

# *Thanksgiving Eve*

November 22, 2017

7:30 PM

The Prelude

*Suite No. 18 in G Minor*

Michel de la Barre  
Karen Glaser and Gloria Hague, flutes

Choral Introit

*Glory to Thee, My God, this Night*

Thomas Tallis

Glory to thee, my God, this night For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, king of kings, Beneath thy own almighty wings. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done, That with the world, myself, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below, Praise him above, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

\*The Call to Give Thanks

Psalm 100 (ESV)

Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the earth! Serve the LORD with gladness! Come into his presence with singing.

**Know that the LORD, *he is God!* It is he who made us, and *we are his*; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.**

Enter his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with praise! *Give thanks* to him; bless his name!

**For the LORD is good; his steadfast love endures forever, and his faithfulness to all generations.**

\*The Invocation

\*Hymn No. 715

*Come, Ye Thankful People, Come*

St. George's, Windsor

Come, ye thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home:  
All is safely gathered in, ere the winter storms begin;  
God, our Maker, doth provide for our wants to be supplied:  
Come to God's own temple, come, raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field, fruit unto his praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown, unto joy or sorrow grown:  
First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall appear:  
Lord of harvest, grant that we wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take his harvest home;  
From his field shall in that day all offenses purge away;  
Give his angels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store in his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come to thy final harvest home;  
Gather thou thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There forever purified, in thy presence to abide:  
Come, with all thine angels, come, raise the glorious harvest home.

A Prayer of Thanksgiving (in unison)

The Valley of Vision

*O my God,  
Thou fairest, greatest, first of all objects,  
my heart admires, adores, loves thee,  
for my little vessel is as full as it can be,  
and I would pour out all that fullness before thee in ceaseless flow.  
When I think upon and converse with thee  
ten thousand delightful thoughts spring up,  
ten thousand sources of pleasure are unsealed,  
ten thousand refreshing joys spread over my heart,  
crowding into every moment of happiness.  
I bless thee for the soul thou has created,*

*for adorning it, sanctifying it, though it is fixed in barren soil;  
 for the body thou hast given me,  
 for preserving its strength and vigor,  
 for providing senses to enjoy delights,  
 for the ease and freedom of my limbs,  
 for hands, eyes, ears that do thy bidding;  
 for thy royal bounty providing my daily support,  
 for a full table and overflowing cup,  
 for appetite, taste, sweetness,  
 for social joys of relatives and friends,  
 for ability to serve others,  
 for a heart that feels sorrows and necessities,  
 for a mind to care for my fellow-men,  
 for opportunities of spreading happiness around,  
 for loved ones in the joys of heaven,  
 for my own expectation of seeing thee clearly.*

*I love thee above the powers of language to express  
 for what thou art to thy creatures.*

*Increase my love, O my God, through time and eternity.  
 Amen.*

Scripture Meditation

Psalm 103:19-22

Pastor Bell

“The LORD has established his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom rules over all. Bless the LORD, you his angels, you mighty ones who do his word, obeying the voice of his word! Bless the LORD, all his hosts, his ministers, who do his will! Bless the LORD, all his works, in all places of his dominion. Bless the LORD, O my soul.”

\*Hymn No. 56

*When All Your Mercies, O My God*

Manoah

When all your mercies, O My God, my rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul your tender care bestowed,  
 Before my infant heart conceived from whom those comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft have you with health renewed my face;  
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk, revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts my daily tanks employ;  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart that tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life your goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds, the glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to you a joyful song I'll raise;  
 For oh, eternity's too short to utter all your praise.

The Thanksgivings of God's People

(The congregation is encouraged to share how God has blessed during this past year)

\*The Doxology (*Hymnal*, pg. 731)

\*The Offering of Our Gifts to God (in unison)

**O Most Merciful Father; who has blessed the labors of the husbandman in the returns of the fruits of the earth; we give You humble and hearty thanks for this Your bounty; beseeching You to continue Your loving-kindness to us, that our land may still yield her increase, to Your glory and our comfort; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

The Offertory

*All Things Bright and Beautiful*

John Rutter

**All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small, All things wise and wonderful, The Lord God made them all.** Each little flow'r that opens, Each little bird that sings, He made their glowing colors, He made their tiny wings...The purple headed mountain, The river running by, The sunset and the morning, That brightens up the sky; The cold wind in the winter, The pleasant summer sun, The ripe fruits in the garden, He made them ev'ry one...He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell How great is God Almighty, Who has made all things well...

\*Hymn No. 30

*Our God, Our Help in Ages Past*

St. Anne

Our God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home:

Under the shadow of your throne your saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is your arm alone, and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting you are God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in your sight are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood, with all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downward by your flood, and lost in foll'wing years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the op'ning day.

Our God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,  
O be our guard while troubles last, and our eternal home.

\*The Benediction with Three-fold Amen

Danish

Postlude

*Come, Ye Thankful, People Come*

arr. Terego

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\* Those who are able, please stand.

**Our Thanks** to Karen Glaser, Gloria Hague, and our choir for their musical contributions tonight.

**Our Thanksgiving offering** this year will go to the Mission to North America Mercy Ministries Fund.

**The sign up book** for Christmas poinsettias on the table in the narthex. The cost is \$8.50 this year. The deadline is FRIDAY, December 1<sup>st</sup>. Put the money in a pink envelope and write your name and Flowers on the outside.

**Join us on Saturday morning, December 2<sup>nd</sup>** at 9:00 AM to decorate the church!