

(Topics, Lead-in, and Lead-in Devotional Reading below)

Ash Wednesday Hymn

TUNE: O Come, O Come, Emmanuel (VENI EMMANUEL, alt.)
Genesis 1:26-27; 2:7; 3:19; Psalm 8:1-4; 17:15; Ecclesiastes 3:19-20;
Romans 8:29; 2 Corinthians 3:18; 4:16; 5:1, 5; Ephesians 1:13-14; 4:22-24;
Colossians 3:9-10; 1 John 3:1-3

♩ = 88

Em Em $\frac{G}{B}$ G C⁶ Am⁷ $\frac{G}{D}$ D⁷ G D G C $\frac{G}{B}$

1. Cre - a - tor God, be - yond, a - bove, Un - bound - ed pow - er,
2. You formed and filled this house of clay. Now fu - tile lives just
3. But now in Christ You breathe a - new. We breathe a bound - less

Am Am⁶ $\frac{Em}{B}$ Bm Em $\frac{Am}{C}$ Bm⁷ Am $\frac{Em}{G}$ $\frac{B}{F\#}$ Em Em⁷ $\frac{D}{A}$ A⁷

pure in love, Your good - ness shines through all Your
fade a - way. We come from dust and soon re -
life in You, Be - com - ing all we're meant to

D Em D Bm G C⁶ $\frac{G}{D}$ D⁷ G $\frac{G}{D}$ G

ways, And worlds a - rise to shout Your praise! But
turn And waste the rich - es none could earn. We
be, Your Spir - it as our guar - an - tee. In

WORDS: Ken Bible
MUSIC: Plainsong; adapt. by Thomas Helmore; arr. by Ken Bible

VENI EMMANUEL
8.8.8.8.10.9.

Copyright © 2014 by LNWhymns.com (ASCAP). All rights reserved.
Administered by Music Services.
CCLI Song #7019047. For CCLI information call 1-800-234-2446.

D Em Bm Bm[#] Bm G C⁶ Am⁷ G/D D⁷ Em E^m/_B Em D

Lord, we bow, un - wise, un - clean, un - true, Un -
 mourn, we mourn, all weak - ness through and through, Un -
 Christ com - plete, Your im - age now re - stored, We

G C G/B Am Am⁶ E^m/_B Bm 1,2 Em 3 E^{sus} E^{sus}/_B E

wor - thy, Lord, un - wor - thy of You.
 wor - thy, Lord, un - wor - thy of You.
 praise You, Fa - ther, Sav - ior, and Lord!

TOPICS: Ash Wednesday; Creator; Holiness; Holy Spirit; Lent-Easter; Repentance & Forgiveness

LEAD-IN: *By the sweat of your face
 You will eat bread,
 Till you return to the ground,
 Because from it you were taken;
 For you are dust,
 And to dust you shall return. (Genesis 3:19, NASB)*

LEAD-IN DEVOTIONAL READING:

Sharing His Life

My wife and I have enjoyed browsing through antique shops. I got hooked on them years ago when I collected old books. So when she and I got the chance to spend a weekend away together, we decided to tour the small towns nearby and visit their shops.

The weekend was wrapping up, and we were in Gower, Missouri. In a small store there I came across a funeral card for a man who had died in 1887. Reading the card, I couldn't help thinking about that man. He brought to mind the countless individuals around the world who have come and gone, seemingly unknown and unremembered. So many people. So many generations. We are like flowers. We bloom and proudly spread our petals toward the sun, only to die as quickly as we came, leaving little sign of our coming or our going. What difference does our living make? What does it matter that I, or any of us, were ever here?

We are surrounded by a stream of death that flows unceasingly through our world, engulfing all life, threatening to wash away all concept of meaning and significance. For me, antique shops quietly testify to that. They are graveyards for our treasures. When we're gone, the things we counted precious are left behind to sell for pennies or to gather dust. They sit there on the shelf, mocking the foolishness and futility of our lives—lives hungrily invested in what is doomed to quickly pass.

As I stood there and saw myself as part of that stream of death, I was reminded that there is more.

I am not just a physical body that is dying even now. The life in me is the life of my Creator. He has shared it with me, and His life is unending. He is not a God of death and darkness, but of life and light. His life will not die with this body, and this world is not His final arena of existence or meaning.

What is more, I can know Him. I can know Him personally and live in a relationship with Him. I can please Him and talk to Him. I can learn of Him and grow in Him. I can fulfill the purpose for which I, and all this, was created.

That's what I want above anything else. I want to become the person He designed me to be.

© 1995 by Ken Bible