

At the Name of Jesus

Words by Caroline M. Noel (1870)

Humbled for a season, to receive a name
From the lips of sinners unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it, spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious when from death He passed.

Bore it up triumphant with its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures, to the central height,
To the throne of Godhead, to the Father's breast;
Filled it with the glory of that perfect rest.

In your hearts enthrone Him; there let Him subdue
All that is not holy, all that is not true;
Look to Him, your Savior, in temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you in its light and power.

Christians, this Lord Jesus shall return again,
With His Father's glory, o'er the earth to reign;
For all wreaths of empire meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him King of glory now.



We celebrate the Lord's Supper weekly—and in a circle, at the end of worship. A word of direction is given, and with this everyone stands and moves to the walls. The cup is passed in two forms: in a chalice and then in small individual cups. You are free to choose.

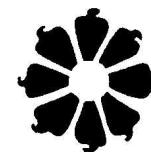
And as this is the Supper of the Lord Christ, please listen to the instructions we give as to what qualifies a visitor to participate. **But whether you intend to take communion or not, please join us in the circle.**

Old Orchard Church

February 12, 2012— 10:15 to 11:50 a.m.



He humbled himself — for a season.



Celebrating Jesus Christ in His Estate of Humiliation

And the Baptism of Jonah Mills Smith

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Scripture Reading —

Gospel Reading: John 13:3-17

Sermon—

“30-Something: What Are You Seeing? What Are You Doing?”
Ephesians 1:3-23

Ron Lutjens, pastor, preaching

A Humble God

**Your attitude should be the same as that of Christ Jesus:
Who, being in very nature God,
did not consider equality with God something to be grasped,
but made himself nothing, taking the very nature of a servant,
being made in human likeness.
And being found in appearance as a man,
he humbled himself and became obedient to death—
even death on a cross! (Philippians 2:5-8)**

But let us not fail to grasp this...that Christ Jesus, though He was God, yet cared less for His equality with God, cared less for Himself and His own things, than He did for us, and therefore gave Himself for us.

Firmly grasping this, then...there are some inferences that flow from it...

And first of these is a very great and marvelous one, that we have a God who is capable of self-sacrifice for us. It was although He was in the form of God, that Christ Jesus did not consider His being on an equality with God so precious a possession that He could not lay it aside, but rather made no account of Himself. It was our God who so loved us that He gave Himself for us. Now, herein is a wonderful thing. Men tell us that God is, by the very necessity of His nature, incapable of passion, incapable of being moved by inducements from without; that He dwells in holy calm and unchangeable blessedness, untouched by human sufferings or human sorrows forever.... Let us bless our God that it is not true. God can feel; God does love. We have Scriptural warrant for believing,...that moral heroism has a place within the sphere of the divine nature: we have Scriptural warrant for believing that, like the old hero of Zurich, God has reached out loving arms and gathered into His own bosom that forest of spears which otherwise would have pierced ours.

But is not this gross anthropomorphism? We care not about names: it is the truth of God. And we decline to yield up the God of the Bible and the God of our hearts to any philosophical abstraction. We have and we must have an ethical God; a God whom we can love, and in whom we can trust. We may feel awe in the presence of the Absolute, as we feel awe in the presence of the storm or of the earthquake: we may feel our dependence in its presence, as we feel our helplessness before the tornado or the flood. But we cannot love it; we cannot trust it; and our hearts, which are just as trustworthy a guide as our logic, cry out for a God whom we may love and trust.

—B.B. Warfield (1851-1921).
From a sermon, “Imitating the Incarnation”

