

***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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[www.pilgrimcf.org](http://www.pilgrimcf.org) †



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

***March 1, 2017***

**Pilgrim United Church of Christ**

*A Caring Church for Thinking People*

*Wednesday, March 1, 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:** Michael Subichin *Prayer Opens*

**SPEAKER:** Luke Bruce *Prayer Changes*

**SPECIAL MUSIC:** *My Desire* Thomas A. Dorsey

**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.