I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Of peace on earth, good will to men

Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy

LONGFELLOW/MARKS

With peace on earth, good will to men

And wonders, wonders, of his love

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men

I thought how, as the day had come
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song

And in despair I bowed my head
There is no peace on earth, I said
For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep
God is not dead, nor doth he sleep
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail

Music by Johnny Marks (1956) Lyrics "Christmas Bells" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1863)

JOY TO THE WORLD WATTS/MASON

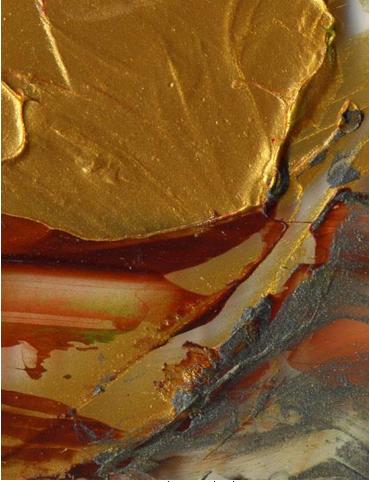
No more let sins and sorrows grow Joy to the world, the Lord is come Let earth receive her King Nor thorns infest the ground Let every heart prepare him room He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found And heaven and nature sing Far as the curse is found And heaven and nature sing And heaven, and heaven, and nature sing Far as, far as, the curse is found Joy to the world, the Savior reigns He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the nations prove Let men their songs employ While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains The glories of his righteousness Repeat the sounding joy And wonders of his love Repeat the sounding joy And wonders of his love

Lyrics by Isaac Watts (1719) Music by Lowell Mason (1839) (Public Domain)

UPCOMING www.allgather.org/calendar	CONTACT	GIVING REPORT www.allgather.org/giving
December 24: Joint Christmas Eve Service with Oak Church. For details please visit: http://www.allgather.org/christmas-at-gathering-church/ During the month of December we are accepting nominations for Leadership Team members. You may nominate more than one person. To nominate someone, please fill out a ballot at the back table or visit: http://www.allgather.org/nominate/	Office at Hamilton Centre 1415 W NC54 Ste 114 Durham, NC 27707 p919.797.2884 f919.908.1171	2014 Budget Goal: \$360,000
IFC Kitchen: this coming Friday, 12/26. Hours are 9:30 am to 12:30 pm. Come for all or part of that time. Contact Sheana Funkhouser: sheana@nc.rr.com , 919.593.0695.	www.allgather.org @allgather facebook.com/allgather	2014 YTD through Dec. 14: \$308,297
Men's Breakfast: Pancakes, sausage, bacon, OJ, coffeecome STUFF yourselves! Men Only. Where: Craig Silvanic's home (5201 Bakers Mill Rd. Durham, 27707). When: Jan. 10, 8-10 am. RSVP to Steve Kurtz: skurtz007@gmail.com .	@markacuff #seriousjoygc Access a password-protected Church Directory at: www.allgather.org/info/directory/	
Fill out a blue card to receive our church-wide midweek email keeping you abreast of news and opportunities.		

December 21, 2014

Luke 1:39-56



Prepare, by Jan Richardson

Fourth Sunday of Advent

He comes with succor speedy to those who suffer wrong; To help the poor and needy, and bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sighing; their darkness turn to light, Whose souls, condemned and dying, were precious in his sight.

-James Montgomery

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL KING JOHN/WADE

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem
Come and behold him
Born the king of angels

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation
O sing, all ye citizens of heaven above
Glory to God, all glory in the highest

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning O come, let us adore him

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning

Jesus, to thee be glory given

O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing

Lyrics by John Francis Wade (1751) and by King John IV of Portugal (Public Domain)

WELCOME

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING Hark, the herald angels sing Glory to the newborn King WESLEY/MENDELSSOHN Hail the incarnate deity Pleased as man with man to dwell

Glory to the newborn King

Peace on earth and mercy mild

God and sinners reconciled

Jesus, our Emmanuel

Hark, the herald angels sing

Joyful, all ye nations rise

Glory to the newborn King

With the angelic host proclaim

Christ is born in Bethlehem

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace

Christ is born in Bethlehem

Hail the Son of Righteousness

Light and life to all he brings

Glory to the newborn King

Ris'n with healing in his wings

Glory to the newborn King

Ris'n with healing in his wings

Mild he lays his glory by

Christ by highest heav'n adored

Christ the everlasting Lord

Late in time behold him come

Offspring of a Virgin's womb

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see

Ris'n with healing in his wings

Mild he lays his glory by

Born that man no more may die

Born to raise the sons of earth

Born to give them second birth

Hark, the herald angels sing

Glory to the newborn King

Written by Charles Wesley (Lyrics) 1739 and Felix Mendelssohn (Music) 1840 (Public Domain)

CANTICLE OF THE TURNING HOPSON/COONEY

My soul cries out with a joyful shout
That the God of my heart is great
And my spirit sings of the wondrous things
That you bring to the ones who wait
You fixed your sight on the servant's plight
And my weakness you did not spurn
So from east to west shall my name be blest
Could the world be about to turn?

My heart shall sing of the day you bring Let the fires of you justice burn Wipe away all the tears For the dawn draws near And the world is about to turn Though I am small, my God, my all
You work great things in me
And your mercy will last from the depths of the past
To the end of the age to be
Your very name puts the proud to shame
And to those who would for you yearn
You will show your might, put the strong to flight
For the world is about to turn

From the halls of power to the fortress tower Though the nations rage from age to age Not a stone will be left on stone We remember who holds us fast Let the king beware for your justice tears God's mercy must deliver us Ev'ry tyrant from his throne From the conqueror's crushing grasp The hungry, poor shall weep no more This saving word that our forebears heard Is the promise which holds us bound For the food they can never earn These are tables spread, ev'ry mouth be fed 'Til the spear and rod can be crushed by God For the world is about to turn Who is turning the world around

Written by Hal Hopson and Rory Cooney (based on Irish Traditional)
©2005 Birnamwood Publications/GIA Publications CCLI# 380042

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

WILLIS/SEARS

It came upon a midnight clear

That glorious song of old

From angels bending near the earth

To touch their harps of gold

Peace on the earth, goodwill to men

From heavens all gracious King!

The world in solemn stillness lay

Above its sad and lowly plains

They bend on hovering wing

And ever o'er its Babel sounds

The blessed angels sing

O ye beneath life's crushing load

Whose forms are bending low

Still through the cloven skies they come With peaceful wings unfurled And still their heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world

To hear the angels sing

O ye beneath lite'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
Oh rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing

Music – "Carol" Richard Willis (1850) Lyrics – "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" Edmund Sears (1849)

DISMISSAL OF THE CHILDREN & THE PASSING OF THE PEACE

SERMON NOTES [Something I have learned.] [Something I will share.]