

Oh, to see my name
Written in the wounds,
For through Your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death;
Life is mine to live,
Won through Your selfless love.

This, the pow'r of the cross:
Son of God—slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross.

SON OF
God
SLAIN FOR US

***Please join us on Easter Sunday at 10:45AM
as we celebrate Christ's resurrection and
worship the risen King.***

THE POWER OF THE Cross

Fellowship Bible Church, Springdale - 7:00PM, Friday, April 22, 2011

Prelude.....Linda Rogers
Welcome and Prayer.....Chris King
In Christ Alone (words on the inside).....Congregation
Lovilla Dunlap, Trumpet

THE UPPER ROOM AND GARDEN

Luke 22:7-23,39-54a.....Steve Barthelemy
Worthy is the Lamb.....Sue Kellogg
Behold the Lamb.....Choir
Gethsemane.....Raquel King

TRIALS AND REJECTION

Luke 22:63-23:25.....Steve Barthelemy
La Folia.....Ashley Whittle
I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked.....Jerry Dunlap
What Wondrous Love is This? (Hymnal #177).....Congregation
Above All.....John and Kristin Carson

CRUCIFIXION AND BURIAL

Luke 23:26-56.....Steve Barthelemy
Beneath the Cross.....Choir
Kim Bucuo and Jean Greene, Flute
The Power of the Cross.....Choir
Christ Became Sin For Us.....Brad Arnold
Jesus Paid It All (Hymnal #210).....Congregation

IN CHRIST ALONE

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 babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to save.
Till on that cross as Jesus died,
The wrath of God was satisfied;
For ev'ry 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 the pow'r of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from His hand;
Till He returns or calls me home—
Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

BOUGHT WITH THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF

Christ

THE POWER OF THE CROSS

Oh, to see the dawn
Of the darkest day:
Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men,
Torn and beaten, then
Nailed to a cross of wood.

This, the pow'r of the cross:
Christ became sin for us;
Took the blame, bore the wrath—
We stand forgiven at the cross.

Oh, to see the pain
Written on Your face,
Bearing the awesome weight of sin.
Ev'ry bitter thought,
Ev'ry evil deed
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.

This, the pow'r of the cross:
Christ became sin for us;
Took the blame, bore the wrath—
We stand forgiven at the cross.

Now the daylight flees;
Now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two,
Dead are raised to life;
"Finished!" the vict'ry cry.

This, the pow'r of the cross:
Christ became sin for us;
Took the blame, bore the wrath—
We stand forgiven at the cross.

WE STAND FORGIVEN AT THE
Cross

There's no way to measure what You're worth

Crucified, laid behind a stone
You lived to die, rejected and alone
Like a rose trampled on the ground
You took the fall and thought of me
Above all

BENEATH THE CROSS

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I find a place to stand,
And wonder at such mercy
That calls me as I am;
For hands that should discard me
Hold wounds which tell me, "Come."
Beneath the cross of Jesus
My unworthy soul is won.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
His family is my own—
Once strangers chasing selfish dreams,
Now one through grace alone.
How could I now dishonor
The ones that You have loved?
Beneath the cross of Jesus
See the children called by God.

Beneath the cross of Jesus—
The path before the crown—
We follow in His footsteps
Where promised hope is found.
How great the joy before us
To be His perfect bride;
Beneath the cross of Jesus
We will gladly live our lives.

AND WONDER AT SUCH

THAT CALLS ME AS I AM

Mercy

BEHOLD THE LAMB

Behold the Lamb who bears our sins away,
Slain for us - and we remember
The promise made that all who come in faith
Find forgiveness at the cross.
So we share in this bread of life,
And we drink of His sacrifice
As a sign of our bonds of peace
Around the table of the King.

The body of our Saviour Jesus Christ,
Torn for you - eat and remember
The wounds that heal, the death that brings us life
Paid the price to make us one.
So we share in this bread of life,
And we drink of His sacrifice
As a sign of our bonds of love
Around the table of the King.

The blood that cleanses every stain of sin,
Shed for you - drink and remember
He drained death's cup that all may enter in
To receive the life of God.
So we share in this bread of life,
And we drink of His sacrifice
As a sign of our bonds of grace
Around the table of the King.

And so with thankfulness and faith we rise
To respond, - and to remember
Our call to follow in the steps of Christ
As His body here on earth.
As we share in His suffering
We proclaim Christ will come again!
And we'll join in the feast of heaven
Around the table of the King

Cross
FIND FORGIVENESS AT THE

GETHSEMANE

To see the King of heaven fall
In anguish to His knees,
The Light and Hope of all the world
Now overwhelmed with grief.
What nameless horrors must He see,
To cry out in the garden:
Oh, take this cup away from me
Yet not my will but Yours,

To know each friend will fall away,
And heaven's voice be still,
For hell to have its vengeful day
Upon Golgotha's hill.
No words describe the Savior's plight -
To be by God forsaken
Till wrath and love are satisfied
And every sin is paid

What took Him to this wretched place,
What kept Him on this road?
His love for Adam's cursed race,
For every broken soul.
No sin too slight to overlook,
No crime too great to carry,
All mingled in this poisoned cup ,
And yet He drank it all,
The Saviour drank it all,

I WALKED TODAY WHERE JESUS WALKED

I walked today where Jesus walked,
In days of long ago.
I wandered down each path He knew,
With reverent step and slow.

Those little lanes, they have not changed,
A sweet peace fills the air.

THE
DRANK IT ALL
Savior

I walked today where Jesus walked,
And felt Him close to me.

My pathway led through Bethlehem,
A memory's ever sweet.
The little hills of Galilee,
That knew His childish feet.

The Mount of Olives, hallowed scenes,
That Jesus knew before
I saw the mighty Jordan roll,
As in the days of yore.

I knelt today where Jesus knelt,
Where all alone he prayed.
The Garden of Gethsemane,
My heart felt unafraid.

I picked my heavy burden up,
And with Him at my side,
I climbed the Hill of Calvary,
I climbed the Hill of Calvary,
I climbed the Hill of Calvary,
Where on the Cross He died!

I walked today where Jesus walked,
And felt Him close to me.

ABOVE ALL

Above all powers, above all kings
Above all nature and all created things
Above all wisdom and all the ways of man
You were here before the world began

Above all kingdoms, above all thrones
Above all wonders the world has ever known
Above all wealth and treasures of the earth

BEFORE
THE WORLD BEGAN