



I Love to Tell the Story
(red hymnal no. 317)

I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

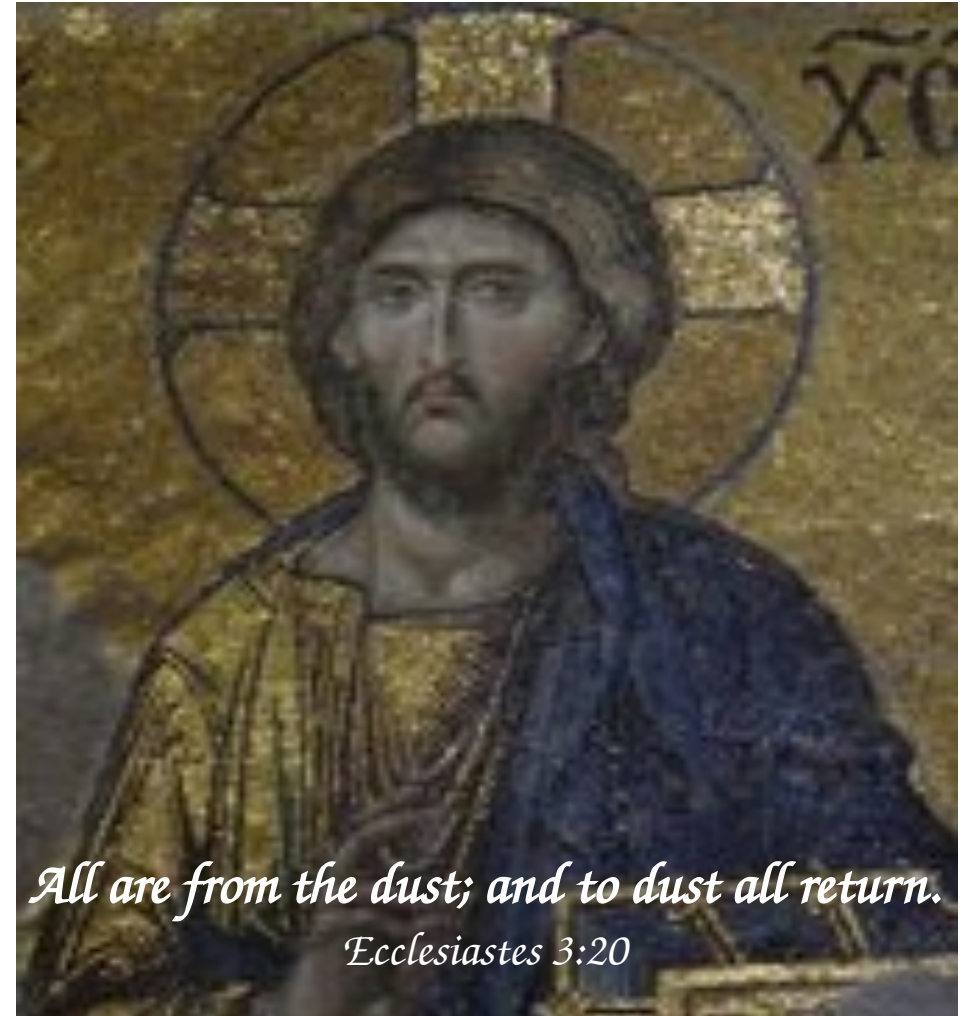
I love to tell the story;
'twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

I love to tell the story;
'twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

Pilgrim United Church of Christ
A Caring Church for Thinking People

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All are from the dust; and to dust all return.
Ecclesiastes 3:20

February 14, 2017

Pilgrim United Church of Christ

A Caring Church for Thinking People

Wednesday, February 14, 2017

Ash Wednesday Meal 6:30 a.m.

Ash Wednesday Service 7:30 p.m.

PRELUDE *Bridge Over Troubled Water* Paul Simon

WELCOME

***HYMN** *On a Hill Far Away* (opposite page)

SPEAKER: *Valentine's Day* Dawn Criss

SPECIAL MUSIC: *My Desire* Thomas Dorsey

SPEAKER: *Pilgrim's Birthday* Kelly Gerstenberger

SACRAMENT OF HOLY COMMUNION

IMPOSITION OF ASHES

NAILS

***HYMN** *I Love to Tell the Story* (see back page)

***BENEDICTION**

POSTLUDE *Nobody Knows De Trouble I've Seen* H.T. Burleigh

****all who are able may stand***

On A Hill Far Away

(black hymnal no. 195)

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 the glory of heaven
to bear it to cold 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 that old rugged cross, which bore Love so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see,
For upon 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;
When God calls me someday to my home far away,
there God's 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.