



WEST BRIDGEWATER
COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday, April 12, 2026

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

Welcome and Announcements

Opening Prayer

Call to Worship

Psalm 47 (ESV)

- ¹ Clap your hands, all peoples!
Shout to God with loud songs of joy!
- ² For the LORD, the Most High, is to be feared,
a great king over all the earth.
- ³ He subdued peoples under us,
and nations under our feet.
- ⁴ He chose our heritage for us,
the pride of Jacob whom he loves. *Selah*
- ⁵ God has gone up with a shout,
the LORD with the sound of a trumpet.
- ⁶ Sing praises to God, sing praises!
Sing praises to our King, sing praises!
- ⁷ For God is the King of all the earth;
sing praises with a psalm!
- ⁸ God reigns over the nations;
God sits on his holy throne.
- ⁹ The princes of the peoples gather
as the people of the God of Abraham.
For the shields of the earth belong to God;
he is highly exalted!

Hymn: “The Solid Rock”

Words: Edward Mote. Music: William B. Bradbury.

My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus’ blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but wholly lean on Jesus’ name.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand,
all other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to hide His face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
in every high and stormy gale, my anchor holds within the veil.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand,
all other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, His covenant, His blood, support me in the whelming flood;
when all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand,
all other ground is sinking sand.

When He shall come with trumpet sound, oh, may I then in Him be found;
dressed in His righteousness alone, faultless to stand before the throne.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand,
all other ground is sinking sand.

Song: “Jesus Lifted Me”

By Brooke Ligertwood, Jason Ingram, Logan Cain, Madison Cain Johnson, Taylor Cain Matz.

I’m so glad to testify about the One who saved my life.
The power of the blood is the reason I’m alive.
I thank God day and night I’m not where I used to be.
Glory, hallelujah, Jesus lifted me.

When I was a sinner, Jesus lifted me.
I was a sinner so blind I could not see.
Before He ever crossed my mind, He took the cross for me,
Glory, hallelujah, Jesus lifted me.

I’m so glad to testify about the One who saved my life.
The power of the blood is the reason I’m alive.
I thank God day and night I’m not where I used to be.
Glory, hallelujah, Jesus lifted me.

When I was in trouble, Jesus lifted me.

I was in trouble, was sinking down so deep.
Before I'd ever called His name, He was calling out to me.
Glory, hallelujah, Jesus lifted me.

I'm so glad to testify about the One who saved my life.
The power of the blood is the reason I'm alive.
I thank God day and night I'm not where I used to be.
Glory, hallelujah, Jesus lifted me.

How could I not lift my hands? How could I not lift You high?
How could I not lift my voice to sing?
Glory, hallelujah, Jesus lifted me.

I am forgiven. Jesus, You lifted me.
I am forgiven; all my sins washed clean.
Because You gave Your life for me, I will give You everything.
Glory, hallelujah, Jesus lifted me.
Glory, hallelujah, Jesus lifted me.

Hymn: "My Jesus, I Love Thee"

Words: William R. Featherston. Music: Adoniram J. Gordon.

My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
for Thee all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou:
if ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love thee because Thou hast first loved me
and purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow:
if ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
and praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
and say when the death dew lies cold on my brow:
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright.
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow:
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

Time of Prayer

Sermon: “Fruitless or Fruitful?”

Mark 11:12–25 (ESV)

¹² On the following day, when they came from Bethany, he was hungry. ¹³ And seeing in the distance a fig tree in leaf, he went to see if he could find anything on it. When he came to it, he found nothing but leaves, for it was not the season for figs. ¹⁴ And he said to it, “May no one ever eat fruit from you again.” And his disciples heard it.

¹⁵ And they came to Jerusalem. And he entered the temple and began to drive out those who sold and those who bought in the temple, and he overturned the tables of the money-changers and the seats of those who sold pigeons. ¹⁶ And he would not allow anyone to carry anything through the temple. ¹⁷ And he was teaching them and saying to them, “Is it not written, ‘My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations?’ But you have made it a den of robbers.” ¹⁸ And the chief priests and the scribes heard it and were seeking a way to destroy him, for they feared him, because all the crowd was astonished at his teaching. ¹⁹ And when evening came they went out of the city.

²⁰ As they passed by in the morning, they saw the fig tree withered away to its roots. ²¹ And Peter remembered and said to him, “Rabbi, look! The fig tree that you cursed has withered.” ²² And Jesus answered them, “Have faith in God. ²³ Truly, I say to you, whoever says to this mountain, ‘Be taken up and thrown into the sea,’ and does not doubt in his heart, but believes that what he says will come to pass, it will be done for him. ²⁴ Therefore I tell you, whatever you ask in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours. ²⁵ And whenever you stand praying, forgive, if you have anything against anyone, so that your Father also who is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.”

Hymn: “Across the Lands”

Words and music: Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

You’re the Word of God the Father from before the world began.
Ev’ry star and ev’ry planet has been fashioned by Your hand.
All creation holds together by the power of Your voice.
Let the skies declare Your glory; let the land and seas rejoice!

You’re the Author of creation; You’re the Lord of ev’ry man;
and Your cry of love rings out across the lands.

Yet You left the gaze of angels, came to seek and save the lost,
and exchanged the joy of heaven for the anguish of a cross.
With a prayer You fed the hungry; with a word You calmed the sea;
Yet how silently You suffered that the guilty may go free!

You’re the Author of creation; You’re the Lord of ev’ry man;
and Your cry of love rings out across the lands.

With a shout You rose victorious, wresting vict’ry from the grave,
And ascended into heaven, leading captives in Your way.
Now You stand before the Father, interceding for Your own;
From each tribe and tongue and nation, You are leading sinners home!

You're the Author of creation; You're the Lord of ev'ry man;
and Your cry of love rings out across the lands.

Benediction

Romans 15:13 (ESV)

May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, so that by the power of the Holy Spirit you may abound in hope.