



WEST BRIDGEWATER

COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday, January 25, 2026

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

Welcome and Announcements

Opening Prayer

Call to Worship

Galatians 2:20 (ESV)

I have been crucified with Christ. It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me. And the life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.

Hymn: “There Is a Redeemer”

Words and music: Melody Green.

There is a Redeemer—Jesus, God's own Son;
Precious Lamb of God, Messiah, Holy One.

Thank You, O my Father, for giving us Your Son,
and leaving Your Spirit, till the work on earth is done.

Jesus my Redeemer, name above all names;
precious Lamb of God, Messiah, Hope for sinners slain.

Thank You, O my Father, for giving us Your Son,
and leaving Your Spirit, till the work on earth is done.

When I stand in Glory, I will see His face;
there I'll serve my King forever in that Holy Place.

Thank You, O my Father, for giving us Your Son,
and leaving Your Spirit, till the work on earth is done.

Hymn: “Wonderful, Merciful Savior”

Words: Dawn Rodgers and Eric Wyse. Music: Dawn Rodgers.

Wonderful, merciful Savior,
precious Redeemer and Friend;
who would have thought that a Lamb
could rescue the souls of men?
Oh, you rescue the souls of men.

Counselor, Comforter, Keeper,
Spirit we long to embrace;
You offer hope when our hearts have
hopelessly lost the way.
Oh, we've hopelessly lost the way.

You are the One that we praise,
You are the One we adore.
You give the healing and grace
our hearts always hunger for,
Oh, our hearts always hunger for.

Almighty, infinite Father,
faithfully loving Your own;
here in our weakness You find us
Falling before Your throne.
Oh, we're falling before Your throne.

You are the One that we praise,
You are the One we adore.
You give the healing and grace
our hearts always hunger for,
Oh, our hearts always hunger for.

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.

Sermon: “Jesus, the Cross, and You”

Mark 8:34–9:1 (ESV)

³⁴ And calling the crowd to him with his disciples, he said to them, “If anyone would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. ³⁵ For whoever would save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for my sake and the gospel’s will save it. ³⁶ For what does it profit a man to gain the whole world and forfeit his soul? ³⁷ For what can a man give in return for his soul? ³⁸ For whoever is ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him will the Son of Man also be ashamed when he comes in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.”

¹ And he said to them, “Truly, I say to you, there are some standing here who will not taste death until they see the kingdom of God after it has come with power.”

Hymn: “Beneath the Cross of Jesus”

Words: Elizabeth C. Clephane. Music: Frederick C. Maker.

Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness, a rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat, and the burden of the day.

There lies beneath its shadow but on the further side
The darkness of an awful grave that gapes both deep and wide
And there between us stands the cross two arms outstretched to save
A watchman set to guard the way from that eternal grave.

Upon that cross of Jesus mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One Who suffered there for me;
And from my stricken heart with tears, two wonders I confess;
The wonders of redeeming love and my unworthiness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow for my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by to know no gain or loss,
My sinful self my only shame, my glory all the cross.

Benediction

1 Thessalonians 5:23–24, 28

²³Now may the God of peace himself sanctify you completely, and may your whole spirit and soul and body be kept blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. ²⁴He who calls you is faithful; he will surely do it.

²⁸The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.