

BETHEL COLLEGE MENNONITE CHURCH
THANKSGIVING WORSHIP
November 22, 2020

Prelude—Verlene Garber

Welcome and Lighting the Christ Candle—Nathan Koontz

Call to worship and Prayer

Hymn of praise—*Praise to God, immortal praise—Hymnal A Worship Book #91*
(see words printed below)

Children’s conversation—Bethany Schrag and company

Scripture—Ephesians 1:15-23—Tim Schrag

Meditation—*I never cease to give thanks. . . .*—Dawn Yoder Harms

Offering our Gratitude

Hymn of response—*Lord, should rising whirlwinds—Hymnal A Worship Book #92*

Prayers of God’s people— Renee Reimer

Sending hymn—*Now thank we all our God—Hymnal A Worship Book #86*

Benediction

Postlude—Verlene Garber

Musicians: Renee Reimer, Ben Lichti, Bethany Schrag, Tim Schrag, Suzy Burch, Verlene Garber

Pastors: Renee Reimer, Dawn Yoder Harms, and Nathan Koontz

Worship Visuals: Carol Buller

Audio and Visual: Francis Toews

Praise to God, immortal praise—*Hymnal a Worship Book #91* (Text: Anna L. Barbauld)

1. Praise to God, immortal praise,
for the love that crowns our days.
Bounteous Source of every joy,
let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
for the stores the gardens yield,
for the joy which harvests bring,
grateful praises now we sing.

3. Clouds that drop refreshing dews,
suns that genial heat diffuse,
flocks that whiten all the plain,
yellow sheaves of ripened grain,

4. all that spring with bounteous hand
scatters o'er the smiling land,
all that lib'ral autumn pours
from her overflowing stores;

5. these, great God, to thee we owe,
source whence all our blessings flow;
and for these our souls shall raise
grateful vows and solemn praise.

Lord, should rising whirlwinds—*Hymnal a Worship Book #92* (Text: Anna L. Barbauld)

6. Lord, should rising whirlwinds
tear from its stem the ripening ear,
should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
drop her green untimely fruit;

7. should the vine put forth no more,
nor the olive yield her store,
though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
and the herds desert the stall;

8. should thine altered hand restrain
th' early and the latter rain,
blast each op'ning bud of joy,
and the rising year destroy;

9. yet to thee my soul should raise
grateful vows and solemn praise,
and, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
love thee for thyself alone!