoring justice in your word.

From generation to generation:

you have looked on us with favor

even though we have failed you;

you have called us blessed

despite our harmful ways;

you have kept your word

though we have let you down.

Forgive us, Lord. Help us return our focus to you as we wait expectantly.

Guide our work for justice in our homes, neighborhoods, and world.

(Silent confession)

We pray in the name of Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

ASSURANCE OF GOD'S FORGIVENESS

Return to the Lord your God, for God is gracious and compassionate, slow to anger and abounding in love. Turn toward your God in the confidence that, through Jesus Christ, your sins are forgiven.

Alleluia! Holy is your name. Amen.

RESPONSE OF PRAISE *You've Given Us Yourself, Your Grace* GOD REST YOU MERRY

You've given us yourself, your grace, through Jesus Christ your Son; to help you heal this broken world, by faith, in hope, through love; to dream new patterns that are just and turn this world around.

Glory be, glory be to you we sing, God most high!

Glory be to you we sing, O God most high!

(TEXT: R.W. TUNE: English 18th C. P.D.)

SCRIPTURE READING Joel 2:12-13, 28-29

ANTHEM *Comfort, Comfort, O My People* Arr. Hal H. Hopson

Molly Frederick, Susan Pearce, Wayne Tillman, Ken Curry, vocal quartet

Comfort, comfort, O my people, tell of peace, now says our God; Comfort those who sit in darkness bowed beneath oppression's load. Speak unto Jerusalem; speak of peace that waits for them; tell that all their sins I cover; tell that warfare now is over. Hark, the heralds voice is calling in the desert far and near, bidding us to make repentance since the kingdom now is here. O that warning cry obey; Now prepare for God away; let the valleys rise to meet him; let the hills bow down to greet him. O make straight what long was crooked, make the rougher places plain; let your hearts be true and humble, as befits God's holy reign. See the glory of the Lord now o'er earth is shed abroad; all the world shall see this token, God's own word is never broken. TEXT: Johannes Olearius, 1671; trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt. TUNE: Genevan Psalter, 1551. P.D.

SERMON "Title" Rev. Laura Viau

SCRIPTURAL AFFIRMATION OF FAITH The Magnificat, Luke 1:46-54

(Please go to the last two pages of this worship bulletin. If you have a home copy of the, Glory to God: Presbyterian Hymnal, please turn to page 100.)

Gail Thomas, Laura Viau, Wayne Tillman, Ken Curry, vocal quartet
Lynn Auman, violin; Chad Hammer, cello

PRAYERS FOR THE COMMUNITY AND THE WORLD

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors' and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

HYMN

Wild and Lone the Prophet's Voice

MENDELSSOHN

***Wild and lone the prophet's voice echoes through the desert still,
calling us to make a choice, bidding us to do God's will:
"Turn from sin and be baptized; cleanse your heart and mind and soul.
Quitting all the sins you prized, yield your life to God's control.
Quitting all the sins you prized, yield your life to God's control.***

TEXT: Carl P. Daw (1989) Copyright © 1989 by Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All rights reserved.
Reprinted with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-732613

BENEDICTION AND CHARGE

CLOSING RESPONSE

"People, Look East"

BESANÇON

Jon-Jon Braxton, acolyte

Angels, announce with shouts of mirth Christ who brings new life to earth.
Set every peak and valley humming with the word, the Lord is coming.
People, look and sing today: Love, the Lord, is on the way.

TEXT: Eleanor Farjeon, 1928, alt. MUSIC: French folk melody. Text © 1960 David Higham Associates, Ltd. Music Harm. © 1928 Oxford University Press
Reprinted with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-732613

Rev. Laura Viau, Interim Pastor (laurabviau@gmail.com)

Randy Warner, Liturgy and Music Associate and Accompanist;
Kathy Sasso, Church Secretary; **Linda Rowell**, Church Treasurer;
Joyce Winkler, Qualified Ruling Elder; **Crystal Braxton**, Nursery;
Hery Ramambasoa, Regional Liaison for Southeast Asia and the Pacific



Shallotte Presbyterian Church

5070 M.H. Rourk Drive, P.O. Box 3526 Shallotte, NC 28459 | (910) 754-6929
church@atmc.net, www.shallottechurch.org

PLEASE REMEMBER THE CHURCH IN YOUR WILL. ☺

100 My Soul Cries Out with a Joyful Shout

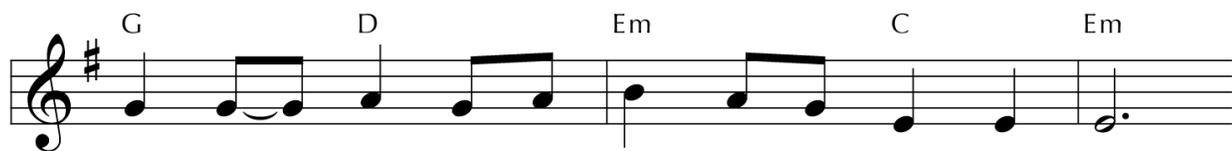
Canticle of the Turning



1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
 2 Though I am small, my God, my all, you
 3 From the halls of power to the for - tress tower, not a
 4 Though the na - tions rage from age to age, we re -



God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the
 work great things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the
 stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
 mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
 jus - tice tears ev - ery ty - rant from his throne.
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
 Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
 The hun - gry poor shall weep no more, for the
 This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
 those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
 food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread; ev - ery
 prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be

name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
 strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.

Refrain

My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the

fires of your jus - tice burn. Wipe a - way all tears, for the

dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn.

TEXT: Rory Cooney, 1990

MUSIC: Irish melody; arr. Rory Cooney, 1990

TEXT and Music Arr. © 1990 GIA Publications, Inc Reprinted with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-732613