

TRADITIONAL WORSHIP

JANUARY 18
2026

We glorify the Father by following the Holy Spirit
in sharing the story of Jesus.

Prelude	<i>I Sing the Mighty Power of God</i> arr. Matt Limbaugh	Sandra Durr Music Associate
Hymn 314	<i>All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name</i>	Congregation
Welcome and Prayer		Brian Hicks Associate Pastor of Discipleship
Scripture Reading	Romans 5:6-9	Estevão Gouveia Worship Associate

For while we were still weak, at the right time Christ died for the ungodly. For one will scarcely die for a righteous person—though perhaps for a good person one would dare even to die—but God shows his love for us in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us. Since, therefore, we have now been justified by his blood, much more shall we be saved by him from the wrath of God.

Hymn 101	<i>How Deep the Father's Love for Us</i>	Congregation
Time of Reflection	<i>Jesus Paid It All</i> with <i>O Sacred Head Now Wounded</i> arr. Brant Adams	Jack Zoesch

Celebration of the Lord's Supper

Kids attending Children's Church can exit to the back of the Sanctuary now

Message	The Church Begins Acts 2:1-13	Dave Snyder Senior Pastor
Hymn 506	<i>In Christ Alone (My Hope Is Found)</i>	Congregation
Offertory Prayer		Craig Bonelli Associate Pastor of Missions
Offertory	<i>Lord, from Sorrows Deep I Call (Psalm 42)</i> Sanctuary Choir arr. Phillip Keveren <i>Jacob Ethimiou, cello</i>	
Highlights and Opportunities		Peter Burmeister Executive Pastor
Benediction 330	<i>Spirit of the Living God</i>	Congregation
Postlude		Orchestra



LORD, FROM SORROWS DEEP I CALL

Lord, from sorrows deep I call, when my hope is shaken;

Torn and ruined from the fall, hear my desperation.

For so long I've pled and prayed, God, come to my rescue.

Even so the thorn remains, still my heart will praise You.

Storms within my troubled soul, questions without answers.

On my faith these billows roll, God, be now my shelter.

Why are you cast down, my soul? Hope in Him who saves you.

When the fires have all grown cold, cause this heart to praise You.

Should my life be torn from me, every worldly pleasure,

When all I possess is grief, God, be then my treasure.

Be my vision in the night, be my hope and refuge.

'Til my faith is turned to sight, Lord, my heart will praise You.

O my soul, put your hope in God.

My help, my rock, I will praise Him.

Sing, O sing, through the raging storm.

You're still my God, my salvation.