

*First Presbyterian Church of Sandpoint, Idaho*

*December 10, 2023, 10:30 a.m. Second Sunday of Advent*

*Andy Kennaly, Pastor; Annie Welle, Piano; Dana Stockman, Choir Director  
Worship Leader, Jane Fritz; Ushers, Judy McComish, Bill Love*

*Livestream, Don Helander*

PRELUDE MUSIC & LIVESTREAM BEGINS, LIGHT THE CHRIST CANDLE  
RING THE BELL, MOMENT OF SILENCE

CHORAL INTROIT                      We Light the Advent Candles

WELCOME, ANNOUNCEMENTS, LIGHT ADVENT CANDLE

\*OPENING HYMN                      Hymnal # 13              Prepare the Way

\*OPENING PRAYER AND RESPONSIVE PEACE OF CHRIST

The Peace of Christ be with you. **And also with you.** Thanks be to God!

\*GLORIA PATRI                      Hymnal # 577              Glory Be to the Father

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Amen...*

SCRIPTURE READINGS              Isaiah 40:1-11, Psalm 85:1-2, 8-13, Mark 1:1-8

WORDS OF WITNESS                  "All Flesh Shall See"              Andy Kennaly, Pastor

SONG OF RESPONSE              Hymnal # 2                  Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

PRAYERS OF THE COMMUNITY              Lord in your mercy...**hear our prayer.**

**Our heavenly Creator, hallowed is your name. Your Kingdom is come. Your will is done, as in heaven so also on earth. Give us the bread for our daily need. And leave us serene, just as we also allow others serenity. And do not pass us through trial, except separate us from the evil one. For yours is the kingdom, the power and the glory to the end of the universe, of all the universes. Amen.**

OFFERING, OFFERTORY, DOXOLOGY, PRAYER OF DEDICATION

\*The Doxology # 593                      Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise God, all creatures here below; Praise God above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen....*

\*CLOSING HYMN                      Hymnal # 38              It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

CHARGE AND BLESSING, FOLLOW THE LIGHT OF CHRIST

We follow Christ's light, for we are a congregation of people,

**Loving, living, learning the joy of faith.**

POSTLUDE, LIVESTREAM CONCLUDES

## WORDS TO SONGS

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### **Prepare the Way**

Prepare the way, O Zion,  
your Christ is drawing near!  
Let every hill and valley  
a level way appear.

Greet One who comes in glory,  
foretold in sacred story.

O blest is Christ that came  
in God's most holy name.

Christ brings God's rule, O Zion;  
he comes from heaven above.

His rule is peace and freedom,  
and justice, truth, and love.

Lift high your praise resounding,  
for grace and joy abounding.

O blest is Christ that came  
in God's most holy name.

Fling wide your gates, O Zion;  
your Savior's rule embrace.

And tidings of salvation  
proclaim in every place.

All lands will bow rejoicing,  
their adoration voicing,

O blest is Christ that came  
in God's most holy name.

### **Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus**

Come, thou long expected Jesus,  
born to set thy people free;  
from our fears and sins release us,  
let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,  
hope of all the earth thou art;  
dear desire of every nation,  
joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,  
born a child and yet a King,

born to reign in us forever,  
now thy gracious kingdom bring.  
By thine own eternal spirit  
rule in all our hearts alone;  
by thine all sufficient merit,  
raise us to thy glorious throne.

### **It Came Upon a Midnight Clear**

It came upon the midnight clear,  
that glorious song of old,  
from angels bending near the earth  
to touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, good will to all,  
from heaven's all-gracious King."  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come  
with peaceful wings unfurled,  
and still their heavenly music floats  
o'er all the weary world;  
above its sad and lowly plains,  
they bend on hovering wing,  
and ever o'er its Babel sounds  
the blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
whose forms are bending low,  
who toil along the climbing way  
with painful steps and slow,  
look now! for glad and golden hours  
come swiftly on the wing.  
O rest beside the weary road,  
and hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,  
by prophet bards foretold,  
when with the ever-circling years  
come round the age of gold  
when peace shall over all the earth  
its ancient splendors fling,  
and the whole world give back the song  
which now the angels sing.