

Order of Service
February 7, 2021

Warm-up song: Song for a winter's night
By Gordon Lightfoot (Key of A)

1

The lamp is burnin' low upon my table top
The snow is softly falling
The air is still in the silence of my room
I hear your voice softly calling

2

If I could only have you near
To breathe a sigh or two
I would be happy just to hold the hands I love
On this winter night with you

3

The smoke is rising in the shadows overhead
My glass is almost empty
I read again between the lines upon each page
The words of love you sent me

4

If I could know within my heart
That you were lonely too
I would be happy just to hold the hands I love
On this winter night with you

5

The fire is dying
Now my lamp is growing dim
The shades of night are lifting
The morning light steals across my window pane
Where webs of snow are drifting

6

If I could only have you near
To breathe a sigh or two
I would be happy just to hold the hands I love
On this winter night with you
And to be once again with you

Call to Worship: Psalm 91

(VU 807; Key of D)

And I will raise you up on eagle's wings,
bear you on the breath of dawn,
make you to shine like the sun,
and hold you in the palm of my hand.

Welcome

Announcements, concerns & celebrations

Prayer and confession

Assurance of pardon

The Lord's Prayer Song

Invitation to the offering

Dedication of the offering

Hymn: Isaiah 35 (In the desert)

(VU 881; Tune: Good King Wenceslas; Key of G)

1

When the king shall come again,
all his power revealing,
splendour shall announce his reign,
life and joy and healing;

earth no longer in decay,
hope no more frustrated;
this is God's redemption day
longingly awaited.

2

In the desert trees take root,
fresh from God's creation;
plants and flowers and sweetest fruit
join the celebration;

rivers spring up from the earth,
barren lands adorning;
valleys, this is your new birth;
mountains, greet the morning.

3

Strengthen feeble hands and knees;
fainting hearts be cheerful!
God, who comes for such as these,
seeks and saves the fearful;

deaf ears, hear the silent tongues
sing away their weeping;
blind eyes, see the lifeless ones
walking, running, leaping.

4

There God's highway shall be seen
where no roaring lion,
nothing evil or unclean,
walks the road to Zion;

ransomed people homeward bound,
all your praises voicing,
see your Lord with glory crowned,
share in his rejoicing!

A time for all God's children

Children's Hymn: Psalm 42 (As the deer)

(VU 766; Key of D)

1

As the deer pants for the water,
so my soul longs after you;
you alone are my heart's desire
and I long to worship you.

Refrain

You alone are my strength, my shield
to you alone may my spirit yield;
you alone are my heart's desire,
and I long to worship you.

2

I want you more than gold or silver,
only you can satisfy;
you alone are the real joy-giver
and the apple of my eye. R

3

You're my friend and you are my brother,
even though you are a king;
I love you more than any other,
so much more than anything! R

Scripture: Isaiah 40: 21-31 (The Message)

Have you not been paying attention?
Have you not been listening?
Haven't you heard these stories all your life?
Don't you understand the foundation of all things?
God sits high above the round ball of earth.
The people look like mere ants.
He stretches out the skies like a canvas—
yes, like a tent canvas to live under.
He ignores what all the princes say and do.
The rulers of the earth count for nothing.
Princes and rulers don't amount to much.
Like seeds barely rooted, just sprouted,
They shrivel when God blows on them.
Like flecks of chaff, they're gone with the wind.
"So—who is like me?
Who holds a candle to me?" says The Holy One.
Look at the night skies:
Who do you think made all this?
Who marches this army of stars out each night,
counts them off, calls each by name
—so magnificent! so powerful!—
and never overlooks a single one?
Why would you ever complain, O Jacob,
or, whine, Israel, saying,
"God has lost track of me.
He doesn't care what happens to me"?
Don't you know anything? Haven't you been listening?
God doesn't come and go. God lasts.
He's Creator of all you can see or imagine.
He doesn't get tired out, doesn't pause to catch his breath.
And he knows everything, inside and out.
He energizes those who get tired,
gives fresh strength to dropouts.
For even young people tire and drop out,
young folk in their prime stumble and fall.
But those who wait upon God get fresh strength.
They spread their wings and soar like eagles,
They run and don't get tired,
they walk and don't lag behind. .

Gospel Hymn: Isaiah 40 (Comfort, comfort)
(VU 883; Tune: Ode to Joy (VU 232); Key of G)

1

Comfort, comfort now my people;
speak of peace; so says our God.
Comfort those who sit in darkness,
mourning under sorrow's load.

Cry out to Jerusalem
of the peace that waits for them;

tell them that their sins I cover
and their warfare now is over.

2

For the herald's voice is crying
in the desert far and near,
calling all to true repentance,
since God's judgement now is here.

Oh, that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way!

Let the valleys rise in meeting
and the hills bow down in greeting.

3

Then make straight what long was crooked;
make the rougher places plain.
Let your hearts be true and humble,
as befits a holy reign.

For the glory of our God
now on earth is shed abroad,

and all flesh shall see the token
that God's word is never broken.

Sermon

Pastoral Prayer

Benediction

Closing Hymn: Isaiah 55 (You shall go out)

(VU 884; Key of G)

You shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace;
the mountains and the hills will break forth before you;
there'll be shouts of joy, and all the trees of the field
will clap, will clap their hands!

And all the trees of the field will clap their hands (X X)

The trees of the field will clap their hands (X X)

The tress of the field will clap their hands (X X)

While you go out with joy!