



WEST BRIDGEWATER
COMMUNITY CHURCH

Christmas Eve, December 24, 2020

Join us live on our Facebook or YouTube page beginning at 5:00 p.m.

Welcome and Announcements

Opening Prayer

Hymn: “The First Noel”

Words: Traditional English Carol. Music: Traditional English Carol.

The First Noel the Angel did say,
was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
in fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter’s night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, born is the King of Israel!

They looked up and saw a star
shining in the East beyond them far;
and to the earth it gave great light,
and so it continued both day and night.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, born is the King of Israel!

And by the light of that same star
the wise men came from country far;
to seek for a King was their intent,
and to follow the star wherever it went.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, born is the King of Israel!

Then let us all with one accord
sing praises to our heavenly Lord
Who hath made Heaven and earth of naught,
and with his blood mankind hath bought.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, born is the King of Israel!

Scripture Reading and Prayer

Isaiah 42:1–9 (ESV)

- ¹ Behold my servant, whom I uphold,
my chosen, in whom my soul delights;
I have put my Spirit upon him;
he will bring forth justice to the nations.
- ² He will not cry aloud or lift up his voice,
or make it heard in the street;
- ³ a bruised reed he will not break,
and a faintly burning wick he will not quench;
he will faithfully bring forth justice.
- ⁴ He will not grow faint or be discouraged
till he has established justice in the earth;
and the coastlands wait for his law.
- ⁵ Thus says God, the LORD,
who created the heavens and stretched them out,
who spread out the earth and what comes from it,
who gives breath to the people on it
and spirit to those who walk in it:
- ⁶ “I am the LORD; I have called you in righteousness;
I will take you by the hand and keep you;
I will give you as a covenant for the people,
a light for the nations,
- ⁷ to open the eyes that are blind,
to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon,
from the prison those who sit in darkness.
- ⁸ I am the LORD; that is my name;
my glory I give to no other,
nor my praise to carved idols.
- ⁹ Behold, the former things have come to pass,
and new things I now declare;
before they spring forth
I tell you of them.”

Hymn: “What Child Is This?”

Words: William C. Dix. Music: Traditional English Melody.

What Child is this, who, laid to rest, on Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet, while shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ, the King, Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the Babe, the Son of Mary!

Why lies He in such mean estate, where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here the silent Word is pleading.

This, this is Christ, the King, Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the Babe, the Son of Mary!

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh, come, peasant, king to own Him.
The King of kings salvation brings; let loving hearts enthrone Him.

This, this is Christ, the King, Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the Babe, the Son of Mary!

Hymn: “Exult in the Savior’s Birth”

Words and music: Matt Boswell and D. A. Carson.

Shepherds watched their flocks at night, attending lowly sheep.
Now within a cattle shed, a much stranger watch they keep.
Today, a Savior has been born and He is Christ, the Lord.
Placed within a humble trough, this baby must be adored.

Pagan wise men from the East seek out the infant King.
Trackless miles behind them lie and now all their rev’rence bring.
They have come to worship Him with spices and with gold.
Countless millions seek Him still, whose advent was long foretold.

For to us a child is born, to us a Son is giv’n.
He shall reign in righteousness, this Counselor King from heav’n.
The government will rest on Him, He is the mighty God.
Prince of Peace, this gentle King, yet rules with a mighty rod.

Scriptures say that Mary’s boy was born that He might die.
Angel voices burst in praise, their harmony fills the sky.
Sing, “Glory in the highest heav’n!” Sing, “Gracious peace on earth!”
Those on whom His favor rests exult in the Savior’s birth.

Sermon: “Worship the King”

Matthew 2:1–12 (ESV)

¹ Now after Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, wise men from the east came to Jerusalem, ² saying, “Where is he who has been born king of the Jews? For we saw his star when it rose and have come to worship him.” ³ When Herod the king heard this, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him; ⁴ and assembling all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ was to be born. ⁵ They told him, “In Bethlehem of Judea, for so it is written by the prophet:

⁶ ““And you, O Bethlehem, in the land of Judah,
are by no means least among the rulers of Judah;
for from you shall come a ruler
who will shepherd my people Israel.””

⁷Then Herod summoned the wise men secretly and ascertained from them what time the star had appeared. ⁸And he sent them to Bethlehem, saying, “Go and search diligently for the child, and when you have found him, bring me word, that I too may come and worship him.” ⁹After listening to the king, they went on their way. And behold, the star that they had seen when it rose went before them until it came to rest over the place where the child was. ¹⁰When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy. ¹¹And going into the house, they saw the child with Mary his mother, and they fell down and worshiped him. Then, opening their treasures, they offered him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. ¹²And being warned in a dream not to return to Herod, they departed to their own country by another way.

Hymn: “We Three Kings of Orient Are”

Words and music: John Henry Hopkins, Jr.

We three kings of Orient are: bearing gifts we traverse afar—
field and fountain, moor and mountain—following yonder star.

Oh, star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain: gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never over us all to reign.

Oh, star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

Frankincense to offer have I, incense owns a Deity nigh;
prayer and praising, all men raising, worship Him, God on high.

Oh, star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes of life of gathering gloom—
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Oh, star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

Glorious now behold Him arise: King and God and Sacrifice;
Alleluia, Alleluia! Earth to heav'n replies.

Oh, star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

Hymn: “Silent Night, Holy Night”

Words: Joseph Mayr. Music: Franz Gruber.

Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright
round yon virgin mother and Child! Holy Infant so tender and mild,
sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace

Silent night, holy night, shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar, heavenly hosts sing: “Alleluia!”.
Christ, the Savior is born, Christ, the Savior is born

Silent night, holy night, Son of God, love’s pure light.
Radiant beams from Thy holy face with the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth, Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Benediction

May God grant you the grace to be like the wise men, making every effort to worship King Jesus.
May Jesus, the Prince of Peace, grant you peace as you come to him.
May the Holy Spirit fill your heart with the love of God.
Merry Christmas. Go in peace.