

Sunday, December 25, 2022

Christmas Day



“The Light of the World” William Holman Hun. (1851–1854)

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

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Gathering to serve God & neighbour
in this community since 1817
We acknowledge that we meet on the traditional lands
of the Anishinaabe and Haudenosaunee peoples.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Preludes	Cradle Song	Edvard Grieg
Entry of the Bible		
Call to Worship		<i>see insert</i>
Hymn	Unto us a child is born... the Lord of every nation	160
Prayer of Approach		
The Lord's Prayer		<i>see insert</i>
Greetings & Announcements		
Hymn	What child is this... this, this is Christ the King	161
Scripture Lessons	Responsive Psalm 98 Isaiah 52:7-10 Hebrews 1:1-14 John 1:1-14	
Sermon	The Eternal Christmas Miracle <i>Julielee Stitt</i>	
Hymn	Angels from the realms of glory ... now proclaim Messiah's birth	146
Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession		
Doxology	Praise God from whom all blessings flow	830
Hymn	All hail the power of Jesus' name ... crown him Lord of all	363
Benediction and Choral Amen		
Postlude	Noël laissez paître vos bêtes	Charpentier

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil,

for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever. Amen

SCRIPTURE LESSONS

Psalm 98

Sing a new song to the Lord, who has done marvelous things,
whose mighty hand and holy arm have won the victory.

**O Lord, you have made known the victory;
you have openly shown your righteousness
in the sight of the nations.**

You remember your mercy and faithfulness to the house of Israel,
and all the ends of the earth have seen your victory, O God.

**Shout with joy to the Lord, all you lands;
lift up your voice, rejoice and sing.**

Sing to the Lord with the harp,
with the harp and the voice of song.

**With trumpets and the sound of the horn
shout with joy before our sovereign, the Lord.**

Let the sea make a noise and all that is in it,
the lands and those who dwell therein.

**Let the rivers clap their hands,
and let the hills ring out with joy before the Lord,
who is coming to judge the earth.**

In righteousness shall God judge the world
and the peoples with equity.

Isaiah 52:7-10

How beautiful upon the mountains
are the feet of the messenger who announces peace,
who brings good news,
who announces salvation,
who says to Zion, 'Your God reigns.'
Listen! Your sentinels lift up their voices,
together they sing for joy;
for in plain sight they see
the return of the Lord to Zion.
Break forth together into singing,
you ruins of Jerusalem;
for the Lord has comforted his people,
he has redeemed Jerusalem.
The Lord has bared his holy arm
before the eyes of all the nations;
and all the ends of the earth shall see
the salvation of our God.

Hebrews 1:1-14

Long ago God spoke to our ancestors in many and various ways by the prophets, but in these last days he has spoken to us by a Son, whom he appointed heir of all things, through whom he also created the worlds. He is the reflection of God's glory and the exact imprint of God's very being, and he sustains all things by his powerful word. When he had made purification for sins, he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, having become as much superior to angels as the name he has inherited is more excellent than theirs.

For to which of the angels did God ever say,
‘You are my Son;
today I have begotten you’?

Or again,
‘I will be his Father,
and he will be my Son’?

And again, when he brings the firstborn into the world, he says,
‘Let all God’s angels worship him.’

Of the angels he says,
‘He makes his angels winds,
and his servants flames of fire.’

But of the Son he says,
‘Your throne, O God, is for ever and ever,
and the righteous sceptre is the sceptre of your kingdom.
You have loved righteousness and hated wickedness;
therefore God, your God, has anointed you
with the oil of gladness beyond your companions.’

And,
‘In the beginning, Lord, you founded the earth,
and the heavens are the work of your hands;
they will perish, but you remain;
they will all wear out like clothing;
like a cloak you will roll them up,
and like clothing they will be changed.
But you are the same,
and your years will never end.’

But to which of the angels has he ever said,
‘Sit at my right hand
until I make your enemies a footstool for your feet’?

Are not all angels spirits in the divine service, sent to serve for the
sake of those who are to inherit salvation?

John 1:1-14

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. What has come into being in him was life, and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. He came as a witness to testify to the light, so that all might believe through him. He himself was not the light, but he came to testify to the light. The true light, which enlightens everyone, was coming into the world.

He was in the world, and the world came into being through him; yet the world did not know him. He came to what was his own, and his own people did not accept him. But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God, who were born, not of blood or of the will of the flesh or of the will of man, but of God.

And the Word became flesh and lived among us, and we have seen his glory, the glory as of a father's only son, full of grace and truth.



SERVING TODAY

Beadle:	Larry
Livestreaming:	Benjamin, Christopher
Flowers:	Various contributors
Ushers this week:	Alberta, John
Ushers Jan 1:	Elders

Song of the Shepherds – Richard Bauckham

We were familiar with the night.

We knew its favourite colours, its sullen silence
and its small, disturbing sounds, its unprovoked rages,
its savage dreams.

We slept by turns,
attentive to the flock.

We said little.

Night after night, there was little to say. But sometimes one of us,
skilled in that way,

pipied a tune of how things were for us.

They say that once, almost before time,
the stars with shining voices serenaded
the new born world.

The night could not contain their boundless praise.

We thought that just a poem —
until the night

a song of solar glory,
unutterable, unearthly,
eclipsed the luminaries of night,
as though the world were exorcised of dark and,
coming to itself, began again.

Later we returned to the flock.

The night was ominously black.

The stars were silent as the sheep.

Nights pass, year on year.

We draw our meagre cloaks against the cold.

Our aging piper's fumbling fingers play,
night after night,

an earthly echo of the song that banished dark.

It has stayed with us.