

We Are One in the Spirit 300

They'll Know We Are Christians by Our Love



1 We are one in the Spir - it; we are one in the Lord;
2 We will walk with each oth - er; we will walk hand in hand;
3 We will work with each oth - er; we will work side by side;
4 All praise to the Fa - ther, from whom all things come,



we are one in the Spir - it; we are one in the Lord,
we will walk with each oth - er; we will walk hand in hand,
we will work with each oth - er; we will work side by side,
and all praise to Christ Je - sus, God's on - ly Son,



and we pray that all u - ni - ty may one day be re - stored:
and to - geth - er we'll spread the news that God is in our land:
and we'll guard hu - man dig - ni - ty and save hu - man pride:
and all praise to the Spir - it, who makes us one:



And they'll know we are Chris - tians by our love, by our

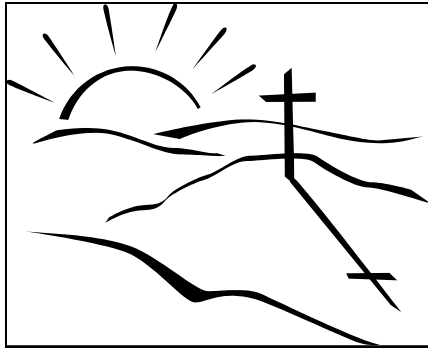


love; yes, they'll know we are Chris - tians by our love.



LENT

A parish priest at St. Brendan's on the South Side of Chicago in the 1960s was very involved in the local Civil Rights movement and needed something for his youth choir to sing at ecumenical, interracial events. Finding nothing, he wrote this song in a single day.



Lenten Programs *March 13, 2019*

Welcome and Opening Prayer Rev. R.C. McConnell

Hymn *Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me*

Scripture Reading: John 1:1-5

Solo *The Old Rugged Cross* Reginald Pittman

Meditation Lyle Butler

Closing Hymn *We Are One in the Spirit*

Benediction

Pianist: Robba Moran

Trisha Gott, Assistant Director of Staley School of Leadership Studies at Kansas State University, will be the speaker next Wednesday, March 20th.

438 *Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me*

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.
2 Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill thy law's de - mands.
3 Noth - ing in my hand I bring; sim - ply to thy cross I cling;
4 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when my eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood from thy wound - ed side which flowed
Could my zeal no res - pite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,
na - ked, come to thee for dress, help - less, look to thee for grace;
when I soar to worlds un - known, see thee on thy judg - ment throne,

Though scholars discredit the story that this hymn was written when the author found shelter under a large rock during a thunderstorm, the popular appeal of that conjecture perhaps lies in the energy of this plea and the vividness of its imagery drawn from many biblical sources.

TEXT: Augustus M. Toplady, 1776, alt.
MUSIC: Thomas Hastings, 1830, alt.

TOPLADY
7.7.7.7.7