



**The Poinsettias are given
to the glory of God...**

And in loving memory of...

Robert and Alice Allen by Dewey and Cheryl Allen;
Clayton and Mary Bailey and Audrey and Bob McFaul by Sue and Pat McFaul;
Their mothers, Marianne Bell and Betty Skare, Denise's sister, Judi Bell and Denise's father, Ronald Bell by Don and Denise Skare;
Their loved ones in heaven by Phil and Helen Bickley;
John Bindl and Robert Clairmore families by Larry and Annette Bindl;
Betty Birchler by Nathan and Stephanie Birchler;
Barb Brace by Al Brace;
Her parents and beloved husband, Pat by Jan Bresnahan;
Ron's dad, Joe Dotseth and Betty's son, Bradley Pertzborn by Ron and Betty Dotseth;
Their grandson, Logan by Mike and Diane Fochs;
Arnold and Ann Fust, Irene Fust, Carl and Leona Wiese, Kara(Irma) Wiese, Eric Kohel, Bert R. Pieper III, and Daniel Tapp, by Tim, Tammy, Katelynn, Abby, Carlie and Tyler Schilling;
Roy and Kathryn Gjertson, and Stephen Vorwerk by Doug and Alicia Gjertson;
Barb and Vic Guenther by Greg and Kathy Guenther;
John Howard by Joanne Howard;
Susan Jeffers by the Doering Family;
Judith Laffin by Kristine Kolpacki;
Jerry Laine by Mary Ellen Laine;
Grandpa and Grandma Larson by Gene and Marcia Jacobson;
Grandpa John, Grandma Meredith and Grandpa Ken by Dick and Lynn Lawson Family;
Ewald and Leona Lehrmann, James Conant and Ed Wodalski by Karen Lehrmann;
Her parents, Myrtle and Merlin Lueck and her brother, Gary Lueck by Bonnie Schmidt;

Dennis and Dorothy Luer and Earl and Evelyn Nelson by Ken and Jennifer Luer;
Lori and Jacob by Ron and Lil Mathsen;
Jim and Betty Miner by Cythia Peterson;
Clarence and LaVora Rasmussen, and David Nordgren by Dan and Carrie Nordgren;
Velma Ostrander and Jon and Roger Wiebe by the Wiebe Family;
Robert Price by Bonnie Price;
Her sister, Tammy by Debi and Bob Prueher;
Dan Quiett by Tim and Sylvia Lambrecht;
Dolores Riege by Gina, Eric and Olivia Sorensen;
Roeder-Morse by Karen Morse;
Ripley Rose by Olivia Sorensen;
Everett E. Schmidt, Sr. by Billie Schmidt.

And in honor of...

Grandbabies;
Baby Jesus by Phil and Helen Bickley;
Jacob, Porter, Hazel and Elena by Tom and Barb Geiger;
Babs Hints by Jill and Duane Meyer;
Her sons, by Lynn Miller;
Her mom, Barb Kinney, and granddaughter, Alexis by Joy Mitchell;
Marilyn Russo and Barbara Janowiak by Tom Russo.

And in thanksgiving of...

Brooke, Katie, Zach, Ashley and Adam by Mike and Diane Fochs;
Their children and family by Sean and Sheila McCarthy;
Our Savior's birth by David and Susan Paisar;
Family and friends by Gale and Dan Wolff.

And in recognition of...

Their 40th wedding anniversary by Gary and Ruth Koch.

A special thank you to the Koenig family for donating the Christmas trees in the Sanctuary and the Fellowship Hall in memory of parents, Ervin & Arvella.

CHRISTMAS EVE
DECEMBER 24, 2019 | 6:00 + 8:00 pm



*O Come
let us Adore
Him*

GATHERING

Prelude Carols **p. 3**
"Away in a Manger"
"Angels We Have Heard on High"
Welcome
Handbell Choir "Still, Still, Still"
HYMN **p. 4**
"O Come All Ye Faithful"
Apostolic Greeting
Prayer of the Day
Chancel Choir
"Oh, Come, Little Children"

WORD

Isaiah 9:2-7
Handbell Choir
"Sleep In Heavenly Peace"
Titus 2:11-14
Chancel Choir "Wake, O My Soul"
Gospel Luke 2:1-20
Chancel Choir "To See a Star"
Sermon
HYMN **p. 4**
"Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"
Prayers of Intercession
Peace

MEAL

Offering
Handbell Choir
"Angels We Have Heard on High"
Great Thanksgiving
The Lord be with you.
And also with you.
Lift up your hearts.
We lift them to the Lord.
Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.
It is right to give our thanks and praise.

Words of Institution
Lord's Prayer
Communion Distribution

HYMNS **p. 5**
"The First Noel"
"What Child Is This"

Post-Communion Prayer
Candle Lighting

HYMN **p. 6**
"Silent Night"

SENDING

Benediction
HYMN **p. 6**
"Go Tell It On the Mountain"
Dismissal





A reading from Isaiah.

(Not Printed)

The word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.



A reading from Titus.

The grace of God has appeared, bringing salvation to all, training us to renounce impiety and worldly passions, and in the present age to live lives that are self-controlled, upright, and godly, while we wait for the blessed hope and the manifestation of the glory of our great God and Savior, Jesus Christ. He it is who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify for himself a people of his own who are zealous for good deeds.

The word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.



The holy gospel according to Luke.

Glorify to you, O Lord.

In those days a decree went out from Emperor Augustus that all the world should be registered. This was the first registration and was taken while Quirinius was governor of Syria. All went to their own towns to be registered. Joseph also went from the town of Nazareth in

Galilee to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he was descended from the house and family of David. He went to be registered with Mary, to whom he was engaged and who was expecting a child. While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn. In that region there were shepherds living in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. Then an angel of the Lord stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified. But the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid; for see—I am bringing you good news of great joy for all the people: to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is the Messiah, the Lord. This will be a sign for you: you will find a child wrapped in bands of cloth and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace among those whom he favors!" When the angels had left them and gone into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us go now to Bethlehem and see this thing that has taken place, which the Lord has made known to us." So they went with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the child lying in the manger. When they saw this, they made known what had been told them about this child; and all who heard it were amazed at what the shepherds told them. But Mary treasured all these words and pondered them in her heart. The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told them.

The gospel of the Lord.

Praise to you, O Christ.

Assisting with Worship

Jenn Collins, *Pastor*
Al Freiberg, *Coordinator of Music*
Joel Freiberg, *Pianist*
Jan Nelson, *Flute*
Jon Seamon, *Trumpet*
Chancel and Handbell Choirs

6 pm: Herb Heyne, *Layreader*
Tipple Team, *Ushers*

8 pm: Sean McCarthy, *Layreader*
Weidman Teams, *Ushers*



Silent Night

Silent night, holy night! All is calm, all is bright
round yon virgin mother and child. Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight;
glories stream from heaven afar, heav'nly hosts sing, alleluia!
Christ, the savior, is born! Christ, the savior, is born."

Silent night, holy night! Son of God, love's pure light
radiant beams from your holy face, with the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at your birth, Jesus, Lord, at your birth.

Text: Joseph Mohr, 1792-1849; tr. John F. Young, 1820-1885

Go Tell It On the Mountain

Refrain:

Go, tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born.

While shepherds kept their watching o'er silent flocks by night,
Behold, through-out the heavens there shone a holy light. *Refrain*

The shepherds feared and trembled when, lo, above the earth
rang out the angel chorus that hailed our Savior's birth. *Refrain*

Down in a lonely manger the humble Christ was born;
and God sent us salvation that blessed Christmas morn. *Refrain*

Text: African American spiritual, refrain; John W. Work Jr., 1872-1925, stanzas, alt.

Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
the stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing; the baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love you, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky
and stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask you to stay
close by me forever and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in your tender care
and fit us for heaven, to live with you there.

Text: North American, 19th cent.

Angels We Have Heard on High

Angels we have heard on high, sweetly singing o'er the plains,
and the mountains in reply, echoing their joyous strains.

Refrain

Gloria in excelsis Deo; gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
which inspire your heav'nly song? ***Refrain***

Come to Bethlehem and see
him whose birth the angels sing;
come, adore on bended knee
Christ the Lord, the newborn king. *Refrain*

Text: French carol; tr. H. F. Hemy, *The Crown of Jesus Music*, 1864

O Come, All Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant!
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
come and behold him, born the king of angels:

Refrain

O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

The highest, most holy, light of light eternal,
born of a virgin, a mortal he comes;
Son of the Father now in flesh appearing! ***Refrain***

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God in the highest: ***Refrain***

Text: attr. John Francis Wade, 1711-1786; tr. Frederick Oakeley, 1802-1880, sts. 1, 3-4;

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful all you nations, rise; join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn king."

Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come, off-spring of the virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see! Hail, incarnate deity!
Pleased as man with us to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing "Glory to the newborn king!"

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings ris'n with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by, born that we no more may die,
Born to raise each child of earth, born to give us second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn king."

Text: Charles Wesley, 1707-1788, alt.

The First Noel

The first Noel the angel did say was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
in fields where they lay, keeping their sheep, on a cold winter's night that was so
deep.

Refrain

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel!
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star shining in the east beyond them far;
and to the earth it gave great light, and so it continued both day and night.

Refrain

This star drew near to the northwest, o'er Bethlehem it took its rest;
and there it did both stop and stay right over the place where Jesus lay.

Refrain

Then entered in those wise men three, full rev'rently upon their knee,
and offered there in his presence their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense. ***Refrain***

TEXT: English traditional

What Child Is This

What child is this, who, laid to rest,
on Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet
while shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the king, whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son of Mary!

Why lies he in such mean estate where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here the silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spear shall pierce him through,
the cross be borne for me, for you;
hail, hail the Word made flesh, the babe, the son of Mary!

So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh;
come, peasant, king, to own him.
The King of kings salvation brings; let loving hearts enthrone him.
Raise, raise the song on high, the virgin sings her lullaby;
joy, joy, for Christ is born, the babe, the son of Mary!

Text: William C. Dix, 1837-1898