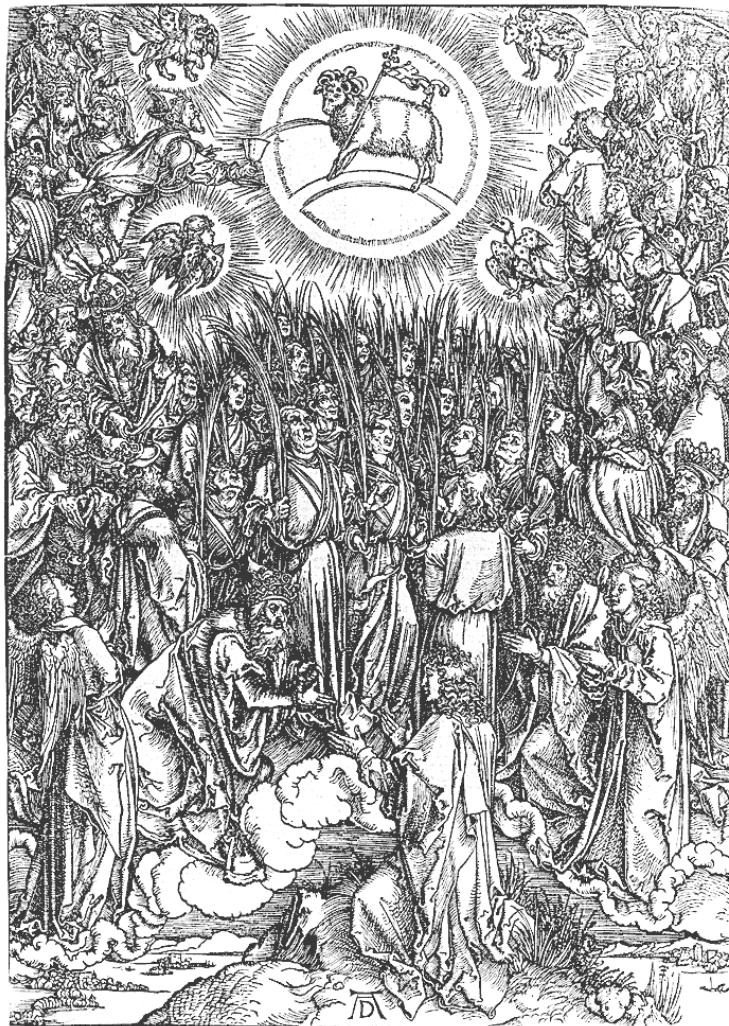


REFORMED UNIVERSITY FELLOWSHIP
PRESENTS

COME YE SINNERS -
POOR AND WRETCHED, WEAK AND WOUNDED, SICK AND SORE



JESUS READY STANDS TO SAVE YOU;
FILLED WITH PITY, JOINED WITH POWER.

FRIDAY, 7PM, APRIL 2ND, 2010
THE WESLEY FOUNDATION, NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

NOTES REGARDING THE SERVICE

What is the Easter season for? For many of us, Easter means egg hunts, new pastel clothes, pancake breakfasts and perhaps a Sunrise Service that combines all of those. But what of our intentional, thoughtful and congregational worship of the Only Redeemer of God's Elect, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ?

We celebrate our risen Christ each and every Lord's Day during our worship – by word and sacrament. We gather with the church and celebrate Jesus' humiliation and exaltation; his perfect life; his ministry as prophet, priest and king; his word and deed; his exact representation and image of God; his substitutionary death on the cross; his bearing the sins of his people; his resurrection on the third day; his ascension to reign and rule in glory; his impending return.

We celebrate this and affirm this as we gather together to confess our transgressions, hear and receive forgiveness, pray for one another, sing the songs of the faith, give our lives and offerings, hear the word rightly preached, partake of the sacraments, and depart with God's blessing.

So in a real sense, this day and season is no different than any other. This service is meant to highlight Jesus' work, especially on the cross as we prepare to again consider his resurrection and the world-altering impact this makes.

We have sought the help of others to construct this service that we might teach each other through the readings and singing of these texts and in singing this theology of the cross.

Some of these hymns may be unfamiliar to you. If so, please do not feel compelled to sing. Listen. If you are able to learn and join in, do so. There will be no explanation during the liturgy, though there will be leaders to help assist us. These will be marked accordingly. Our service is meant to be thoughtful and somber. Please consider this, and refrain from talking and making comments if at all possible. Consider this also for your heart. The Psalmist writes, *Be still and know that I am God.* Tonight we ask you to be still and reflect on what it means that the Son of God came to die. Please take a moment to familiarize yourself with the service, including the parts when we will not sing together, but hymns will be sung to us.

Rev. Doug Serven
RUF Campus Minister University of Oklahoma

[RUF is the campus ministry of the Presbyterian Church in America (pcanet.org) and connected to Christ the King Presbyterian Church (ctknorman.org). Our mission is to, by God's grace, reach the campus for Christ and equip students to serve the church and the world. We have a weekly large group Bible study, various small group Bible studies, and an assortment of activities, retreats, conferences and social events to facilitate real, authentic community and outreach. More information can be found at ruf.org and ouruf.org]

*[picture on the front from Albrecht Durer, 1471-1528]
[all scriptures from the New Living Translation]*

HYMNS FOR REFLECTION BEFORE WE BEGIN

STRICKEN, SMITTEN, AND AFFLICTED

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1804

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted, See Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected; Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
'Tis the long expected prophet, David's Son, yet David's Lord;
By His Son, God now has spoken: 'Tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning, Was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear His cause disowning, Foes insulting His distress:
Many hands were raised to wound Him, None would interpose to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him, Was the stroke that Justice gave.

Ye who think of sin but lightly, Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly, Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed! See Who bears the awful load!
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed, Son of Man, and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation, Here the refuge of the lost.
Christ's the Rock of our salvation, His the Name of which we boast.
Lamb of God for sinners wounded! Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded Who on Him their hope have built.

BEAUTIFUL, SCANDALOUS NIGHT

Words and Music: Hindalong, Daugherty, 1995

Go on up to the mountain of mercy
To the crimson perpetual tide
Kneel down on the shore Be thirsty no more
Go under and be purified

Follow Christ to the holy mountain
Sinner sorry and wrecked by the fall
Cleanse your heart and your soul In the fountain that flowed
For you and for me and for all

At the wonderful, tragic, mysterious tree
On that beautiful scandalous night you and me
Were atoned by His blood and forever washed white
On that beautiful, scandalous night

On the hillside, you were delivered
At the foot of the cross justified
And your spirit restored By the river that poured
From our blessed Savior's side

PRAYER OF REFLECTION (SILENTLY BEFORE WE BEGIN)

My Father,

Enlarge my heart, warm my affections, open my lips, supply words that proclaim, 'Love lusters at Calvary.'

There grace removes my burdens and heaps them on thy Son, made a transgressor, a curse, and sin for me; There the sword of thy justice smote the man, thy fellow; There thy infinite attributes were magnified, and infinite atonement was made; There infinite punishment are due; and infinite punishment was endured.

Christ was all anguish that I might be all joy, cast off that I might be brought in, trodden down as an enemy that I might be welcomed as a friend, surrendered to hell's worst that I might attain heaven's best, stripped that I might be clothed, wounded that I might be healed, athirst that I might drink, tormented that I might be comforted, made a shame that I might inherit glory.

My Savior wept that all tears might be wiped away from my eyes, groaned that I might have endless song, endured all pain that I might have unfading health, bore a thorned crown that I might have a glory-diadem, bowed his head that I might uplift mine, experienced reproach that I might receive welcome, closed his eyes in death that I might gaze on unclouded brightness, expired that I might for ever live.

O Father, who spared not thine only Son that thou mightest spare me, all this transfer of love designed and accomplished; Help me to adore thee by lips and life.

O that my every breath might be ecstatic praise, my every step with delight, as I see my enemies crushed, Satan baffled, defeated, destroyed, sin buried in the ocean of reconciling blood, hell's gates closed, heaven's portal open.

Go forth, O conquering God, and show me the cross, mighty to subdue, comfort and save.

Amen.

[from *The Valley of Visions*, a book of puritan prayers]

FRIDAY, APRIL 2ND, 2010

MUSIC AND READINGS FOR OUR SAVIOR

At the Cross of Our Lord

BIDDING PRAYER

Minister:

Rev. Daniel Dennison, director of OU's Wesley Foundation

Beloved in Christ, Let it be our care and delight to prepare ourselves to hear again the gospel message that God saves sinners such as ourselves: in our hearts and minds to go to the place of the cross and see this thing which is come to pass, this scandalous event where the Son of God was raised high upon the tree.

Let us read and mark in Holy Scripture the tale of the loving purposes of God from the first days of our disobedience unto the glorious redemption brought us by this Jesus of Nazareth; and in company with the whole Church, let us made this place glad with our hymns of profound praise.

But as we consider the work of Christ on our behalf, let us also pray for the needs of this whole world; for peace and goodwill over all the earth; the poor and the helpless; the cold, the hungry and the oppressed; the sick in body and in mind and those that mourn; the lonely and the unloved; the aged and the little children; the social, financial, racial, intellectual and physical outcast and those who consider themselves insiders; and all those who know not the loving kindness of the Lord. Dear God, please be with these people in our world. Draw them to yourself. Be near to them.

Let us also remember before God all those who come to rejoice with us. Let us also remember that multitude which none can number, whose hope was in the Word made flesh and give thanks for your work throughout the ages in your church; and let us pray that we may be counted among the communion of saints, receiving grace to offer unto God a reasonable service, living in unity and fellowship with all his people and giving reverence to all that he has made.

These prayers and praises let us humbly offer up to the throne of heaven, in the words which Christ himself has taught us:

People: 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 unto temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

Minister: Almighty God, bless us with your grace. Bring us life through your death. Amen.

FIRST LESSON – THE HOLINESS OF OUR CREATOR GOD

Natalie Haynes, OURUF intern

Genesis 2, Isaiah 6

Our Creator God reveals himself to be without blemish, perfectly good and just in all his ways.

Leader: This is the Word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

FIRST HYMN

[Please stand]

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

*Words: Reginald Heber
Music: John Dykes, arranged by Sufjan Stevens*

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert and art and ever more shall be.

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see ;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy; merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons blessed Trinity!

[Please be seated]

SECOND LESSON – THE PROPHECY OF A COMING SAVIOR

Matt Oliver, ruling elder at Christ the King Presbyterian Church

Isaiah 7, 9, and 11

God reveals to his people that a virgin will bear a conquering savior from the lineage of David.

Leader: This is the Word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

SECOND HYMN

[Please stand]

LO, HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING

*Words: 15th century German carol
Music: Köln, Germany: 1599*

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming, as men of old have sung.
It came, a floweret bright, amid the cold of winter, When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright, she bore to men a Savior, When half spent was the night.

The shepherds heard the story proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of glory was born on earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped and in the manger found Him, As angel heralds said.

This Flower, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor the darkness everywhere;
True Man, yet very God, from sin and death He saves us, And lightens every load.

O Savior, Child of Mary, Who felt our human woe,
O Savior, King of glory, Who dost our weakness know;
Bring us at length we pray, to the bright courts of Heaven, And to the endless day!

[Please be seated]

THIRD LESSON – THE PROPHECY OF A SUFFERING SAVIOR

Katherine Greer, senior

Isaiah 53

God reveals that this coming Savior will suffer a humiliating life and death for his people.

Leader: This is the Word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

THIRD HYMN

[Please stand]

ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED

*Words: Isaac Watts, 1707
Music: Greg Thompson, 2002*

Alas and did my savior bleed? Did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head for such a fool as I?

Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

*Chorus: The strangeness of love, my life in Your death
In Your brokenness my wholeness revealed
Your bonds are my freedom, Your sorrow my song
And by Your wounds I am healed*

Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died, for man, the creatures' sin

Chorus

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give my self away 'tis all that I can do.

Chorus

[Please be seated]

FOURTH LESSON – UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN

Ben Nichols, OURUF intern

Luke 1

Our Savior was miraculously born of a virgin.

Leader: This is the Word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

FOURTH HYMN SUNG FOR US

[Please remain seated]

LABOR OF LOVE

*Words and Music: Andrew Peterson
Katie Tracy, vocal*

It was not a silent night There was blood on the ground
You could hear a woman cry In the alleyways that night
On the streets of David's town

And the stable was not clean And the cobblestones were cold
And little Mary full of grace With the tears upon her face
Had no mother's hand to hold

It was a labor of pain It was a cold sky above
But for the girl on the ground in the dark With every beat of her beautiful heart
It was a labor of love

Noble Joseph at her side Callused hands and weary eyes
There were no midwives to be found In the streets of David's town
In the middle of the night

So he held her and he prayed Shafts of moonlight on his face
But the baby in her womb He was the maker of the moon
He was the Author of the faith That could make the mountains move

It was a labor of pain It was a cold sky above
But for the girl on the ground in the dark With every beat of her beautiful heart
It was a labor of love For little Mary full of grace

FIFTH READING – THE SAVIOR HAS FINALLY COME

Mary Rachel Fenrick, graduated from OU

Galatians 4

The day finally arrives when the Son of God is made flesh and dwells among us.

Leader: This is the Word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

FIFTH HYMN

[Please stand]

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Words: Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

Music: Irby, Gauntlett, 1849

Once in royal David's city Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from Heaven, Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable, And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Savior holy.

And, through all His wondrous childhood, He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden, In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern; Day by day, like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless, Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness, And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle Is our Lord in Heav'n above,
And He leads His children on To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable, With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven, Set at God's right hand on high;
Where like stars His children crowned All in white shall wait around.

[Please be seated]

SIXTH LESSON – OUR NEED OF SUCH A SAVIOR AS THIS

Michael Whitham, senior

Romans 3

Our human condition after the fall is worse than we thought. We are deserving of wrath, corrupt in every part of our nature, bound for hell and destruction, blind to our own deceit and vileness.

Leader: This is the Word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

Minister: Let us pray together:

Rev. John Kelsey, director of the Baptist Student Union

People:

Merciful Lord,

Pardon all my sins of this day, week, and year,

All the sins of my life,

Of omission and commission,

Of morose, irritable and angry tempers,

Of lip, life and walk,

Of hard-heartedness, unbelief, presumption, and pride

Of unfaithfulness to the souls of men,

Of lack of bold decisions in the cause of Christ,

Of deficiency in outspoken zeal for his glory,

Of bringing dishonor upon thy great name,

Of deception, injustice, and untruthfulness in my dealings with others,

Of impurity in thought, word and deed,

Of covetousness, which is idolatry,

Of substance unduly hoarded, improvidently squandered, not consecrated to the glory of thee, the great giver;

Sins in private and in the family,

In study and recreation,

In the busy haunts of men,

In the study of thy Word and in the neglect of it,

In prayer irreverently offered and coldly withheld,

In time misspent,

In yielding to Satan's wiles,

In opening my heart to its temptations,

In being unwatchful when I know him close to coming,

In quenching the Holy Spirit;

Sins against light and knowledge,

Against the conscience and the restraints of thy Spirit,

Against the law of eternal love.

Pardon all my sins, known and unknown, felt and unfelt, confessed and unconfessed, remembered or forgotten.

Good and Gracious Lord, hear; and hearing, forgive.

*[from *The Valley of Visions*, a book of puritan prayers]*

Minister: Beloved, if you have prayed this prayer in faith, God forgives you of your sin.

SIXTH HYMN

[Please stand]

COME YE SINNERS

Words: Joseph Hart, 1759
Music: Matthew S. Smith, 2000

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus, ready, stands to save you, Full of pity, joined with power.
He is able, He is able; He is willing; doubt no more.

Come ye needy, come, and welcome, God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh.
Without money, without money Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry 'til you're better, You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous; Sinners Jesus came to call.

Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requires Is to feel your need of Him.
This He gives you, this He gives you, 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Lo! The Incarnate God, ascended; Pleads the merit of His blood.
Venture on Him; venture wholly, Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.

[Please be seated]

SEVENTH LESSON – OUR OWN EFFORTS ARE USELESS

Janey Wilson, Wesley Foundation assistant director

Ephesians 1 and 2

We must repent even of our attempts at righteousness, for these too are stained in sin. We cannot save ourselves, no matter how hard we might try. We have nothing to boast in, nothing to bring but our sin and misery.

Leader: This is the word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

Minister: Let us silently confess our continual sin of trying to win approval by our own efforts.

Rev. Bobby Griffith, assistant pastor at Christ the King Presbyterian Church

Silent Prayer:

Heavenly Father:

Save me entirely from my sin.

I know I am righteous only through the righteousness of another,

 But I pant and pine for likeness to thyself;

I am thy child and should bear thy image,

Enable me to recognize my death unto sin;

When it tempts me may I be deaf unto its voice.

Deliver me from the invasion as well as the dominion of sin.

Grant me to walk as Christ walked,

 To live in the newness of his life, the life of faith, the life of holiness.

I abhor my body of death, its indolence, envy, meanness, pride.

Forgive and kill these vices, have mercy on my unbelief, on my corrupt and wandering heart.

When thy blessings come I begin to idolize them, and set my affection on some beloved object – children, friends, wealth, honor;

Cleanse this spiritual adultery and give me chastity; close my heart to all but thee.

Sin is my greatest curse;

Let thy victory be apparent to my consciousness, and displayed in my life.

Help me to be always devoted, confident, obedient, resigned, childlike in my trust of thee,

 To love thee with soul, body, mind and strength,

 To love my fellow man as myself,

 To be saved from unregenerate temper, hard thoughts, slanderous words, meanness, unkind manners, to master my tongue and keep the door of my lips.

Fill me with grace daily,

 That my life be a fountain of sweet water.

[from *The Valley of Visions*, a book of puritan prayers]

Minister: Amen.

[responsive reading continued on next page]

Minster: Once we were dead because of our disobedience and our many sins. We used to live in sin, just like the rest of the world, obeying the devil—the commander of the powers in the unseen world. He is the spirit at work in the hearts of those who refuse to obey God.

People: All of us used to live that way, following the passionate desires and inclinations of our sinful nature. By our very nature we were subject to God’s anger, just like everyone else.

Minister: But God is so rich in mercy, and he loved us so much, that even though we were dead because of our sins, he gave us life when he raised Christ from the dead. (It is only by God’s grace that you have been saved!) For he raised us from the dead along with Christ and seated us with him in the heavenly realms because we are united with Christ Jesus. So God can point to us in all future ages as examples of the incredible wealth of his grace and kindness toward us, as shown in all he has done for us who are united with Christ Jesus.

People: God saved us by his grace when we believed. And we can’t take credit for this; it is a gift from God. Salvation is not a reward for the good things we have done, so none of us can boast about it. For we are God’s masterpieces. He has created us anew in Christ Jesus, so we can do the good things he planned for us long ago.

SEVENTH HYMN

[Please stand]

LO THE STORMS OF LIFE ARE BREAKING

*Words: Henry Alford
Music: Kevin Twit, 2009*

Lo the storms of life are breaking, Faithless fears our hearts are shaking
For our succor undertaking, Lord and Savior, help us!

Lo! The world from Thee rebelling, Round Thy Church in pride is swelling
With Thy word their madness quelling, Lord and Savior, help us!

*Bridge: By Thy birth, Thy cross, and passion By Thy tears of deep compassion
By Thy mighty intercession Lord and Savior, help us!*

On Thine own command relying, We our onward task are plying
Unto Thee for safety sighing, Lord and Savior, help us!

*Bridge: By Thy birth, Thy cross, and passion By Thy tears of deep compassion
By Thy mighty intercession Lord and Savior, help us!*

Tag: Lord and Savior, help us. Lord and Savior, help us.

[Please be seated]

EIGHTH LESSON – THE LIFE OF JESUS LIVED FOR US

Steven Royse, senior

Luke 22

Leader: This is the Word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

EIGHTH HYMN

[Please stand]

GO TO DARK GETHSEMENE

*Words: James Montgomery
Music: Kevin Twit*

Go to dark Gethsemane, ye that feel the tempter's power
Your Redeemer's conflict see, watch with Him one bitter hour
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray

See Him at the judgment hall, beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned
O the wormwood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross
Learn of Christ to bear the cross

Calvary's mournful mountain climb; there, adoring at His feet
Mark that miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die
Learn of Jesus Christ to die

Early hasten to the tomb where they laid His breathless clay
All is solitude and gloom. Who has taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes;
Savior, teach us so to rise
Savior, teach us so to rise

[Please be seated]

NINTH LESSON – THE SON OF GOD, THE SAVIOR, SHAMEFULLY SUFFERS

Sally Schupack, senior

John 19

God's prophecies come true as the Son of God suffers the painful and shameful death on the cross.

Leader: This is the Word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

NINTH HYMN SUNG FOR US

[Please remain seated]

WHO IS THIS, SO WEAK AND HELPLESS?

*Words: William How, 1867
Music: Christopher Miner, 1997
Meghan Barnes, vocal*

Who is this, so weak and helpless, Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered, Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation, Who this wondrous path has trod;
He is God from everlasting, And to everlasting God.

Who is this, a Man of Sorrows, Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Savior, Who above the starry sky
Is for us a place preparing, Where no tear can dim the eye.

Who is this? Behold him shedding Drops of blood upon the ground!
Who is this, despised, rejected, Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces On His church is pouring down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance All His foes beneath His throne.

Who is this that hangs there dying While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors, Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?
'Tis our God Who lives forever 'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city, Reigning everlastingly.

TENTH LESSON – JESUS THE CHRIST ON A CRIMINAL’S CROSS OF DEATH

John Deng, graduate student

John 19

Has there ever been such love as this? Look, see this man of sorrows.

What shall we say about such wonderful things as these? If God is for us, who can ever be against us? Since he did not spare even his own Son but gave him up for us all, won't he also give us everything else?

Leader: This is the Word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

TENTH HYMN

[Please stand]

IN CHRIST ALONE

Words and Music: Getty & Townsend, 2002

In Christ alone my hope is found - He is my light, my strength, my song.
This cornerstone, this solid ground, Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace, When fears are stilled, when strivings cease;
My comforter, my all in all, Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, who took on flesh - Fullness of God in helpless Babel!
This gift of love and righteousness, Scorned by the ones He came to save.
'Til on the cross as Jesus died, The wrath of God was satisfied;
For every sin on Him was laid, Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay - Light of the world by darkness slain...
Then, bursting forth in glorious day, Up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory, Sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
For I am His and He is mine, Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death, This is power of Christ in me.
From life's first cry to final breath, Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man, Can ever pluck me from His hand;
'Til He returns or calls me home, Here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

[Please be seated]

ELEVENTH AND FINAL LESSON – THE ALREADY BUT NOT YET

Deab Rice, senior

1 Peter 4 and 5, 2 Peter 3

Jesus will return. In the meantime we do not struggle to be free but we are free to struggle with sin because of the gospel. It is hard. We hate sin. We hate death. We hurt, weep, suffer and we do so together. We long for more of Jesus, more of the gospel. We long for justice, for things set aright.

“You’re never so bad that you are beyond the reach of God’s grace, but you’re never so good that you don’t stand in need of God’s grace.” – Rev. Dustin Salter (RUF Campus Minister, died March 19, 2007)

Leader: This is the Word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

ELEVENTH AND FINAL HYMN

[Please stand]

BEGONE UNBELIEF

*Words: John Newton
Music: Kevin Twit, 2005*

Begone unbelief, My Savior is near, And for my relief Will surely appear:
By faith let me wrestle, with God in the storm And help me my Savior, the faith to adorn
And help me my Savior, the faith to adorn

Though dark be my way, Since he is my guide, 'Tis mine to obey, and His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, And creatures all fail, The word he has spoken will surely prevail.
The word he has spoken will surely prevail.

Chorus

*Begone unbelief, The Savior is here (3x)
Though cisterns be broken And creatures all fail
The word he has spoken will surely prevail The word he has spoken will surely prevail*

Why should I complain, Of want or distress Temptation or pain?
He told me no less The heirs of salvation, I know from his word
Through much tribulation Must follow their Lord Through much tribulation Must follow their Lord

Chorus

Since all that I meet will work for my good, The bitter is sweet, The medicine food;
Though painful at present, will cease before long, And then, O! how glorious, The conqueror's song!
And then, O! how glorious, The conqueror's song!

Chorus

[Please remain standing]

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Minister: Let us pray together:

Rev. Mike Biggs, pastor of Christ the King Presbyterian Church

People:

Heavenly Father,

Thou hast led me singing to the cross

**where I fling down all my burdens and see them vanish,
where my mountains of guilt are leveled,
where my sins disappear, though they are the greatest that exist,
and are more in number than the grains of sand;**

For there is a power in the blood of Calvary to destroy sins more than can be counted even by one from the choir of heaven.

Thou hast given me a spring that washes clear and white, and I go as a sinner to its waters, bathing without hindrance in its streams.

**At the cross there is free forgiveness for poor and meek ones, and ample blessings that last forever;
The blood of the Lamb is like a great river of infinite grace with never any diminishing of its fullness as thirsty ones without number drink of it.**

**O Lord, forever will thy free forgiveness live that was gained on the mount of blood;
In the midst of a world of pain it is a subject for praise in every place, a song on earth, an anthem in heaven, its love and virtue knowing no end.**

I have a longing for the world above where multitudes sing of the Great Son, for my soul was ne'er created to love the dust of the earth.

Though here my spiritual state is frail and poor, I shall go on singing Calvary's anthem.

**May I always know that a clean heart full of goodness is more beautiful than the lily,
that only a clean heart can sing by night and by day,
that such a heart is mine when I abide at Calvary.**

Amen.

[from The Valley of Visions, a book of puritan prayers]

Minister: Go forth in an expectant peace, awaiting the resurrection morning for your soul. May you see that "He has risen!"

POSTLUDE

SPECIAL THANK YOU TO:

Daniel Dennison and the Wesley Foundation for allowing us to use their beautiful building. May your ministry flourish. Thank you for your friendship and partnership with RUF.

The Music Team – with your planning, practice and use of your talents, you have led us to worship.

Kyle Dixon [worship leader at Christ the King PCA]
Meghan Barnes [OU graduate and MAJ graduate 2002]
Maggie Leslie [OU student, 2011]
Anthony Plopper [OU student, 2010]
Katie Tracy [OU student, 2011]
Josh Voth [OU student, 2010]
Ben Coldagelli [OU student, 2013]
Ben Nichols [OURUF intern]
Mary Rachel Fenrick [OU graduate, 2009]
Daniel Ruscoe [OU student, 2011]

Thank you Kyle and Anthony for your leadership. Many of us are jealous of your gifts and your heart of worship. Thank you for sharing and leading the church.

The Bible Readers – Sola Scriptura at work.

The Pastors – God’s ordained leaders of his church:

Rev. Daniel Dennison, Wesley Foundation
Rev. Bobby Griffith, Christ the King Presbyterian Church
Rev. John Kelsey, Baptist Student Union
Rev. Mike Biggs, Christ the King Presbyterian Church

Men, thank you for your faithfulness to preach Jesus Christ as Lord and him crucified and resurrected. Thank you for applying this to not only the lives of the people you shepherd. Thank you for your friendship; we desperately need it.

Christ the King Presbyterian Church – for your support, love and partnership in ministry. God is at work.

OURUF – you continually teach us about the gospel with your love, your patience, your forgiveness, and your community, even in the brokenness. You are amazing.

Seven Stanzas at Easter

By John Updike

Make no mistake: if He rose at all
it was as His body;
if the cells' dissolution did not reverse, the molecules
reknit, the amino acids rekindle,
the Church will fall.

It was not as the flowers,
each soft Spring recurrent;
it was not as His Spirit in the mouths and fuddled
eyes of the eleven apostles;
it was as His Flesh: ours.

The same hinged thumbs and toes,
the same valved heart
that — pierced — died, withered, paused, and then
regathered out of enduring Might
new strength to enclose.

Let us not mock God with metaphor,
analogy, sidestepping transcendence;
making of the event a parable, a sign painted in the
faded credulity of earlier ages:
let us walk through the door.

The stone is rolled back, not papier-mache,
not a stone in a story,
but the vast rock of materiality that in the slow
grinding of time will eclipse for each of us
the wide light of day.

And if we will have an angel at the tomb,
make it a real angel,
weighty with Max Planck's quanta, vivid with hair,
opaque in the dawn light, robed in real linen
spun on a definite loom.

Let us not seek to make it less monstrous,
for our own convenience, our own sense of beauty,
lest, awakened in one unthinkable hour, we are
embarrassed by the miracle,
and crushed by remonstrance.

Telephone Poles and Other Poems © 1961 by John Updike.



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