



WEST BRIDGEWATER COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday, October 26, 2025

Join us live on our Facebook or YouTube page beginning at 10:30 a.m.

Welcome and Announcements

Opening Prayer

Call to Worship

Isaiah 53:1–6 (ESV)

- ¹ Who has believed what he has heard from us?
And to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?
- ² For he grew up before him like a young plant,
and like a root out of dry ground;
he had no form or majesty that we should look at him,
and no beauty that we should desire him.
- ³ He was despised and rejected by men,
a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;
and as one from whom men hide their faces
he was despised, and we esteemed him not.
- ⁴ Surely he has borne our griefs
and carried our sorrows;
yet we esteemed him stricken,
smitten by God, and afflicted.
- ⁵ But he was pierced for our transgressions;
he was crushed for our iniquities;
upon him was the chastisement that brought us peace,
and with his wounds we are healed.
- ⁶ All we like sheep have gone astray;
we have turned—every one—to his own way;
and the LORD has laid on him
the iniquity of us all.

Hymn: “In Christ Alone”

Words and music: Keith Getty and Stuart Townend.

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;
'til on that cross as Jesus died, the wrath of God was satisfied;
for every 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 power of Christ in me.
From life's first cry to final breath, Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man can ever pluck me from His hand;
'til He returns or calls me home, here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

Hymn: "How Deep the Father's Love for Us"

Words and Music: Stuart Townend.

How deep the Father's love for us, how vast beyond all measure,
that He should give His only Son to make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss, the Father turns His face away
as wounds which mar the Chosen One bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon a cross, my sin upon His shoulders.
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there until it was accomplished.
His dying breath has brought me life, I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything, no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
But I will boast in Jesus Christ, His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer;
But this I know with all my heart, His wounds have paid my ransom.

Hymn: "My Jesus, Fair"

Words: Chris Anderson. Music: Greg Habegger.

My Jesus, fair, was pierced by thorns, by thorns grown from the fall.
Thus He who gave the curse was torn to end that curse for all.

O love divine, O matchless grace—that God should die for men!
With joyful grief I lift my praise, abhorring all my sin, adoring only Him.

My Jesus, meek, was scorned by men, by men in blasphemy.
“Father, forgive their senseless sin!” He prayed, for them, for me.

O love divine, O matchless grace—that God should die for men!
With joyful grief I lift my praise, abhorring all my sin, adoring only Him.

My Jesus, kind, was torn by nails, by nails of cruel men.
And to His cross, as grace prevailed, God pinned my wretched sin.

O love divine, O matchless grace—that God should die for men!
With joyful grief I lift my praise, abhorring all my sin, adoring only Him.

My Jesus, pure, was crushed by God, by God, in judgment just.
The Father grieved, yet turned His rod on Christ, made sin for us.

O love divine, O matchless grace—that God should die for men!
With joyful grief I lift my praise, abhorring all my sin, adoring only Him.

My Jesus, strong, shall come to reign, to reign in majesty—
The Lamb arose, and death is slain; Lord, come in victory!

O love divine, O matchless grace—that God should die for men!
With joyful grief I lift my praise, abhorring all my sin, adoring only Him.

Time of Prayer

Sermon: “Homecoming”

Mark 6:1–6 (ESV)

¹ He went away from there and came to his hometown, and his disciples followed him. ² And on the Sabbath he began to teach in the synagogue, and many who heard him were astonished, saying, “Where did this man get these things? What is the wisdom given to him? How are such mighty works done by his hands? ³ Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary and brother of James and Joses and Judas and Simon? And are not his sisters here with us?” And they took offense at him. ⁴ And Jesus said to them, “A prophet is not without honor, except in his hometown and among his relatives and in his own household.” ⁵ And he could do no mighty work there, except that he laid his hands on a few sick people and healed them. ⁶ And he marveled because of their unbelief.

And he went about among the villages teaching.

Hymn: “The Old Rugged Cross”

Words and music: George Bennard.

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it someday for a crown.

Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it someday for a crown.

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
such a wonderful beauty I see,
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it someday for a crown.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true;
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then He'll call me someday to my home far away,
where His glory forever I'll share.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it someday for a crown.

Benediction

2 Corinthians 13:14 (ESV)

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all.