

First Sunday of Advent ***Christ Is King!***

November 29, 2020 10:30 a.m.



Watch our Chapel Service on CHANNEL 102

Order of Worship

The Bells of Taizé

Taizé
Music of Unity & Peace

Oh, Come, Oh, Come, Emmanuel

LBW 34

Oh, come, Oh, come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.

Refrain:

*Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to you, O Israel.*

Text: *Psalterium Cantionum Catholicarum*, Köln; tr. John M. Neule, alt. **Music:** French processional

Lighting the Advent Wreath

Advent I

We praise you, O God,
for this evergreen crown
that marks our days of preparation
for Christ's advent.
As we light the first candle on this wreath,
rouse us from sleep,
that we may be ready to greet our Lord
when he comes with all the saints and angels.
Enlighten us with your grace,
and prepare our hearts to welcome him with joy.
Grant this through Christ our Lord,
whose coming is certain
and whose day draws near. **Amen.**

Greeting & Response

It is now time for you to wake from sleep;

The night is far spent; the light draws near.

Prayer of the Day

Stir up your power, Lord Christ, and come.
 As darkness falls, may we watch for your light.
 Keep us awake and alert to your coming
 and strengthen us to the end,
 That we may be blameless on the day of our
 Lord Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

Oh, Worship the King

LBW 548

Oh, worship the King, all glorious above.
 Oh, gratefully sing his pow'r and his love;
 Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

Oh, tell of his might; oh, sing of his grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty, your pow'r has founded of old;
 Established it fast by a changeless decree,
 And round it has cast, like a mantle, the sea.

(Turn page)

3

Your bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In you do we trust, nor find you to fail;
Your mercies, how tender, how firm to the end,
Our maker, defender, redeemer, and friend.

O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn you above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to your praise.

Text: Robert Grant; **Music:** William Croft

Prayer of Confession

O God, we confess that we have let cares and pleasures of this world distract us from watching for you, the Belovèd of our soul. Wherefore we flee for refuge to your infinite mercy, seeking your forgiveness, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Absolution

Comfort, O comfort my people, says your God. Speak tenderly to Jerusalem, and cry to her, that her warfare is ended, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she has received from the Lord's hand double for all her sins. Therefore, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, I declare unto you the forgiveness of your sins, a pure heart, and a joyful spirit. **Amen.**

Isaiah 64:1-9

O that you would tear open the heavens and come down, so that the mountains would quake at your presence—as when fire kindles brushwood and the fire causes water to boil—to make your name known to your adversaries, so that the nations might tremble at your presence! When you did awesome deeds that we did not expect, you came down, the mountains quaked at your presence. From ages past no one has heard, no ear has perceived, no eye has seen any God besides you, who works for those who wait for him. You meet those who gladly do right, those who remember you in your ways. But you were angry, and we sinned; because you hid yourself we transgressed.

We have all become like one who is unclean, and all our righteous deeds are like a filthy cloth. We all fade like a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, take us away. There is no one who calls on your name, or attempts to take hold of you; for you have hidden your face from us, and have delivered us into the hand of our iniquity. Yet, O Lord, you are our Father; we are the clay, and you are our potter; we are all the work of your hand. Do not be exceedingly angry, O Lord, and do not remember iniquity forever. Now consider, we are all your people.



Mark 13:24-37

But in those days, after that suffering, the sun will be darkened, and the moon will not give its light, and the stars will be falling from heaven, and the powers in the heavens will be shaken.

Then they will see “the Son of Man coming in clouds” with great power and glory. Then he will send out the angels, and gather his elect from the four winds, from the ends of the earth to the ends of heaven.

From the fig tree learn its lesson: as soon as its branch becomes tender and puts forth its leaves, you know that summer is near. So also, when you see these things taking place, you know that he is near, at the very gates. Truly I tell you, this generation will not pass away until all these things have taken place. Heaven and earth will pass away, but my words will not pass away.

But about that day or hour no one knows, neither the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but only the Father. Beware, keep alert; for you do not know when the time will come. It is like a man going on a journey, when he leaves home and puts his slaves in charge, each with his work, and commands the doorkeeper to be on the watch. Therefore, keep awake—for you do not know when the master of the house will come, in the evening, or at midnight, or at cockcrow, or at dawn, or else he may find you asleep when he comes suddenly. And what I say to you I say to all: Keep awake.

Prayer*Richard John Neuhaus*

Father in heaven, you came to earth in the person of your Son, Jesus Christ. As the coming of your Spirit upon Mary inspired her to welcome the One who is her child and her Lord, so also open our eyes to the gift already given. Forgive us our restless searching for your presence according to our expectations. Direct our searching according to your gift. May we, like the star-led sages of old, be ever guided to the appointed meeting place in the Child of Bethlehem. **Amen.**

Sermon

Pr. Kristine

Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

LBW 25

Rejoice, rejoice believers,
 And let your lights appear;
 The evening is advancing,
 And darker night is near.
 The bridegroom is arising
 And soon is drawing nigh.
 Up, pray and watch and wrestle;
 At midnight comes the cry.

The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the bridegroom near;
 Go forth as he approaches
 With alleluias clear.
 The marriage feast is waiting;
 The gates wide open stand.
 Arise, O heirs of glory;
 The bridegroom is at hand.

(Turn page)

The saints, who here in patience
 Their cross and suff'rings bore,
 Shall live and reign forever
 When sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory
 The Lamb they shall behold;
 In triumph cast before them
 Their diadems of gold.

Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear;
 Arise, O Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere.
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption
 That sets your people free!

Text: Laurentius Laurentii; **tr.** Sarah B. Findlater; **Music:** Swedish folk tune

Prayers of the Church

O. Eugene Pickett

Offering/Offertory *What Feast of Love*

ELW 487

What feast of love is offered here,
 What banquet come from heaven?
 What food of everlasting life,
 What gracious gift is given?
 This, this is Christ the King,
 The bread come down from heaven.
 O taste and see and sing!
 How sweet the manna given!

What light of truth is offered here,
 What covenant from heaven:
 What hope of everlasting life,
 What wondrous word is given?
 This, this is Christ the king,
 The sun come down from heaven.
 Oh, see and hear and sing!
 The Word of God is given!

What wine of love is offered here,
 What crimson drink from heaven?
 What stream of everlasting life,
 What precious blood is given?
 This, this is Christ the king,
 The sweetest wine of heaven.
 Oh, taste and see and sing!
 The Son of God is given!

Text: Delores Dufner, OSB; **Music:** English ballad. Text © 1993 Delores Dufner, admin. OCP Publications

Offering Prayer

The Hymnal 1940
J. G. Whittier

All things are yours.
 No gift have we, Lord of all gifts, to offer you.
 And so, with grateful hearts today,
 Your own before your feet we lay. **Amen.**

Instruction Concerning the Lord's Supper



HOLY COMMUNION

Invitation

Even as we watch and wait,
Christ is here.
Come, eat and drink.

Words of Institution

Lord's Prayer

The Meal

Beautiful Savior

LBW 518

Beautiful Savior,
King of creation,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Truly I'd love thee, truly I'd serve thee,
Light of my soul, my joy, my crown.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fair is the moonlight,
Bright the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

Beautiful Savior,
Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
Now and forevermore be thine!

Text: Gesangbuch, Münster; tr. Joseph A. Seiss; **Music:** Silesian folk tune



Prayer after Communion

Gracious and abundant God,
 you have done great things for us, and we rejoice.
 In this bread and cup you give us life forever.
 In your boundless mercy, strengthen us
 and open our hearts to the world's needs,
 for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord. **Amen.**

Crown Him with Many Crowns

LBW 170

Crown him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon his throne;
 Hark, how the heav'nly anthem drowns
 All music but its own.
 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of him who died for thee,
 And hail him as thy matchless king
 Through all eternity.

Crown him the virgin's Son,
 The God incarnate born,
 Whose arm those crimson trophies won
 Which now his brow adorn,
 Fruit of the mystic rose,
 Yet of that rose the stem,
 The root whence mercy ever flows,
 The babe of Bethlehem.

Crown him the Lord of love
 Behold his hands and side
 Rich wounds, yet visible above,
 In beauty glorified.

No angels in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
 But downward bend their burning eyes
 At mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of years,
 The potentate of time,
 Creator of the rolling spheres,
 Ineffably sublime.
 All hail, Redeemer, hail!
 For thou hast died for me;
 Thy praise and glory shall not fail
 Throughout eternity,

Text: Matthew Bridges; Godfrey Thring; **Music:** George J. Elvey

Announcements & Thanksgiving

A Blessed Leave-Taking

ELW 242

Awake! Awake, and greet the new morn,
 For angels herald its dawning.
 Sing out your joy, for soon he is born,
 Behold! the Child of our longing.
 Come as a baby weak and poor,
 To bring all hearts together,
 He opens wide the heav'nly door,
 And lives now inside us forever.

Go in peace. Prepare the way of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

Postlude

*Awake! Awake, and Greet
 the New Morn*

Rhonda Reece

A Christmas Story Told in Paint

**Wednesdays—December 2, 9, 16 & 23—
3:30 PM on Channel 104**



Northfield artist, Mark Daehlin, created this painting for the NRC Chapel last year. He will add two side panels in December. Watch Mark on Wednesdays in December. The completed work will be in the Chapel on Christmas Eve.



CELEBRATING *50 years*

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