



CENTERPORT UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
centerportumc.org
ONLINE ADVENT VESPER SERVICE
DECEMBER 17, 2020

*This is the irrational season
when love becomes bright and wild.
Had Mary been filled with reason
there'd have been no room for the child.*

(Madeleine L'Engle)

WORDS OF WELCOME AND THE BREATH OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

Pastor Roy

CALL TO WORSHIP

Have you not heard his silent steps?

Yes, He comes, ever Jesus comes to me.

Every moment and every age, every day and every night,

He comes, ever God comes to you.

Many a song have I sung,

In many a mood of mind,

But all their notes have always proclaimed,

Christ comes, ever Christ comes!

In the fragrant days of sunny April through the forest path,

The Spirit comes, ever Spirit comes!

In the rainy gloom of midsummer nights, on the thundering chariot of clouds,

The Spirit comes, ever Spirit comes!

In sorrow after sorrow, and in joy after joy, in bone cold winter, in longing and in mystery,

It is his steps that press upon my heart,

And it is the golden steps of his feet,

That make my heart tingle.

HYMN # 218 (v. 1-2, 4)

"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"

United Methodist Hymnal

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth, to touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heaven's all-gracious King."

The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing

Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats, o'er all the weary world,
Above its sad and lowly plains, they bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on, by prophet seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years, shall come the time foretold
When peace shall over all the earth, its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song, which now the angels sing.

LIGHTING THE ADVENT CANDLES

We light the first candle as a sign of our hope. Hope that you can meet us, even in the mess of our world. Hope that you still see us, though we feel we are lost in the rubble. Let this light be the guide that brings us to Emmanuel once more.

We light the second candle as a sign of our faith that the God we worship is not far from us and that we can clear the way for that God to come and dwell with us, bringing peace in our hearts. Let this light bring Peace to all life.

We light the third candle as a sign of our joy in the beautiful things of this season – not just the things that glitter and flash, but the deeper things, the beauty of the heart and the soul, the beauty of love shared in service and hospitality. We light this candle to bring Joy to the world.

MUSICAL MEDITATION

“Angels We Have Heard on High”

Hartley and Kelvin Semmes

GOSPEL READING

John 1:1-5

New Living Translation

The Mystery of the Light

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. What has come into being in him was life, and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

MEDITATION

“Mysteries”

Pastor Roy

CLOSING PRAYER

Christmas is almost here, O God, and we thank you for walking with us, even carrying us. The time of our hoping is almost at an end and the hour of fulfillment is at hand. Thank you for these Advent days of preparation and for the assurance that you are always near, even as we wait for your coming again. Let your Spirit flow through our worship, that we may sense you close to us and share our joy with a world that cries out for peace and love. Amen.

HYMN # 221 (v. 1, 3-4)

“In The Bleak Midwinter”

United Methodist Hymnal

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan, earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow, in the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there, cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But his mother only, in her maiden bliss, worshiped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give him, poor as I am? If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part; yet what I can I give him: give my heart.