



WEST BRIDGEWATER
COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday, November 5, 2023

Join us live on our Facebook or YouTube page beginning at 9:15 a.m.

Welcome and Announcements

Opening Prayer

Song: "All I Have Is Christ"

Words and music: Jordan Kauflin.

I once was lost in darkest night, yet thought I knew the way.
The sin that promised joy and life had led me to the grave.
I had no hope that You would own a rebel to Your will.
And if You had not loved me first, I would refuse You still.

But as I ran my hell-bound race, indifferent to the cost,
You looked upon my helpless state and led me to the cross.
And I beheld God's love displayed, You suffered in my place.
You bore the wrath reserved for me, now all I know is grace.

Hallelujah! All I have is Christ.
Hallelujah! Jesus is my life.
Hallelujah! All I have is Christ.
Hallelujah! Jesus is my life.

Now, Lord, I would be Yours alone, and live so all might see
the strength to follow Your commands could never come from me.
Oh, Father, use my ransomed life in any way You choose,
and let my song forever be my only boast is You.

Hallelujah! All I have is Christ.
Hallelujah! Jesus is my life.
Hallelujah! All I have is Christ.
Hallelujah! Jesus is my life.

Hymn: “My Worth Is Not in What I Own”

Words and music by Keith Getty, Kristyn Getty, and Graham Kendrick

My worth is not in what I own, not in the strength of flesh and bone,
but in the costly wounds of love at the cross.

My worth is not in skill or name, in win or lose, in pride or shame,
but in the blood of Christ that flowed at the cross.

I rejoice in my Redeemer, Greatest Treasure, Wellspring of my soul,
I will trust in Him, no other; my soul is satisfied in Him alone.

As summer flowers we fade and die; fame, youth, and beauty hurry by,
but life eternal calls to us at the cross.

I will not boast in wealth or might, or human wisdom's fleeting light,
but I will boast in knowing Christ at the cross.

I rejoice in my Redeemer, Greatest Treasure, Wellspring of my soul,
I will trust in Him, no other; my soul is satisfied in Him alone.

Two wonders here that I confess: my worth and my unworthiness,
my value fixed, my ransom paid at the cross.

Time of Prayer

Sermon: “The Surpassing Worth of Knowing Christ”

Philippians 3:1–11 (ESV)

¹ Finally, my brothers, rejoice in the Lord. To write the same things to you is no trouble to me and is safe for you.

² Look out for the dogs, look out for the evildoers, look out for those who mutilate the flesh.

³ For we are the circumcision, who worship by the Spirit of God and glory in Christ Jesus and put no confidence in the flesh— ⁴ though I myself have reason for confidence in the flesh also. If anyone else thinks he has reason for confidence in the flesh, I have more: ⁵ circumcised on the eighth day, of the people of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of Hebrews; as to the law, a Pharisee; ⁶ as to zeal, a persecutor of the church; as to righteousness under the law, blameless. ⁷ But whatever gain I had, I counted as loss for the sake of Christ. ⁸ Indeed, I count everything as loss because of the surpassing worth of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord. For his sake I have suffered the loss of all things and count them as rubbish, in order that I may gain Christ ⁹ and be found in him, not having a righteousness of my own that comes from the law, but that which comes through faith in Christ, the righteousness from God that depends on faith— ¹⁰ that I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and may share his sufferings, becoming like him in his death, ¹¹ that by any means possible I may attain the resurrection from the dead.

Hymn: “When I Survey the Wondrous Cross”

Words by Isaac Watts, music by Lowell Mason

When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the death of Christ, my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

The Lord's Supper

Hymn: "Jesus Paid It All"

Words: Elvina M. Hall. Music: John T. Grape.

I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small,
child of weakness, watch and pray, find in Me thine all in all."

Jesus paid it all; all to Him I owe.
Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r and Thine alone,
can change the leper's spots and melt the heart of stone.

Jesus paid it all; all to Him I owe.
Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I where-by Thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garments white in the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

Jesus paid it all; all to Him I owe.
Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

And when, before the throne, I stand in Him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save," my lips shall still repeat.

Jesus paid it all; all to Him I owe.
Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

Benediction

1 Timothy 6:21b

Grace be with you.